



SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.



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TORONTO

SELECTIONS FROM  
TENNYSON

WITH  
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY  
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PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA

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# GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

By F J. ROWE, M A., AND W T WEBB, M A.,

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Biography I. Tennyson the man 1 His sense of Law shown in his conceptions of (a) Nature, (b) Freedom, (c) Love, (d) Scenery 2 His nobility of thought, and his religion 3. His simplicity of emotion. II Tennyson the Poet 1 As Representative of his Age. 2. As Artist (a) His observation, (b) His scholarship, (c) His expressiveness, (d) His similes, (e) His avoidance of the commonplace, (f) His repetition and assonance, (g) His harmony of rhythm, (h) His melody of diction His dramatic works Conclusion.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born on August 6th, Biography 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems

When he was seven years old he was sent to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers* In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold

medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian), whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon* and *Becket* (1884), and *The Foresters* (1892). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. In 1884 he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6th, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Browning.

I. Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers, and the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief

survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the matter and the form of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson *the man*. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

1. Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion.

(a) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam*

I curse not nature, no, nor death,  
For nothing is that errs from law

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God

That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves.

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found

God is law, say the wise, O soul, and let us rejoice,  
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice

(b) Allied to this faith that the universe is "rolled round by one fiat law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined order in the various spheres of human action. In his teaching on social and political questions, his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed, but, above all, without haste. His ideal Freedom is "soberminded", it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour, he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine" (alluding to the excesses of the French revolutionaries), the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty. They "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "expecting all things in an hour", for with him "raw Haste" is but "half-sister to Delay." So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic. He has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,"

yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom" —

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known  
to all,

Step by step we rose to greatness—thro' the tonguesters we  
may fall.

(c) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, (c) Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love, in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in any sensuous detail. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life: true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of Reverence for womanhood and one's higher self, and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and the inspiration of his noblest deeds. Examples of this treatment may be seen in *The Miller's Daughter*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, and *Guinevere*, and it underlies the moral lessons inculcated in *The Princess*.

(d) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illus- (d) Scenery trated in his treatment of natural scenery. It is true that he sometimes gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in

the monstrous ledges slope and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "haunts of ancient peace," with "planted alleys" and "terrace lawn," "long, gray fields," "tracts of pasture sunny-warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life



2 A second great element of Tennyson's character is its noble tone. This is present in every poem he has ever written. His verse is informed with the very spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence for all that is pure and true. This is the spirit that animates the famous passage in *Ænone*

Self reverence self knowledge, self control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power  
 Yet not for power (power of herself  
 Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear,  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence

It is illustrated on its negative side in *The Palace of Art*, it breathes through his noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and it pervades and inspires his picture of King Arthur in the *Idylls of the King*.

Tennyson's religious faith is sufficiently indicated in his writings. At the root of his poetry (as Mr Stopford Brooke has remarked) lie "the ever working immanence of God in man, the brotherhood of the human race, and its evolution into perfect love and righteousness, the continuance of each man's personal consciousness in the life to be, the vitality of the present—man alive and Nature alive, and alive with the life of God."

3 Another main characteristic of Tennyson is simplicity. The emotions that he appeals to are generally easy to understand and common to all. He avoids the subtle analysis of character, and the painting of complex motives or of the wild excess of passion. The moral laws which he so strongly upholds are those primary sanctions upon which average English society is founded.

A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built

II Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist. II Tennyson  
the Poet

I In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour, but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and (1) As Representative of  
his Age,

condemns a spirit of æstheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men while in *St Simeon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, overshadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realization

That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil cooperant to an end.

*Maud* is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which ended at the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole god" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic ren-

dering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur*<sup>1</sup>. Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time.

2 But if Tennyson's popularity is based upon a (2) As Artist correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an Artist. Among the elements of this power may be mentioned (a) a minute observation of Nature, which furnishes him with a store of poetic description and imagery, (b) a scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past, (c) an exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases, (d) the picturesqueness and the aptness of his similes, (e) an avoidance of the commonplace, (f) his use of repetition and of assonance, (g) the expressive harmonies of his rhythm, and (h) the subtle melody of his diction.

(a) For minute observation and vivid painting of the details of natural scenery Tennyson is without a rival (a) His observation,  
We feel that he has seen all that he describes. This may be illustrated by a few examples of his tree-studies.

hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides three fold to show the fruit within

(*The Brook*)

those eyes  
 Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair  
 More black than ashbuds in the front of March  
*(The Gardener's Daughter)*

With blasts that blow the poplar white  
*(In Memoriam)*

A million emeralds break from the ruby budded lime  
*(Maud)*

a stump of oak half-dead,  
 From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,  
 Clutch'd at the crag *(The Last Tournament)*

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in "perly larches," "dry-tongu'd laurels," "high-elbow'd grigs," "pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores," "laburnums, dropping wells of fire"

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific phenomena

Before the little ducts began  
 To feed thy bones with lime, and ran  
 Their course till thou wert also man  
*(The Two Voices)*

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade  
 Sleeps on his luminous ring  
*(The Palace of Art)*

This accurate realization of natural or scientific facts is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of moral truths or of emotions of the mind

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears  
 That grief has shaken into frost  
*(In Memoriam)*

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke  
 That like a broken purpose waste in air  
*(The Princess)*

Prayer, from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up through all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea  
*(Enoch Arden).*

(b) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land <sup>(b) His scholarship</sup> may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful. Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume. There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines

And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo  
*(In Memoriam)*

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye-brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power. Similarly in

Proxy wedded with a bootless calf  
*(The Princess)*

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his long riding-boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed.

(c) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power <sup>(c) His expressiveness,</sup> of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were,

an exact picture What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

All the charm of all the Muses  
often flowering in a lonely word

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples "*creamy spray*", "*lily maid*", "*the ripple washing in the reeds*" and "*the wild water lapping on the crag*", "*the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd the flat red granite*", "*as the fiery Sirius belchers into red and emerald*", "*women blow'd with health and wind and rain.*"

(d) Mr G C Macaulay (Introduction to *Gareth and Lynette*) has remarked upon the picturesqueness, the elaborate aptness, and the individual and personal character of Tennyson's similes Of their picturesque aptness two examples will be sufficient here

The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea  
*(Morte d'Arthur)*

Dust are our frames, and, gilded dust, our pride  
Looks only for a moment whole and sound,  
Like that long buried body of the king,  
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,  
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,  
Slept into ashes, and was found no more

*(Aylmer's Field)*

As regards their individual and personal character, Tennyson's similes in many cases "do not so much

appeal to common experience, as bring before us some special thing or some peculiar aspect of nature, which the poet has vividly present to his own mind, while to the reader perhaps the picture suggested may be quite unfamiliar" As examples we may take the following

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
No graver than as when some little cloud  
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
And isles a light in the offing  
(*Enoch Arden*)

So, in *Geraint and Enid*, when the bandit falls transfixed by Geraint's lance, Tennyson writes

As he that tells the tale  
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
That had a sapling growing on it, slide  
From the long shore cliff's windy walls to the beach,  
And there he still, and yet the sapling grew

A remarkable instance of this individuality occurs in *Gareth and Lynette*

Gareth lookt and read—  
In letters like to those the vexillary  
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt —

the Gelt being a small stream in Cumberland, not named in any of the ordinary gazetteers or atlases, and the reference is to an inscription on a lime-stone rock near this stream, carved by the Second Legion of Augustus, stationed there in A D 207

(e) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace he not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often where other writers would use

(e) His avoidance of the commonplace



some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Walling to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs*, in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*), for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig". Other examples might be quoted, *e g*, *lurdane*, *rathe*, *plash*, *brcwis*, *thrall'd*, *boles*, *quitch*, *reckling*, *rolzy*, *yaffingale*. Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *longuester*, *selfless*. This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution. Thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star", and, in the same poem, the blue smoke rising from household chimneys is described by "azure pillars of the hearth"—an expression which Mr P M Wallace, in his edition of *The Princess*, aptly calls "almost reverent", icebergs are "moving isles of winter", while to picture the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes

Before the crimson circled star  
Had fall'n into her father's grave

(f) One of the leading characteristics of Tennyson's style is the repetition of a word (often in a modified

form) in the same or sometimes in a slightly different sense We have, for instance

Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,  
Shame on her own *garrulity garrulously*  
(*Guinevere*)

and in the same poem,

The *maiden* passion for a *maid*;

to which we may add

For ever *climbing* up the *climbing* wave  
(*The Lotos-Eaters*)

*Mouldering* with the dull earth's *mouldering* sod  
(*The Palace of Art*).

Assonance—the repetition not of a word but of a sound—is also a favourite device with Tennyson for giving a kind of epigrammatic force to a statement, as in

Even to *tipmost* lance and *topmost* helm  
(*The Last Tournament*)

Thy Paynim bard  
Had such a *mastery* of his *mystery*  
That he could harp his wife up out of hell  
(*Ib*)

Then with that *friendly-frendly* smile of his  
(*Harold*)

(g) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification While less powerful than Milton's at its best, Tennyson's blank verse always remains at a high level of excellence, and its simple grandeur of style and expression is peculiarly his own. It is in his

(g) His harmony of rhythm,

lyrical poems, however, that his mastery of metre and rhythm best shows itself. He knows all the secrets of harmonious measures and melodious diction, he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metre are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms. Thus

(1) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative—an effect often employed by Homer

his arms  
Clash'd and the sound was good to Gareth's ear  
*(Gareth and Lynette)*

Charn'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come  
*(Ib)*

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive  
*(Lancelot and Elaine)*

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'  
*(Pelleas and Etarre)*

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf  
*(Ib)*

Fall, as the crest of some slow arching wave  
Drops flat *(The Last Tournament)*

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off

made his horse  
Caracole then bowed his homage, bluntly saying  
*(Ib)*

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,  
 Glorj'ing and in the stream beneath him shone  
*(Gareth and Lynette)*

(2) Action rapidly repeated is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the huddling flow of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn  
*(The Princess)*

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea  
*(Enoch Arden)*

The rapid warble of song birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid air  
*(Gareth and Lynette)*

and in the same *Idyll*, the quick beat of a horse's hoof is echoed in

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof

(3) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas  
*(The Brook)*

The league long roller thundering on the reef  
*- (Enoch Arden)*

(4) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of on the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Down the long tower-stairs, hésitating  
*(Lancelot and Elaine)*

(h) Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees  
(*The Princess*)

The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
(*Enoch Arden*)

The long low dune and lazy plunging sea  
(*The Last Tournament*)

Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood  
(*Pelleas and Eltarre*)

All day the wind breathes low with mellowior tone  
Through every hollow cave and alley lone  
(*The Lotos Eaters*)

Contrast with the liquid sounds in the above the representative effect produced by, the short, sharp vowels and the guttural and dental sounds in

And on the spike that split the mother's heart  
Spitting the child  
(*The Coming of Arthur*)

The blado flew  
Splintering in six, and clink'd upon the stones  
(*Balin and Balan*)

Then spluttering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,  
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump  
Pitch blacken'd sawing the air  
(*The Last Tournament*).

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous — *breaker-beaten, flesh-fall'n, gloomy-gladed, lady-laden, mock-meek, point-painted, rain-rotten, storm-strengthen'd, tongue-torn, work-wan*. We also find *slowly-mellowing, hollower-bellowing, ever-veering, heavy-shotted hammock-shroud*. Often, as Mr. G. C. Macaulay has noticed, Tennyson's alliteration is so delicate that we "only feel that it is there without perceiving where it is," and it is then, perhaps, due to no conscious effort of the poet, but is as natural as the melody of a bird. In no English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Virgil, is this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in Tennyson.

Tennyson's three historical dramas form (as Mr. Henry Van Dyke has pointed out) a picture of the Making of England, the three periods of action being, it would seem, chosen with the design of touching the most critical points of the long struggle. Thus in *Harold* we see "the close of that fierce triangular duel between the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, which resulted in the Norman conquest and the binding of England, still Saxon at heart, to the civilization of the Continent." In *Becket* we have "the conflict between the church and the crown, between the ecclesiastical and the royal prerogatives, which shook England to the centre for many years, and out of which her present constitution has grown." In *Queen Mary*, when the triumph of church and people had left undecided what type of religion was to prevail, is pictured the struggle between the Papacy and the Reformation for the possession of England. All three plays are full of deep

His Dramatic  
Works.

research, vivid character painting, and intensity of feeling, and contain many magnificent situations. George Eliot has expressed her opinion that "Tennyson's plays run Shakspeare's close," and Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the bones of the Saints of Normandy, in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene, while Mr J R Green, the historian, has told us that "all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's *Becket*." It should at the same time be remembered that (as the poet himself avows) this drama is "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of the modern theatre," a criticism which may be applied with more or less force to the whole trilogy. *Becket* has been adapted for the stage by Mr Irving, and performed with great success, and *The Cup* and *The Falcon* were each played during a London season to full houses. *Queen Mary*, *The Promise of May*, and *The Foresters* have also been acted.

Such is Tennyson as man and as artist. His poetry, with its clearness of conception and noble simplicity of expression, its discernment of the beautiful and its power of revealing and shaping it with mingled strength and harmony, has become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever.

# SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward-flowing tide of time,  
And many a sheeny summer-morn, *Be*  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold, *for*  
High-walled gardens green and old,  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Amight my shallop, rustling thro' *the*  
The low and bloomed foliage, drove  
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove *the*  
The citron-shadows in the blue  
By garden porches on the brim, *maraim*  
The costly doors flung open wide,  
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,  
And broider'd sofas on each side  
In sooth it was a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid



Often, where clear stemm'd platans guard'  
 The outlet, did I turn away  
 The boat-head down a broad canal  
 From the main river sluiced, where all  
 The sloping of the moon lit sward  
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay  
 Of braided blooms unnown, which crept  
 Adown to where the water slept  
 A goodly place, a goodly time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

30

A motion from the river won  
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on  
 My shallop thro' the star strown calm,  
 Until another night in night  
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,  
 Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,  
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb  
 Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome  
 Of hollow boughs — A goodly time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

40

Still onward, and the clear canal  
 Is rounded to as clear a lake  
 From the green ryage many a fall  
 Of diamond rillels musical,  
 Thro' little crystal arches low  
 Down from the central fountain's flow  
 Fall n silver-chiming, seemed to shake  
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow  
 A goodly place, a goodly time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

50

Above thro' many a bowery turn  
 A walk with vary-colour'd shells *Al-halil*.  
 Wander'd engrain'd On either side *Al-halil*  
 All round about the fragrant marge *ma*  
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn  
 In order, eastern flowers large,  
 Some dropping low their crimson bells  
 Half-closed, and others studded wide  
 With disks and tvars, fed the time  
 With odour in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Far off, and where the lemon grove  
 In closest coverture upsprung, *son-halil*  
 The living airs of middle night  
 Died round the bulbul as he sung,  
 Not he but something which possess'd  
 The darkness of the world, delight,  
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,  
 Apart from place, withholding time,  
 But flattering the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Black the garden-bowers and grotts  
 Slumber'd the solemn palms were ranged  
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind  
 A sudden splendour from behind *Al-halil*  
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,  
 And, flowing rapidly between  
 Their interspaces, counterchanged  
 The level lake with diamond-plots  
 Of dark and bright A lovely time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Dark blue the deep sphere overhead,  
 Distinct with vivid stars inland,  
 Grew darker from that under-flame  
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,  
 With silver anchor left afloat,  
 In marvel whence that glory came—  
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank  
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,  
   Entranced with that place and time,  
   So worthy of the golden prime  
     Of good Haroun Alraschid

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100  
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,  
 And many a shadow chequer'd lawn  
 Full of the city's stilly sound,  
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round  
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,  
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,  
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks  
   Graven with emblems of the time,  
   In honour of the golden prime  
     Of good Haroun Alraschid 110

With dazed vision unawares I  
 From the long alley's latticed shade  
 Emerged, I came upon the great  
 Pavilion of the Caliphat.  
 Right to the carven cedarn doors,  
 Flung inward over spangled floors,  
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs  
 Ran up with golden balustrade,  
   After the fashion of the time,  
   And humour of the golden prime  
     Of good Haroun Alraschid 120

The fourscore windows all alight  
 As with the quintessence of flame,  
 A million tapers flaring bright  
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame  
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd  
 Upon the mooned domes aloof  
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd  
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof  
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time  
 To celebrate the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

130

Then stole I up, and trancedly  
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,  
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes  
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
 Tressed with redolent ebony,  
 In many a dark delicious curl,  
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone,  
 The sweetest lady of the time,  
 Well worthy of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

140

Six columns, three on either side,  
 Pure silver, underpropt a rich  
 Throne of the massive ore, from which  
 Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,  
 Engarlanded and diaper'd  
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold  
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd  
 With merriment of kingly pride,  
 Sole star of all that place and time,  
 I saw him—in his golden prime,  
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID

150

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## PART I.

On either side the river lie  
 Long fields of barley and of rye,  
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky,  
 And thro' the field the road runs by  
     To many tower'd Camelot,  
 And up and down the people go,  
 Grazing where the lilies blow  
 Round an island there below,  
     The island of Shalott

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10  
 Little breezes dusk and shiver  
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
 By the island in the river  
     Flowing down to Camelot.  
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
 Overlook a space of flowers,  
 And the silent isle embowers  
     The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd, 20  
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
 By slow horses, and unhail'd  
 The shallop flutteth silken sail'd  
     Skimming down to Camelot  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
 Or at the casement seen her stand?  
 Or is she known in all the land,  
     The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30  
From the river winding clearly,  
          Down to tower'd Camelot  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy  
          Lady of Shalott'

## PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay 40  
          To look down to Camelot  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
          The Lady of Shalott

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear  
There she sees the highway near  
          Winding down to Camelot 50  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
          Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
          Goes by to tower'd Camelot ,

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60  
 The knights come riding two and two  
 She hath no loyal knight and true,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
 For often thro' the silent nights  
 A funeral, with plumes and lights  
     And music, went to Camelot  
 Or when the moon was overhead,  
 Came two young lovers lately wed , 70  
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
     The Lady of Shalott

### PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
 The sun came dizziling thro' the leaves,  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
     Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
 To a lady in his shield,  
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80  
     Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see  
 Hung in the golden Galaxy  
 The bridle bells rang merrily  
     As he rode down to Camelot  
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armour rung,  
     Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle leather.  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd , 100  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ,  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
          She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide ,  
The mirror crack'd from side to side ,  
'The curse is come upon me,' cried  
          The Lady of Shalott

## PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,      120  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot,



Down she came and found a boat  
 Beneath a willow left afloat,  
 And round about the prow she wrote

*The Lady of Shalott*

And down the river's dim expanse  
 Like some bold seer in a trance,  
 Seeing all his own mischance—  
 With a glassy countenance

130

Did she look to Camelot  
 And at the closing of the day  
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay,  
 The broad stream bore her far away,  
 The Lady of Shalott

Living, robed in snowy white  
 That loosely flew to left and right—  
 The leaves upon her falling light—  
 Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot  
 And as the boat-head wound along  
 The willows hills and fields among,  
 They heard her singing her last song,  
 The Lady of Shalott

140

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot

For ere she reached upon the tide  
 The first house by the water side,  
 Singing in her song she died,  
 The Lady of Shalott

150

Under tower and balcony,  
 By garden-wall and gallery

A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 Dead-pale between the houses high,  
       Silent into Camelot  
 Out upon the wharfs they came,  
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,                   160  
 And round the prow they read her name,  
       *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this ? and what is here ?  
 And in the lighted palace near  
 Died the sound of royal cheer ,  
 And they crossed themselves for fear,  
       All the knights at Camelot  
 But Lancelot mused a little space ,  
 He said, ' She has a lovely face ,  
 God in his mercy lend her grace,                   170  
       *The Lady of Shalott.*'

## THE LOTOS-EATERS

'COURAGE !' he said, and pointed toward the land, *Ulysses,*  
 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'  
In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream &  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ,  
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.  
 A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ,                   10

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,  
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below  
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
 From the inner land far off, three mountain-tops,  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flush'd, and, dew'd with showery drops  
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
 In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale  
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow dawn  
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
 And meadow, set with slender galingale,  
 A land where all things always seem'd the same  
 And round about the keel with faces pale,  
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos eaters came

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,  
 And deep asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make

30

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore,  
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
 Of child, and wife, and slave, but evermore  
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren form.  
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more,'  
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
 Is far beyond the wave, we will no longer roam'

40

## CHORIC SONG

## I

THERE IS SWEET MUSIC HERE THAT SOFTER FALLS  
 THAN PETALS FROM blown roses ON THE GRASS,  
 OR NIGHT-DEWS ON STILL WATERS BETWEEN WALLS  
 OF SHADOWY GRANITE, IN A gleaming pass,  
 MUSIC THAT GENTLER ON THE SPIRIT LIES, 50  
 THAN TIR'D EYELIDS UPON TIR'D EYES,  
 MUSIC THAT BRINGS SWEET SLEEP DOWN FROM THE BLISSFUL SKIES.  
 HERE ARE COOL MOSSES DEEP,  
 AND THRO' THE MOSS THE IVIES CREEP,  
 AND IN THE STREAM THE long-leaved flowers WEEP,  
 AND FROM THE CRAGGY LEDGE THE POPPY HANGS IN SLEEP

## II

WHY ARE WE WEIGH'D UPON WITH HEAVINESS,  
 AND UTTERLY CONSUMED WITH SHARP DISTRESS,  
 WHILE ALL THINGS ELSE HAVE REST FROM WEARINESS?  
 ALL THINGS HAVE REST WHY SHOULD WE TOIL ALONE, 60  
 WE ONLY TOIL, WHO ARE THE FIRST OF THINGS,  
 AND MAKE PERPETUAL MOAN,  
 STILL FROM ONE SORROW TO ANOTHER THROWN  
 NOR EVER FOLD OUR WINGS,  
 AND CEASE FROM WANDERINGS,  
 NOR STEEP OUR BROWS IN SLUMBER'S HOLY BALM  
 NOR HARKEN WHAT THE INNER SPIRIT SINGS,  
 'THERE IS NO JOY BUT CALM !'  
 WHY SHOULD WE ONLY TOIL, THE ROOF AND CROWN OF THINGS ?

## III

LO ! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOOD, 70  
 THE FOLDED LEAF IS woo'd from out the bud :

With winds upon the branch, and there  
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
 Sun steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
 Nightly dew-fed, and turning yellow  
 Falls, and floats adown the air  
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
 The full juiced apple, waxy over-mellow,  
 Drops in a silent autumn night  
 All its allotted length of days,  
 The flower ripens in its place,  
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil

80

## IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea  
 Death is the end of life, ah, why  
 Should life all labour be ?  
 Let us alone Time driveth onward fast,  
 And in a little while our lips are dumb  
 Let us alone What is it that will last ?  
 All things are taken from us, and become  
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past  
 Let us alone What pleasure can we have  
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace  
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
 In silence, ripen, fall and cease  
 Give us long rest or death dark death, or dreamful ease

90

## V

How sweet it were hearing the downward stream  
 With half shut eyes ever to seem  
 Falling asleep in a half dream  
 To dream and dream, like vander amber light,  
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height,

100

To hear each other's whisper'd speech ,  
 Eating the Lotos day by day,  
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach  
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray  
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ,  
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110  
 With those old faces of our infancy  
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

## VI

Deaf is the memory of our wedded lives,  
 And deaf the last embraces of our wives  
 And their warm tears but all hath suffer'd change  
 For surely now our household hearths are cold  
 Our sons inherit us our looks are strange  
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy  
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120  
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things  
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
 Let what is broken so remain  
 The Gods are hard to reconcile ,  
 'Tis hard to settle order once again  
 There is confusion worse than death,  
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130  
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars .

## VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
 With half-dropt eyelids still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
 His waters from the purple hill—  
 To hear the dewy echoes calling  
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine  
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

## VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak  
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek  
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone  
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus dust is  
 blown

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150  
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was  
seething free,  
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in  
 the sea

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind  
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd  
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world  
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and  
fiery sands,  
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
 prying hands 160  
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song—  
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong,  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the song  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil,  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—  
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel 170  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ,  
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora William was his son,  
And she his niece He often look'd at them,  
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearn'd towards William, but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora

Then there came a day  
When Allan call'd his son, and said, ' My son  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die  
And I have set my heart upon a match  
Now therefore look to Dora , she is well  
To look to , thrifty too beyond her age  
She is my brother's daughter he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands , but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora take her for your wife ,  
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,



For many years' But William answer'd short , 20  
 'I cannot marry Dora , by my life,  
 I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man  
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said  
 'You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
 But in my time a father's word was law,  
 And so it shall be now for me Look to it ,  
 Consider, William take a month to think,  
 And let me have an answer to my wish ,  
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
 And never more darken my doors again ' 30  
 But William answer'd madly , bit his lips,  
 And broke away The more he look'd at her  
 The less he liked her , and his ways were harsh ,  
 But Dora bore them meekly Then before  
 The month was out he left his father's house,  
 And hired himself to work within the fields ,  
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
 His niece and said 'My girl, I love you well , 40  
 But if you speak with him that was my son,  
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
 My home is none of yours. My will is law'  
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
 'It cannot be my uncle's mind will change !'

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
 To William , then distresses came on him  
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
 But Dora stored what little she could save, 50  
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
 Who sent it , till at last a fever seized  
 On William, and in harvest time he died

Then Dora went to Mary Mary sat  
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said  
‘I have obey’d my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn’d, for it was all thro’ me  
This evil came on William at the first  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that’s gone, 60  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle’s eye  
Among the wheat, that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that’s gone’

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound 70  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not, for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child,  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail’d her, and the reapers reap’d,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound,  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers 80  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle’s eye  
Then when the farmer pass’d into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said ‘Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?’  
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answer’d softly, ‘This is William’s child!’  
‘And did I not,’ said Allan, ‘did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?’ Dora said again 90  
‘Do with me as you will, but take the child,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !'  
 And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick  
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there  
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !  
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ,  
 But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud  
 And struggled hard The wreath of flowers fell 100  
 At Dora's feet She bow'd upon her hands,  
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
 More and more distant She bow'd down her head  
 Remembering the day when first she came,  
 And all the things that had been She bow'd down  
 And wept in secret , and the reapers reap'd,  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise 110  
 To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.  
 And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy ,  
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you  
 He says that he will never see me more.'  
 Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,  
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself  
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
 His mother , therefore thou and I will go,  
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home , 120  
 And I will beg of him to take thee back  
 But if he will not take thee back again,  
 Then thou and I will live within one house,  
 And work for William's child, until he grows  
 Of age to help us'

So the women kiss'd  
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.

The door was off the latch they peep'd, and saw  
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, 130  
 Like one that loved him and the lad stretch'd out  
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire  
 Then they came in but when the boy beheld  
 His mother, he cried out to come to her  
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said  
 'O Father!—if you let me call you so—  
 I never came a-begging for myself,  
 Or William, or this child, but now I come  
 For Dora take her back, she loves you well 140  
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
 With all men, for I ask'd him, and he said,  
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
 I had been a patient wife but, Sir, he said  
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus  
 "God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know  
 The troubles I have gone thro'!" Then he turn'd  
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!  
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight 150  
 His father's memory, and take Dora back,  
 And let all this be as it was before'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
 By Mary There was silence in the room,  
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs —  
 'I have been to blame—to blame I have kill'd my son.  
 I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son  
 May God forgive me!—I have been to blame  
 Kiss me, my children'

Then they clung about  
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times 160  
 And all the man was broken with remorse,

And all his love came back a hundred-fold ,  
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child  
 Thinking of William

So those four abode  
 Within one house together , and as years  
 Went forward, Mary took another mate ,  
 But Dorcas lived unmarried till her death.

## ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
 I cannot rest from travel I will drink  
 Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea I am become a name,  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known, cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least but honour'd of them all,  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy  
 I am a part of all that I have met,  
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
 For ever and for ever when I move  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me *of one to me*  
 Little remains but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought

30

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good,  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the spher  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone He works his work, I mine.

40

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail  
 There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,  
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,  
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,  
 Death closes all but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks  
 The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep  
 Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds

50

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

70

### / TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
 The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,  
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,  
 And after many a summer dies the swan  
 Me only cruel immortality  
 Consumes I wither slowly in thine arms,  
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
 The ever silent spaces of the East,  
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming hills of morn

10

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd  
 To his great heart none other than a God !  
 I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality'  
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give  
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
 And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
 And all I was, in ashes Can thy love,  
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,  
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears  
 To hear me? Let me go take back thy gift  
 Why should a man desire in any way  
 To vary from the humbly race of men,  
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

30

A soft air fans the cloud apart, there comes  
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born  
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure  
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd  
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,  
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,  
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team  
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,  
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

40

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
 In silence, then before thine answer given  
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tear  
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?  
 'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes

50



I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—  
 The lucid outline forming round thee, saw  
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,  
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,  
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm  
 With kisses balmer than half-opening buds  
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,  
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
 While I thou like a mist rose into towers

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East  
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?  
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
 Of happy men that have the power to die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
 Release me and restore me to the ground,  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave  
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn,  
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,  
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

### THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,  
 'If my heart by signs can tell,  
 Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,  
 And I think thou lovest me well.'

She replies, in accents fainter, *Veru se ien*

‘There is none I love like thee.’

He is but a landscape painter,

And a village maiden she.

He to lips, that fondly falter,

Presses his without reproof

Leads her to the village altar,

And they leave her father’s roof

‘I can make no marriage present

Little can I give my wife.

Love will make our cottage pleasant,

And I love thee more than life.’

They by parks and lodges going

See the lordly castles stand

Summer woods, about them blowing,

Made a murmur in the land

20

From deep thought himself he rouses,

Says to her that loves him well,

‘Let us see these handsome houses

Where the wealthy nobles dwell.’

So she goes by him attended,

Hears him lovingly converse,

Sees whatever fair and splendid

Lay betwixt his home and hers,

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,

Parks and order’d gardens great,

30

Ancient homes of lord and lady,

Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer

Evermore she seems to gaze

On that cottage growing nearer,

Where the twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly !

He shall have a cheerful home ,

She will order all things duly,

When beneath his roof they come.

40

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
 Till a gateway she discerns  
 With armorial bearings stately,  
 And beneath the gate she turns ,  
 Sees a mansion more majestic  
 Than all those she saw before  
 Many a gallant gay domestic  
 Bows before him at the door  
 And they speak in gentle murmur,  
 When they answer to his call,  
 While he treads with footstep firmer,  
 Leading on from hall to hall.  
 And, while now she wonders blindly,  
 Nor the meaning can divine,  
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
 ' All of this is mine and thine '

Here he lives in state and bounty,  
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
 Not a lord in all the county  
 Is so great a lord as he.  
 All at once the colour flushes  
 Her sweet face from brow to chin  
 As it were with shame she blushes,  
 And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over  
 Pale again as death did prove  
 But he clasped her like a lover,  
 And he cheer'd her soul with love  
 So she strove against her weakness,  
 Tho' at times her spirit sank  
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
 To all duties of her rank  
 And a gentle consort made he,  
 And her gentle mind was such  
 That she grew a noble lady,  
 And the people loved her much.

50

60

70

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,  
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,  
 With the burthen of an honour     80  
 Unto which she was not born  
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
 And she murmur'd, 'Oh, that he  
 Were once more that landscape-painter,  
 Which did win my heart from me !'  
 So she droop'd and droop'd before him,  
 Fading slowly from his side  
 Three fair children first she bore him,  
 Then before her time she died.  
 Weeping, weeping late and early,  
 Walking up and pacing down,     90  
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,  
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town  
 And he came to look upon her,  
 And he look'd at her and said,  
 'Bring the dress and put it on her,  
 That she wore when she was wed.'  
 Then her people, softly treading,  
 Bore to earth her body, drest  
 In the dress that she was wed in,  
 That her spirit might have rest     100

✓ THE BROOK

HERE, by this brook, we parted, I to the East  
 And he for Italy—too late—too late  
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise,  
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,  
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent,  
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
 Thought it a dead thing, yet himself could make  
 The thing that is not as the thing that is

O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,  
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10  
 They flourish'd then or then , but life in him  
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd  
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
 And nothing perfect yet the brook he loved,  
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry as  
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
 To me that loved him , for 'O brook,' he says, 20  
 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,  
 'Whence come you ?' and the brook, why not ? replies

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
 I make a sudden sally,  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges,  
 By twenty thorns, a little town, ✓  
 And half a hundred bridges

30

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
 Travelling to Naples There is Darnley bridge,  
 It has more ivy , there the river , and there  
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trobles,  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles

40

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever

50

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird,  
 Old Philip, all about the fields you caught  
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,

60

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever

'O darling Katie Willows, his one child !  
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek,  
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse,  
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand,  
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

70

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
 James Willows, of one name and heart with he  
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week  
 Before I parted with poor Edmund, crost  
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,

Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam 80  
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,  
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
 And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,  
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
 Stuck, and he clamour'd from a casement, "Run"  
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
 "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran she moved  
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,  
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon. 90

'What was it? less of sentiment than sense  
 Had Katie, not illiterate, nor of those  
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
 And nursed by mealy mouth'd philanthropies,  
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me She and James had quarrell'd. Why?  
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause,  
 James had no cause but when I prest the cause,  
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
 Which anger'd her Who anger'd James? I said 100  
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,  
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
 Some figure like a wizard pentagram  
 On garden gravel, let my query pass  
 Unclum'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
 If James were coming "Coming every day,"  
 She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,  
 But evermore her father came across  
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short,  
 And James departed vext with him and her" 110  
 How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?"  
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace  
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)

"O would I take her father for one hour,  
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"  
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James  
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!  
 For in I went, and call'd old Philip out 120  
 To show the farm full willingly he rose  
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes  
 Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went  
 He praised his land, his horses, his machines,  
 He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs,  
 He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens,  
 His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
 Approved him, bowing at their own deserts  
 Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
 Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130  
 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were  
 Then crost the common into Darnley chase  
 To show Sir Arthur's deer In copse and fern  
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail  
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said  
 "That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."  
 And there he told a long long-winded tale  
 Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,  
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140  
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,  
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
 But he stood firm, and so the matter hung,  
 He gave them line and five days after that  
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece, *None*  
 Who then and there had offer'd something more,  
 But he stood firm, and so the matter hung,





And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever

Yes, men may come and go, and these are gone,  
 All gone My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,  
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome

Of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace and he, 190  
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
 Remains the lean P W on his tomb

I scraped the lichen from it Katie walks  
 By the long wash of Australasian seas  
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
 And breathes in April-autumns All are gone

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile, ~~of a~~  
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind  
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
 A tansured head in middle age forlorn, 200 &

Mused, and was mute On a sudden a low breath  
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings,  
 And he look'd up There stood a maiden near,  
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within 208

Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'  
 'Yes' answer'd she 'Pray stay a little pardon me,  
 What do they call you?' 'Katie' 'That were strange.  
 What surname?' 'Willows' 'No!' 'That is my name.'

'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplexed, ~~and~~  
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he  
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes, ~~as though~~  
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream  
 Then looking at her, 'Too happy, fresh and fair,

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,  
 To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
 About these meadows, twenty years ago' 220

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.  
 We bought the farm we tenanted before  
 Am I so like her? so they said on board.  
 Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
 My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
 That most she loves to talk of, come with me.  
 My brother James is in the harvest-field  
 But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED IN 1852

### I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,  
 Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
 Mourning when their leaders fall,  
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

### II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
 Here, in streaming London's central roar  
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
 And the feet of those he fought for,  
 Echo round his bones for evermore

## III

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,  
 As fits an universal woe,  
 Let the long long procession go,  
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
 And let the mournful martial music blow,  
 The last great Englishman is low

## IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
 Remembering all his greatness in the Past 20  
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street  
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute  
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
 Whole in himself, a common good  
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
 Great in council and great in war, 30  
 Foremost captain of his time,  
 Rich in saving common-sense,  
 And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity sublime.  
 O good gray head which all men knew,  
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
 Such was he whom we deplore 40  
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er  
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more

## V

All is over and done  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 England, for thy son.  
 Let the bell be toll'd  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 And render him to the mould.  
 Under the cross of gold  
 That shines over city and river, 50  
 There he shall rest for ever  
 Among the wise and the bold  
 Let the bell be toll'd  
 And a reverent people behold  
 The towering car, the sable steeds  
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,  
 Dark in its funeral fold  
 Let the bell be toll'd  
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ,  
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60  
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ,  
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ,  
 He knew their voices of old.  
 For many a time in many a clime  
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom  
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom  
 When he with those deep voices wrought,  
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ,  
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70  
 In that dread sound to the great name,  
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
 In praise and in dispraise the same,  
 A man of well attemper'd frame  
 O civic muse, to such a name,  
 To such a name for ages long,

To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song

## VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?

Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes ,  
For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea , 90

His foes were thine , he kept us free ,

O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee ,

For this is England's greatest son,

He that gain'd a hundred fights,

Nor ever lost an English gun ,

This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye

Clash'd with his fiery few and won , 100

And underneath another sun,

Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drev

The treble works, the vast designs

Of his labour'd rampart-lines,

Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew,

Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms, 110  
 Back to France with countless blows,  
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,  
 Follow'd up in valley and glen  
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
 And England pouring on her foes.  
 Such a war had such a close  
 Again their ravening eagle rose  
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120  
 And barking for the thrones of kings,  
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,  
 A day of onsets of despair!  
 Dash'd on every rocky square  
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away,  
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,  
 Thro' the long-tormented air,  
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew 130  
 So great a soldier taught us there,  
 What long enduring hearts could do  
 In that world earthquake, Waterloo!  
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
 If aught of things that here befall  
 Touch a spirit among things divine,  
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140  
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!  
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
 In full acclaim,  
 A people's voice,  
 The proof and echo of all human fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 Attest their great commander's claim  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
 Eternal honour to his name

## VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet  
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,  
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers,  
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,  
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours  
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control,  
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole, *the*  
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
 That sober freedom out of which there springs  
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings, *the*  
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind, *the*  
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.)  
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust  
 Remember him who led your hosts,  
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts.  
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall.  
 His voice is silent in your council hall.  
 For ever, and whatever tempests your  
 For ever silent ; even if they broke  
 In thunder, silent, yet remember all  
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke,



Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power , 180  
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ,  
 Whose life was work, whose language rise fill .  
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ,  
 Who never spoke against a foe ,  
 Whose eight winters freeze with one rebuke .  
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right )  
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ,  
 Truth lover was our English Duke ,  
 Whatever record leap to light 190  
 He never shall be shamed

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
 He, on whom from both her open hands  
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,  
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn  
 Yea, let all good things await  
 Him who cares not to be great,  
 But as he saves or serves the state 200  
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory  
 He that walks it, only thirsting  
 For the right, and learns to deaden  
 Love of self, before his journey closes,  
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
 Into glossy purples, which outredde  
 All voluptuous garden-roses  
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory 210  
 He, that ever following her commands,  
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won

His path upward, and prevail'd,  
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
 Are close upon the shining table-lands  
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun,  
 Such was he his work is done  
 But while the races of mankind endure,  
 Let his great example stand 220  
 Colossal, seen of every land,  
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure  
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
 The path of duty be the way to glory  
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
 For many and many an age proclaim  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,  
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him 230  
 Eternal honour to his name

## IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
 By some yet unmoulded tongue  
 Far on in summers that we shall not see  
 Peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one about whose patriarchal knee  
 Late the little children clung  
 O peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain  
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung 240  
 Ours the pain, be his the gain  
 More than is of man's degree  $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Must be with us, watching here  
 At this, our great solemnity  
 Whom we see not we revere,  
 We revere, and we refrain  
 From talk of battles loud and vain

And brawling memories all too free  
 For such a wise humility  
 As befits a solemn fane 250  
 We revere, and while we hear  
 The tides of Music's golden sea  
 Setting toward eternity,  
 Uphifted high in heart and hope are we,  
 Until we doubt not that for one so true  
 There must be other nobler work to do  
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
 And Victor he must ever be  
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
 And break the shore, and evermore 260  
 Make and break, and work their will,  
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
 Round us, each with different powers,  
 And other forms of life than ours,  
 What know we greater than the soul?  
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust  
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears  
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears  
 The black earth yawns the mortal disappears,  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—  
 Gone, but nothing can bereave him  
 Of the force he made his own  
 Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in State,  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
 Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him  
 God accept him, Christ receive him

## THE REVENGE

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

## I

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far  
away  
'Spanish ships of war at sea' we have sighted fifty-three!  
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard 'Fore God I am no  
coward ,  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
And the half my men are sick I must fly, but follow quick.  
We are six ships of the line, can we fight with fifty-three?'

## II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville 'I know you are no  
coward ,  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore 10  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ,  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ,

For we brought them all aboard,  
 And they blest him in their pun, that they were not left  
     to Spam, 20  
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord

## IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
 And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in  
     sight,  
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow  
 'Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
 For to fight is but to die !  
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set  
 And Sir Richard said again 'We be all good English men  
 Let us bring these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30  
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

## V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,  
     and so  
 The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick  
     below,  
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
     were seen,  
 And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane  
     between

## VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks  
     and laugh'd,  
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
 Running on and on, till delay'd  
 By their mountain like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred  
     tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers  
of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd

## VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like  
a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard, and two upon the starboard  
lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all

## VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and  
went 50  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content,  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us  
hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-  
queteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes  
his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land

## IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over  
the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the  
fifty-three  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, then high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
 her dead and her shame. 60  
 For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so  
 could fight us no more—  
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
 before ?

## X.

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'  
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ,  
 And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night  
 was gone,  
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the  
 head,  
 And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

## XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
 over the summer sea, 70  
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all  
 in a ring ,  
 But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we  
 still could sting,  
 So they watch'd what the end would be  
 And we had not fought them in vain,  
 But in perilous phght were we,  
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ,  
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
 stark and cold,  
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder  
 was all of it spent , 80

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ,  
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
 ' We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
 As may never be fought again !  
 We have won great glory, my men !  
 And a day less or more  
 At sea or ashore,  
 We die—does it matter when ?  
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in  
 twain !  
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !' 90

## XII

And the gunner said ' Ay, ay,' but the seamen made  
 reply  
 ' We have children, we have wives,  
 And the Lord hath spared our lives  
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let  
 us go ,  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow '  
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe

## XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
 then,  
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
 at last,  
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
 foreign grace ,  
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried 100  
 ' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
 and true ,  
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do  
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'  
 And hé fell upon their decks, and he died.



## XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English  
few,  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew, 110  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own,  
When a wind from the lands they had run'd awoke from  
sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts  
and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd  
navy of Spain,  
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island  
crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

## PART II.

### CENONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,  
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand  
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine  
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
 Stands up and takes the morning but in front  
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
 The crown of Troas  
 Hither came at noon  
 Mournful Cenone, wandering forlorn  
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills  
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.  
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,  
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade  
 Slon'd downward to her seat from the upper cliff

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill  
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass  
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.  
 The purple flower droops the golden bee  
 Is hlv-cradled I alone awake  
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
 And I am all weary of my life

30

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves  
 That house the cold crown'd snake ! O mountain brooks,  
 I am the daughter of a River God,  
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all  
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls  
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
 A cloud that gather'd shape for it may be  
 That, while I speak of it, a little while  
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy dark,  
 And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine  
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,  
 Lading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white hoov'd,  
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone

51

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft

Far up the solitary morning smote the sun as Ænone  
 The streaks of virgin snow With down-dropt eyes  
 I sat alone white-breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved, a leopard skin  
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair  
 Cluster'd about his temples like a God's  
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens  
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart 61  
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm  
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,  
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd  
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech  
 Came down upon my heart

"My own Ænone,  
 Beautiful-brow'd Ænone, my own soul,  
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rim ingrav'd 70  
 'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,  
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows"

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,  
 And added "This was cast upon the board,  
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods  
Ranged in the halls of Peleus, whereupon  
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due 80  
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,  
Delivering, that to me, by common voice  
 Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,  
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each  
This meed of fairest Thou, within the cave  
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,

Must well behold them unbeheld, unheard  
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
It was the deep midnoon one silvery cloud 90  
Had lost his way between the piney sides  
Of this long glen Then to the bower they came,  
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,  
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
Violet, amaranthus, and asphodel,  
Lotos and lilies and a wind arose,  
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,  
This way and that, in many a wild festoon  
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro' 100

' O mother Ida, harken ere I die  
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit, &c.  
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd  
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew  
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom (1)  
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows  
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods  
Rise up for reverence She to Paris made  
Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue 110  
Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale  
And river sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,  
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.  
Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,  
From many an inland town and haven large,  
Must-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel  
In glassy bays among her tallest towers"

' O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,  
"Which in all action is the end of all , 120

Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred  
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns  
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand  
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,  
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,  
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,  
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power  
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd  
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats  
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss 130  
 In knowledge of their own supremacy "

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit  
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power  
 Flatter'd his spirit, but Pallas where she stood  
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs  
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear  
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,  
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye  
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek 140  
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply

( "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power  
 Yet not for power (power of herself  
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear,  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence. ")

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 Again she said "I woo thee not with gifts 150  
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
 To fairer Judge thou me by what I am,  
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

( Yet, indeed  
 If gazing on divinity disrobed

Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,  
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure  
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,  
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,  
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,  
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,  
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow  
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,  
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
 Commensure perfect freedom")

Here she ceased,

And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,  
 Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not,  
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 When Aphrodite beautiful, 170  
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,  
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew  
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair  
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat  
 And shoulder from the violets her light foot  
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form  
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches  
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes, 180  
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh  
 Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee  
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece."  
 She spoke and laugh'd I shut my sight for fear  
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,  
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,  
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,  
 And I was left alone within the bower,

## CENONE

And from that time to this I am alone,  
And I shall be alone until I die.

190

‘Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?  
My love hath told me so a thousand times  
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,  
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,  
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail  
Crouch’d fawning in the weed Most loving is she?  
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms  
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest  
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew 200  
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains  
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,  
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
High over the blue gorge, and all between  
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract  
Foster’d the callow eaglet—from beneath  
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn  
The panther’s roar came muffled, while I sat 210  
Low in the valley Never, never more  
Shall lone Cenone see the morning mist  
Sweep thro’ them, never see them overlaid  
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
I wish that somewhere in the ruin’d folds,  
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,  
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her  
The Abominable, that uninvited came 220  
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,  
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,  
And bred this change, that I might speak my mind,



And tell her to her face how much I hate  
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
In this green valley, under this green hill,  
Ev’n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
Seal’d it with kisses? water’d it with tears? 230  
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die  
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids let me die. 240

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,  
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,  
Like footsteps upon wool I dimly see  
My far off doubtful purpose, as a mother  
Conjectures of the features of her child  
Ere it is born her child—a shudder comes  
Across me never child be born of me, 250  
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes!

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
Hear me, O earth I will not die alone,  
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me  
Walking the cold and starless road of Death  
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love  
With the Greek woman I will rise and go

Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth  
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men  
 What this may be I know not, but I know  
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,  
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

260

### THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,  
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell  
 I said, 'O Soul, make merry and carouse,  
 Dear soul, for all is well'

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass  
 I chose. The ranged ramparts bright  
 From level meadow-bases of deep grass  
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm Of ledge or shelf  
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair  
 My soul would live alone unto herself  
 In her high palace there.

10

And 'while the world runs round and round,' I said,  
 'Reign thou apart, a quiet king,  
 Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade  
Sleeps on his luminous ring'

To which my soul made answer readily  
 'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide

In this great mansion, that is built for me,  
So royal-rich and wide'

20

\* \* \* \*

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,  
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom  
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth  
A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row  
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,  
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow  
Of spouted fountain-floods

And round the roofs a gilded gallery  
That lent broad verge to distant lands,  
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky  
Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell,  
Across the mountain stream'd below  
In misty folds, that floating as they fell  
Lit up a torrent-bow

And high on every peak a statue seem'd  
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up  
A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd  
From out a golden cup

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon  
My palace with unblinded eyes,  
While this great bow will waver in the sun,  
And that sweet incense rise?'

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,  
 And, while day sank or mounted higher,  
 The light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd,  
 Burnt like a fringe of fire

Lakewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,  
 Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires 50  
 From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced,  
 And tipt with frost-like spires

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,  
 That over-vaulted grateful gloom,  
 Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,  
 Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,  
 All various, each a perfect whole  
 From living Nature, fit for every mood  
 And change of my still soul 60

For some were hung with arras green and blue  
 Showing a gaudy summer-morn,  
 Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew  
 His wreathed bugle-horn

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,  
 And some one pacing there alone,  
 Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,  
 Lit with a low large moon

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves  
 You seem'd to hear them climb and fall 70

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves  
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow  
By herds upon an endless plain,  
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,  
With shadow-streaks of rain

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil  
In front they bound the sheaves Behind  
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,  
And hoary to the wind - 80

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,  
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher  
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,  
And highest, snow and fire

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,  
As fit for every mood of mind, 90  
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there  
Not less than truth design'd

\* \* \* \*

Or the mild mother by a crucifix,  
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,  
Beneath branch work of costly sardonix  
Sat smiling, babe in arm

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,  
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair  
Wound with white roses, slept St Cecily,  
 An angel look'd at her

100

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise  
 A group of Hours bow'd to see  
 The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes  
 That said, We wait for thee

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son  
 In some fair space of sloping greens  
 Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
 And watch'd by weeping queens

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,  
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw  
 The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear  
Of wisdom and of law

110

Or over hills with peaky tops engrain'd,  
 And many a tract of palm and rice,  
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd  
A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,  
 From off her shoulder backward borne  
 From one hand droop'd a crocus one hand grasp'd  
 The mild bull's golden horn

120

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh  
 Half-buried in the Eagle's down,  
 Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky  
 Above the pillard town

Nor these alone but every legend fair  
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind  
 Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,  
 Not less than life, design'd.

\* \* \* \*

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,  
 Moved of themselves, with silver sound, 130  
 And with choice paintings of wise men I hung  
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,  
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild,  
 And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,  
 And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest,  
 A million wrinkles carved his skin,  
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,  
 From cheek and throat and chin 140

Above, the fur hall-ceiling stately-set,  
 Many an arch high up did lift,  
 And angels rising and descending met  
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd  
 With cycles of the human tale  
 Of this wide world, the times of every land  
 So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,  
 Toild onward, prick'd with goads and stings, 150

Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro . . .  
The heads and crowns of kings ,

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind  
All force in bonds that might endure,  
And here once more like some sick man declined,  
And trusted any cure

But over these she trod and those great bells  
Began to chime She took her throne  
She sat betwixt the shining Ornels,  
To sing her songs alone

160

And thro' the topmost Ornels' coloured flame  
Two godlike faces gazed below,  
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,  
The first of those who know

And all those names, that in their motion were  
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,  
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair  
In diverse raiment strange

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,  
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,  
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew  
Rivers of melodies

170

No nightingale delighteth to prolong  
Her low preamble all alone,  
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song  
Throb thro' the ribbed stone,

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,  
Loving to feel herself alive



Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,  
 Lord of the senses five,

180

Communing with herself 'All these are mine,  
 And let the world have peace or wars,  
 'Tis one to me' She—when young night divine  
 Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—  
 Lit light in wreaths and anadems,  
 And pure quintessences of precious oils  
 In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven, and clapt her hands and cried,  
 'I marvel if my still delight  
 In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,  
 Be flatter'd to the height

190

'O all things fair to sate my various eyes  
 O shapes and hues that please me well  
 O silent faces of the Great and Wise,  
 My Gods, with whom I dwell'

'O God-like isolation which art mine,  
 I can but count thee perfect gnm,  
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine  
 That range on yonder plain

200

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,  
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep,  
 And oft some brunless devil enters in,  
 And drives them to the deep'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate  
 And of the rising from the dead,

As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate,  
And at the last she said

'I take possession of man's mind and deed.

I care not what the sects may brawl                    210  
I sit as God holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all'

     
   

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth '  
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,  
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,  
And intellectual throne

And so she throve and prosper'd so three years  
She prosper'd on the fourth she fell,  
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,  
Struck thro' with pangs of hell

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,  
God, before whom ever he bare  
The abysmal deeps of Personality,  
Plagued her with sore despain

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight  
The air, hand confusion wrought,  
Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite  
The kingdom of her thought

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude  
Fell on her, from which mood was born 230  
Scorn of herself, again, from out that mood  
Laughter at her self scorn

'What' is not this my place of strength,' she said,  
 'My spacious mansion built for me,  
 Whereof the strong foundation stones were laid  
 Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood  
 Uncertain shapes, and unawares  
 On white eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,  
 And horrible nightmares, 240

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,  
 And, with dim fretted foreheads all, *eat-*  
 On corpses three-months old at noon she came,  
 That stood against the wall

A spot of dull stagnation, without light  
 Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,  
 Mid onward sloping motions infinite  
 Making for one sure goal

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,  
 Left on the shore, that hears all night 250  
 The plunging seas draw backward from the land  
 Their moon-led waters white

A star that with the choral starry dance  
 Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw  
 The hollow orb of moving Circumstance *Yh*  
 Roll'd round by one fix'd law

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd  
 'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,  
 'No voice breaks thro the stillness of this world  
 One deep, deep silence all!' 260

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,  
 ' Inwra<sup>pt</sup> tenfold in slothful shame,  
 Lay there exiled from eternal God,  
Lost to her place and name,

And death and life she hated equally,  
 And nothing saw, for her despair,  
 But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,  
 No comfort anywhere,

Remain<sup>ing</sup> utterly confused with fears,  
 And ever worse with growing time, 270  
 And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,  
 And all alone in crime

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round  
 With blackness as a solid wall,  
 Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound  
 Of human footsteps fall

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,  
 In doubt and great perplexity,  
 A little before moon rise hears the low  
 Moan of an unknown sea, 280

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound  
 Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry  
 Of great wild beasts, then thinketh, 'I have found  
 A new land, but I die'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire, within  
 There comes no murmur of reply  
 What is it that will take away my sin,  
 And save me lest I die?'

So when four years were wholly finished,  
 She threw her royal robes away  
 'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,  
 'Where I may mourn and pray

290

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are  
 So lightly, beautifully built  
 Perchance I may return with others there  
 When I have purged my guilt.'

### A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,  
 'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago  
 Sung by the morning star of song, who made  
 His music heard below,

Dan Chancer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath  
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill  
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
 With sounds that echo still

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art  
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales  
 Hold swollen clouds from running, tho' my heart,  
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears In every land  
 I saw, wherever light illumeth,  
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
 The downward slope to death

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song *etc.*  
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,  
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
 And trumpets blown for wars,

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs,  
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries,  
 And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs  
 Of marble palaces,

Corpses across the threshold, heroes tall  
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet  
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall,  
 Lances in ambush set,

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts  
 That run before the fluttering tongues of fire,  
 White surf wind scatter'd over sails and masts,  
 And ever climbing higher,

30

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,  
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water, dryers woes,  
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,  
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land  
 Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,  
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand, *etc.*  
 Torn from the fringe of spray

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,  
 Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,  
 As when a great thought strikes along the brain,  
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down  
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,  
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;  
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought  
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep 50  
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought  
 Into the gulfs of sleep

At last methought that I had wander'd far  
 In an old wood fresh-wash'd in coolest dew  
 The maiden splendours of the morning star  
 Shook in the stedfast blue

Enormous elm-tree-holes did stoop and lean  
 Upon the dusky brushwood underneath  
 Their broad curved branches, sledged with clearest green,  
 New from its silken sheath 60

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,  
 And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain.  
 Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun,  
 Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,  
 Not any song of bird or sound of rill,  
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre  
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest Growths of jasmine turn'd  
 Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,  
 And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd  
 The red anemone

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew  
 The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn  
 On those long, rank, dark wood walks drench'd in dew,  
 Leading from lawn to lawn

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,  
 Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame  
 The times when I remember to have been  
 Joyful and free from blame

And from within me a clean under-tone  
 Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful chime,  
 'Pass freely thro' the wood is all thine own,  
 Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call,  
 Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there,  
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
 And most divinely fair

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise  
 Froze my swift speech she turning on my face 90  
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,  
 Spoke slowly in her place

'I had great beauty ask thou not my name  
No one can be more wise than destiny  
Many drew swords and died Where'er I came  
 'I brought calamity'

'No marvel, sovereign lady in fan field  
 Myself for such a face had boldly died,  
 I answer'd free, and turning I appeal'd  
 To one that stood beside

But she with sick and scornful looks averse,  
 To her full height her stately stature draws,  
 'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse  
 This woman was the cause

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,  
 Which men call'd Aulis in those young years  
 My father held his hand upon his face,  
 I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak my voice was thick with sighs  
 As in a dream Dimly I could descry 110  
 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,  
 Waiting to see me die



'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ,  
 The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ,  
 The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ,  
 Touch'd , and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow  
 'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,  
 Whirl'd by the wind had roll'd me deep below,  
 Then when I left my home

120

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,  
 As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea  
 Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come here,  
 That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,  
 One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ,  
 A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
 Brow-bound with burning gold

She, flushing forth a haughty smile, began  
 'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'  
 All moods 'Tis long since I have seen a man  
 Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood  
 According to my humour ebb and flow  
 I have no men to govern in this wood  
 That makes my only woe.

'Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend  
 One will , nor time and tutor with mine eye  
 That dull cold-blooded Cæsar Pry thee, friend,  
 Where is Mark Antony ?

140

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime  
 On Fortune's neck we sat as God by God  
 The Nilus would have risen before his time  
 And flooded at our nod

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit  
 Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus O my life  
 In Egypt ! O the dalliance and the wit,  
 The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms  
 My Hercules, my Roman Antony,  
 My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,  
 Contented there to die !

150

'And there he died and when I heard my name  
 Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear  
 Of the other with a worm I balk'd his fame  
 'What else was left ? look here !'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half  
 The polish'd argent of her breast to sight  
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,  
 Showing the aspick's bite )

160

'I died a Queen The Roman soldier found  
 Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,  
 A name for ever !—lying robed and crown'd,  
 Worthy a Roman spouse.'

'Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range  
 Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance  
 From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change  
 Of liveliest utterance

When she made pause I knew not for delight ,  
 Because with sudden motion from the ground  
 She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light  
 The interval of sound

170

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts ,  
 As once they drew into two burning rings  
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts  
 Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled    Then I heard  
     A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,  
 And singing clearer than the crested bird  
     That claps his wings at dawn

180

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel  
     From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,  
 Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,  
     Far heard beneath the moon

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel  
     Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine  
 All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell  
     With spires of silver shine'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves  
     The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door  
 Hearing the holy organ rolling waves  
     Of sound on roof and floor

190

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied  
     To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow  
 Of music left the lips of her that died  
     To save her father's vow ,

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,  
     A maiden pure , as when she went along  
 From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,  
     With timbrel and with song

200

My words leapt forth 'Heaven heads the count of crimes  
     With that wild oath' She render'd answer high  
 'Not so, nor once alone a thousand times  
     I would be born and die

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root  
     Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,  
 Feeding the flower , but ere my flower to fruit  
     Changed, I was ripe for death.

' My God, my land, my father—these did move  
 Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, 210  
 Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love  
 Down to a silent grave

' And I went mourning, " No fair Hebrew boy  
 Shall smile away my maiden blame among  
 The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,  
 Leaving the dance and song,

' Leaving the olive-gardens far below,  
 Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,  
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow  
 Beneath the battled tower 220

' The light white cloud swam over us    Upon a  
 We heard the lion roaring from his den ,  
 We saw the large white stars rise one by one,  
 Or, from the darken'd glen,

' Saw God divide the night with flying flame,  
 And thunder on the everlasting hills  
 I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became  
 A solemn scorn of ills

' When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,  
 Strength came to me that equall'd my desire 230  
 How beautiful a thing it was to die  
 For God and for my sue !

' It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,  
 That I subdued me to my father's will ,  
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell, *Rejoice*  
 Sweetens the spirit still    *in my father's*

' Moreover it is written that my race  
 Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aioei

She lock'd her lips she left me where I stood  
 'Glorv to God,' she sang, and past afar,  
 Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,  
 Toward the morning-star

Losing her carol I stood pensively,  
 As one that from a casement leans his head,  
 When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,  
 And the old year is dead

'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care,  
 Murmur'd beside me 'Turn and look on me  
 I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair, &c.  
 If what I was I be.

250

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!  
 O me, that I should ever see the light!  
 Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor  
 Do hunt me, day and night'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust  
 To whom the Egyptian 'O, you tamely died!  
 You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust  
 The dagger thro' her side'

260

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,  
 Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery  
 Of folded sleep The captain of my dreams  
 Ruled in the eastern sky

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,  
 Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance  
 Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,  
 A light of ancient France,

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
 Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
 Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
 Sweet as new buds in Spring

270

No memory labours longer from the deep  
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore  
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep  
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight With what dull pain  
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike  
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !  
But no two dreams are like

280

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,  
Desiring what is mingled with past years,  
In yearnings that can never be exprest  
By signs or groans or tears ,

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,  
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,  
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart  
Faints, faded by its heat.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ,  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
King Arthur then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land

10

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full  
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere  
 'The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
 Wherof this world holds record Such a sleep  
 They sleep—the men I loved I think that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were  
 I perish by this people which I made,—  
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
 That without help I cannot last till morn  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
 Which was my pride for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 Holding the sword—and how I rowed across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known  
 But now delay not take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word  
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere  
 'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aimless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man  
 Yet I thy best will ill perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word'  
 So saying, from the run'd shingle he stepped  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

20

30

40

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalbur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewellery He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60  
 In act to throw but at the last it seem'd  
 Better to leave Excalbur conceal'd  
 There in the many-knotted waterflags  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere  
 'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale  
 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
 Thy faculty, nor like a noble knight  
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere  
 This is a shameful thing for men to be  
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
 As thou art hief and dear, and do the thing 80  
 I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time



Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought,  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,  
 'And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done?  
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
*And rumours of a doubt? but were thus kept,* 100  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden brises of the hills"  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence  
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.'  
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King  
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily  
 'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
 'I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds'  
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath

'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
 In whom should meet the offices of all,  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt,  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence 130  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140  
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and diw him under in the mere  
 And lightly went the other to the King 150

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath  
 'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done  
 Speak out what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?' 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
 'Sir King, I closed mine eyehds, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere till I die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt  
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him,  
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him 160  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard  
 'My end draws nigh, 'tis time that I were gone  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin, yet I fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture Hnu Sir Bedivere 170  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute So sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick I  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die' 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad  
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clung'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190

And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake  
And the long glories of the winter moon

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them , and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—in these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice an agony 200  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'  
And to the barge they came There those three Queens /  
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood for all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ,  
And all his greaves and cusses dash'd with drops  
Of onset , and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais throne—were purch'd with dust ,  
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
So like a shatter'd column lay the King , 221  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings  
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,

' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 230  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight  
 Such times have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh  
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty world ,  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds '

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge  
 ' The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240  
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself what comfort is in me ?  
 I have lived my life and that which I have done  
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God,  
 But now farewell I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island-valley of Avalon ,  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly , but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns

And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away

270

## SIR GALAHAD 412

My good blade carves the casques of men

My tough lance thrusteth sure,

My strength is as the strength of ten,

Because my heart is pure

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, "

The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly.

The horse and rider reel

They reel, they roll in clanging lists, G22

And when the tide of combat stands, "

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,

That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend

On whom their favours fall !

For them I battle till the end,

To save from shame and thrall

But all my heart is drawn above,

My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine

I never felt the kiss of love,

Nor maiden's hand in mine.

20

More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
 Me nightier transports move and thrill ;  
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
 A light before me swims,  
 Between dark stems the forest glows,  
 I hear a noise of hymns  
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ,  
 I hear a voice but none are there ,  
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
 The tapers burning fair  
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-<sup>sc</sup>erés  
 I find a magic bark  
 I leap on board no helmsman steers  
 I float till all is dark.  
 A gentle sound, an awful light !  
 Three angels bear the holy Grail  
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
 On sleeping wings they sail  
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
 As down dark tides the glory slides,  
 And star like mingles with the stars.

40

When on my goodly charger borne  
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
 The streets are dumb with snow  
 The tempest crackles on the leads,  
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ,

50

But o'er the dark a glory spreads  
 And gilds the driving hail.  
 I leave the plain, I climb the height,  
No branchy thicket shelter yields,  
 But blessed forms in whistling storms  
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
 Such hope, I know not fear,  
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
 That often meet me here  
 I muse on joy that will not cease,  
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
 Whose odours haunt my dreams,  
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
 This mortal armour that I wear,  
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And thro' the mountain-walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 Swells up and shakes and falls  
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear  
 'O just and faithful knight of God!  
 Ride on! the prize is near'  
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
 Until I find the holy Grail



## THE VOYAGE

### I

WE left behind the painted buoy  
 That tosses at the harbour-mouth,  
 And madly danced our hearts with joy  
 As fast we fled to the South  
 How fresh was every sight and sound  
 On open main or winding shore!  
 We knew the merry world was round,  
 And we might sail for evermore.

### II

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,  
 Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail 10  
 The Lady's-head upon the prow  
 Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the  
 The broad sea swell'd to meet the keel,  
 And swept behind, so quick the run,  
 We felt the good ship shake and reel,  
 We seem'd to sail into the Sun!

### III

How oft we saw the Sun retire,  
 And burn the threshold of the night  
 Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,  
 And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!  
 How oft the purple skirted robe  
 Of twilight slowly downward drawn,  
 As thro' the slumber of the globe  
 Again we dash'd into the dawn!

## IV

New stars all night above the brim,  
 Of waters lighten'd into view,  
 They climb'd as quickly, for the rim  
 Changed every moment as we flew  
 Far ran the naked moon across  
 The houseless ocean's heaving field, 30  
 Or flying shone, the silver boss  
 Of her own halo's dusky shield,

## V

*Hills*  
 The peaky islet shifted shapes,  
 High towns on hills were dimly seen,  
 We past long lines of Northern capes  
 And dewy Northern meadows green  
 We came to warmer waves, and deep  
 Across the boundless east we drove,  
 Where those long swells of breaker sweep  
 The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove 40

## VI

*Peaks*  
 By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,  
 Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine,  
 With ashy rains, that spreading made  
 Fantastic plume or sable pine,  
 By sands and steaming flats, and floods  
 Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,  
 And hills and scarlet mingled woods  
 Glow'd for a moment as we past

## VII

O hundred shores of happy climes,  
 How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark! 50

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times  
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark,  
 At times a carven craft would shoot  
 From havens hid in fury bowers,  
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,  
 But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers

## VIII.

For one fair Vision ever fled  
 Down the waste waters day and night,  
 And still we follow'd where she led,  
 In hope to gain upon her flight.  
 Her face was evermore unseen,  
 And fixt upon the far sea-line,  
 But each man murmur'd, 'O my Queen,  
 I follow till I make thee mine.'

60

## IX.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd  
 Like Fancy made of golden air,  
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd  
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair  
 Now high on waves that idly burst  
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,  
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,  
 She bore the blade of Liberty

## X.

And only one among us—him  
 We pleased not—he was seldom pleased  
 He saw not far his eyes were dim  
 But ours he swore were all diseased  
 'A ship of fools,' he shriek'd in spite,  
 'A ship of fools,' he sneer'd and wept.

And overboard one stormy night  
 He cast his body, and on we swept 80

## XI

And never sail of ours was furl'd,  
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn,  
 We lov'd the glories of the world,  
 But laws of nature were our scorn  
 For blasts would rise and rave and cease,  
 But whence were those that drove the sail  
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace -  
 And to and thro' the counter gale?

## XII

Again to colder climes we came,  
 For still we follow'd where she led 90  
Now mate is blind and captain lame,  
 And half the crew are sick or dead,  
 But, blind or lame or sick or sound,  
 We follow that which flies before  
 We know the merry world is round,  
 And we may sail for evermore.

## DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(IN ENNA)

FAINT as a <sup>noisy</sup> climate changing bird that flies  
 All night across the darkness, and at dawn  
 Falls on the threshold of her native land,  
 And can no more, thou camest, O my child,  
 Led upward by the God of ghosts and dreams,  
 Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb

With passing thro' at once from state to state,  
 Until I brought thee hither, that the day,  
 When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,  
 Might break thro' clouded memories once again 10  
 On thy lost self A sudden nightingale  
 Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song  
 And welcome, and a gleam as of the moon,  
 When first she peers along the tremulous deep,  
 Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away  
 That shadow of a likeness to the king  
 Of shadows, thy dark mate. 'Persephone!  
 Queen of the dead no more—my child! Thine eyes  
 Again were human-godlike, and the Sun  
 Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray, 20  
 And robed thee in his day from head to feet—  
 'Mother!' and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd, eyes  
 Awed even me at first, thy mother—eyes  
 That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power  
 Draw downward into Hades with his drift  
 Of flickering spectres, lighted from below  
 By the red race of fiery Phlegethon,  
 But when before have Gods or men beheld  
 The Life that had descended re-arise, 30  
 And lighted from above him by the Sun?  
 So mighty was the mother's childless cry,  
 A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,  
 The field of Enna, now once more ablaze  
 With flowers that brighten as thy footstep fall  
 All flowers—but for one black blur of earth  
 Left by that closing chasm, thro' which the car  
 Of dark Aidoneus rising rapt thee hence.

And here, my child, tho' folded in thine arms, 40,  
I feel the deathless heart of motherhood  
Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe  
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence  
The shrilly whinnys of the team of Hell,  
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,  
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,  
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom No!  
For, see, thy foot has touch'd it, all the space  
Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh,  
And breaks into the crocus-purple hour 50,  
That saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone,  
I envied human wives, and nested birds,  
Yea, the cubb'd lioness, went in search of thee  
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave  
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,  
And set the mother waking in amaze  
To find her sick one whole, and forth again  
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,  
'Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?'  
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd, 60,  
'We know not, and we know not why we wail.'  
I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,  
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world  
'Where? do ye make your moaning for my child?'  
And round from all the world the voices came  
'We know not, and we know not why we moan'  
'Where'? and I stared from every eagle-peak,  
I thridded the black heart of all the woods,  
I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms  
Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard 70,  
The murmur of their temples, chanting me,  
Me, me, the desolate Mothen! 'Where'?—and turn'd,  
And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,

And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee  
 The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,  
 The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,  
 The scorpion crawling over naked skulls,—  
 I saw the tiger in the ruin'd face  
 Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee  
 I saw not, and far on, and, following out  
 A league of labyrinthine darkness, came  
 On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.  
 'Where?' and I heard one voice from all the three  
 'We know not, for we spin the lives of men,  
 And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!  
 There is a Fate beyond us' Nothing knew

Last as the likeness of a dying man,  
 Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn  
 A far-off friendship that he comes no more,  
 So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry, 9  
 Drew from himself the likeness of himself  
 Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past  
 Before me, crying 'The Bright one in the highest  
 Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,  
 And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child  
 Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power  
 That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,  
 Should be for ever and for evermore  
 The Bride of Darkness.'

So the Shadow wail'd.  
 Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the Gods of Heaven  
 I would not mingle with their feasts, to me 101  
 Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,  
 Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite  
 The man, that only lives and loves an hour,  
 Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.

My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd  
 The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd  
 To send my life thro' olive yard and vine  
 And golden grain, my gift to helpless man  
 Rust-rotten died the wheat, the barley spears 110  
 Were hollow husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,  
 Pale at my grief, drew down before his time  
 Sickening, and Alina kept her winter snow

Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He  
 Who still is highest, glaucing from his height  
 On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd  
 The wonted stern of sacrifice, the praise  
 And prayer of men, decreed that thou should'st dwell  
 For nine white moons of each whole year with me,  
 Three dark ones in the shadow with thy King 120

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn  
 Will see me by the landmark far away, as I  
 Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk  
 Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,  
 Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange 'till

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill content  
 With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,  
 What meant they by their 'Fate beyond the Fates'  
 But younger kinder Gods to bear us down,  
 As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods, 130  
 To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,  
 Not spread the plague, the famine, Gods indeed,  
 To send the noon into the night and break  
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?  
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,  
 And all the Shadow die into the Light,  
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me,  
 And souls of men, who grew beyond their race,  
 And made themselves as Gods against the fear 139  
 Of Death and Hell, and thou that hast from men,  
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,



Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,  
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine  
From buried grain thro' springing blade, and bless  
Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,  
Earth mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth  
The worship which is Love, and see no more  
The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns  
Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires  
Of torment, and the shadow, warrnor glide 150  
Along the silent field of Asphodel.

# NOTES.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

### INTRODUCTION

THE *Recollections* first appeared in "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," published in 1830, the first volume of poetry to which Tennyson affixed his name. The poem (with which Mr Churton Collins compares Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* and *Leicht*) has been noticed as one of the earliest that decisively announced the rise of a great poet. It is remarkable for opulent and powerful word painting, combined with great imaginative luxuriance. The stanzas follow one another in a sort of processional pomp, as the reader's fancy travels through scene after scene of Oriental splendour. The poet represents himself as sailing down the River Tigris and its canals (ll 1-90), then, after leaving his boat (l 91), he enters the Garden of Gladness (l 100) and comes to the Pavilion of Pictures (l 114), where he sees the Fair Persian (l 133), and finally enters the throned presence of the great Caliph himself (l 150).

### NOTES.

1 When infancy In my happy childhood, when my young life was full of gay hopes and bold fancies

3 The tide , time My thoughts, instead of going forward to the future, travelled back to past events. Compare Milton, *Nativity*, iv —

"For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold."

5 sheeny, bright, lit 'showy'

6 Adown is the O E *of dune*, off the hill, now generally shortened into *dune*

7 Bagdat, or Bagdad, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, was the capital of the empire of the Caliphs. It attained its greatest splendour, as the seat of elegance and learning, under Haroun Alraschid, who adorned it with many noble and stately edifices fretted, formed into ornamental lace work. Cf note to *The Brook*, 43

9 sworn I was a sworn (i.e. devoted) Mussulman

10 the golden prime, the great and glorious age of Shaks. *Rich III* i. 2. 248, "the golden prime of this sweet prince"

11 Haroun Alraschid, or Harun al Rashid (i.e. Aaron the Orthodox), was the fifth of the Abbaside Caliphs of Bagdad, and ruled over territories extending from Egypt to Khorassan. He obtained great renown for his bravery, magnificence, and love of letters. He was a contemporary of Charlemagne, and flourished A.D. 786 to 809

12. Anight, on (the) night, at night shallop, light boat, cf. *sloop*

13 bloomed, covered with bloom, used as an adjective drove blue. Pushed the water before it, and cut across the shadows of the citron trees on the surface of the blue stream. *Clove* (and *cleft*) is the preterite of *cleave*, to split, *cleave*, to adhere, makes its preterite *cleaved*

16 brim, margin of the full river

17 The costly side. All three lines are instances of the nominative absolute construction. "the doors *being* flung, etc., and sofas *being* on each side"

23 clear stemm'd platans. The Oriental platan or platane (plane tree) is a tree with spreading boughs (Lat. *platanus*, Gr. *πλατανος*, broad). It is called "clear-stemmed" because its trunk runs smoothly up to some height without throwing out any branches.

24 The outlet, i.e. from the river into the canal. The platans stood like sentinels on either bank.

26 sluiced. Led by a dike from the main river. Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, i. 701, 702 —

"Veins of liquid fire  
Sluic'd from the lake"

Sluice is from Low Lat. *exclusa*, a flood gate, lit. 'shut-off (water)'

28 Was damask work, was variegated with flowers. Inlay is a noun, 'inlaid work'. The blossoms were so closely intertwined that they looked like mosaic work.

31 A motion level. An impulse from the river's flow caused a ripple to run along the smooth surface of the canal

36 star strown calm, the calm starry night.

37 night in night A night caused by the deep shadows of the trees in the midst of the literal night.

39 vaults In apposition with "another night." pillar'd, with trunks rising straight and smooth like pillars.

40 Imprisoning sweets, enclosing an undergrowth of scented flowers and shrubs clomb, the old strong preterite of climb. The modern form is the weak climbed. See *Lotos-Eaters*, 18

46 Is rounded to, widens into

47 rivage, bank, a French word.

51 seemed prow The motion on the surface of the water caused by the rillels made the bright pebbles at its bottom seem to stir, as he looked at them from the boat

58 engrain'd, lit 'dyed of a fast colour', here 'set, inlaid, tessellated.' A path, inlaid with shells of various colours, led hither and thither The Lat *granum* means 'seed,' and the dye prepared from the insect coccus (cochineal) was, from its seed-like form, called *granum* Cf 'to dye in grain,' 'a rogue in grain' (see Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, p 55)

59 marge, margin or edges of the walk

60 fluted, vertically hollowed or channeled on the outer surface.

63 studded tiars. Other plants thickly covered, some with circular blossoms and some with diadem shaped flowers. Milton (*Par Lost*, iii. 625) has the form *tiar* for *tiara*

68 In closest coverture So as to form a thick covert or shelter (for the bird) Cf Milton's (*Par Lost*, iii. 39), 'in shaddest covert hid' (of the nightingale)

70 bulbul The word *bulbul* (no doubt intended to imitate the bird's note) is originally Persian, and applied to a bird which does duty with Persian poets for the nightingale

71 Not he time It did not seem to be the song of the bulbul that I heard, but something that filled and penetrated the darkness—something that had in it a mingled feeling of delight, life, etc., which seemed to be endless and to have free utterance, without limit of place or time

76 flattering, glorifying, shedding a lustre upon. Cf *Aylmer's Field*, 175 —

"A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs",  
after Shaks, *Sonnet 33* —

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."

78 Black. Note the emphatic force given to this monosyllable by its representing a whole foot in the metre Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, 65, 188, for accented monosyllables.

79 solemn, still and stately

81 A sudden splendour, the light suddenly streaming from the palace windows (see l. 122) \* —

84 counterchanged bright The light, falling upon the lake from between the leaves, variegated its smooth surface with little patches of light Cf. *In Memoriam*, lxxxix 1, 2 —

“Witch-elms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.”

Counterchange is a term in heraldry, used of the intermixture of colours, etc., on the shield

89 the deep sphere, the vault of heaven.

90 Distinct inlaid, lit up and made visible by the bright stars that were inlaid in it

93 With afloat, the boat was left floating at her anchor

95 as in sleep, as though I were asleep

101 A realm of pleasance, a vast pleasure garden, consisting of many a mound and lawn, and thickets. “Now this garden was named The Garden of Gladness and therein stood a belvedere light the Palace of Pleasure and the Pavilion of Pictures, the whole belonging to the Caliph Harnn al-Rashid, who was wont, when his breast was straitened with care, to frequent garden and palace and there to sit” (*Nur al-Din and the Damsel Anis al-Jalis* in Burton's *Arabian Nights*)

102 shadow chequer'd, flecked with shadows from the trees. See note to l. 84 Chequer means ‘to mark out like a chess-board,’ and so, generally, to variegate

103 Full sound. The city noises were heard here half-hushed by the distance Still is poetic for still Similarly Tennyson has shrilly for shrill (*Demeter and Persephone*, 44), dully for dull (*Palace of Art*, 275)

106 rosaries, rose beds the scented thorn, rose bushes

108 emblems of the time, figures or symbols expressing the spirit, or recalling the events, of that era

111 unawares, unconsciously, a genitival adverb, like needs (= of need), *alicuius*, sometimes

112 latticed shade, shade caused by the lattice work with which it was enclosed “Overhead was a trellis of reed-work and canes shading the whole length of the avenue” (Burton)

114 Pavillion of the Caliphat, the "Pavilion of Pictures" (see Note to l 101) 'The Caliphat' means the government or empire of the Caliphs

115 cedarn, made of cedar wood Milton (*Comus*, 990) has "the cedarn (i.e. of cedar trees) alleys" Cf *silern*

120 humour, whim, fancy

122 The fourscore, etc. "The palace had eighty latticed windows and fourscore lamps hanging round a great candelabrum of gold furnished with wax candles" (Burton)

123 As with flame, so brilliant that they seemed to be lighted with the purest essence of fire. To the four elements Aristotle added a fifth—*quinta essentia*, fifth essence or nature. Cf the five Sanscrit *bhutas* or elements—earth, air, fire, water, and æther

125 twisted silvers, spiral silver sconces or candlesticks look'd to shame, abashed the darkness by its gaze, shone upon and utterly dissipated it.

127 mooned domes, the domes of mosques surmounted by the crescent, the emblem of Turkish sovereignty

129 crescents, crescent moons The roof of night, the sky

133 trancedly, as in a trance or vision

134 the Persian girl, Anis al-Janis or "The Fair Persian" of the story (see note to l. 101)

135 argent-lidded, with eyelids white and smooth as silver (Lat *argentum*, silver) Cf *Dream of Fair Women*, 158 "The polish'd argent of her breast."

136 rays of darkness The image points to the glossy blackness of her eyelashes Similarly her pure white brow was surrounded with perfumed tresses of black, glossy hair (ll 137, 138)

140 beneath, below

146 of the massive ore, made of a great mass of gold. Ore is here used for the gold it contains, as in Milton's *Lycidas*, 170, where the daystar flames "with new spangled ore." In *Ænone*, 113, and *Dream of Fair Women*, 274, ore has its usual sense of the metal in its native drossy state—the "massy ore" of Milton, *Par Lost*, l 703

148 diaper'd, figured, embroidered. Derived from Old Fr *diaspre*, Lat *iaspidem*, a jasper hence lit. 'ornamented with jasper stones'

152 Sole star, the only conspicuous object, compared with which everything else was insignificant.

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## INTRODUCTION

THIS short poem was first published in 1832. Viewed on the surface it seems to be merely a picture—painted with that exact delineation of small details which distinguishes the pre-Raphaelite school of artists—of a landscape and in the midst of it a weird being doomed to exist without hope or fear or human interest under the influence of some overpowering fate. She lives in a lonely tower, and employs herself in weaving a 'magic web' if she leave her work to look out of the window in the direction of the city of Camelot, where King Arthur holds his court (see *Morte d'Arthur*, 21, note), some unknown but dreadful evil will happen to her. She can see the landscape and the people who pass along the road or river towards Camelot by looking into a large mirror in which their images are reflected. She avoids the curse until Lancelot comes riding by, when she turns from his image in the mirror to look through the window directly at him. Forthwith the curse falls upon her, the magic web and mirror are broken, and she feels death drawing near. She leaves her tower, and lies down in a boat on the river which floats with her to Camelot, where she arrives just as she breathes her last.

An Italian romance upon the *Donna di Scalotta* is said to have suggested this poem. In his *Idyll of Lancelot and Elaine*, Tennyson adopts another version of the tale of The Lady of Shalott. In that poem the web that the lady weaves is intended as a covering for Lancelot's shield which had been left in her charge, and it is her unrequited love for Lancelot that causes her death.

## NOTES

1 On either side the river. 'River' is in the objective case governed by the prepositional phrase 'on either side,' just as 'beside' (= by side) governs the objective. 'Either side' means both sides.

3 wold, plain, open country. Wold is contrasted with *mountain* by Tennyson in *To J S*, 1, 2 —

"The wind, that beats the mountain, blows  
More softly round the open wold"

Cf *wald*. Both words are connected with M E. *wald*, a word often used in the sense of waste ground, or open country. meet the sky, stretch to the horizon.

5 many tower'd. Tennyson seems fond of epithets of this Homeric formation thus he has *many blossoming, many-cobweb'd, many corridor'd, many fountain'd, many headed, many-knotted, many-shielded, many winter'd* Camelot, the city where Arthur held his Court, described in *Gareth and Lynette*, 296 298, as

“a city of shadowy palaces  
And stately, rich in emblem and the work  
Of ancient kings, who did their days in stone ”

A village in Somersetshire still bears the name of Queen Camel; in the neighbourhood there is a spring called “Arthur's Well,” and the bridge over the river Camel is known as “Arthur's Bridge ”

10 Willows whiten. When moved by the wind, the leaves of the willow tree show their under surface, which is white Cf “willow branches hoar,” *The Dying Swan*, III, and *glaucas salices*, Vergil, *Georg* IV 182 Also “hoary to the wind” (of olive trees), *Palace of Art*, 80, and “blasts that blow the poplar white,” *In Memoriam*, lxxii, 3 aspens, a tree of the poplar species, noted for the tremulousness of its leaves which quiver with the slightest movement of the air Cf “ever-tremulous aspen leaves,” *Lancelot and Elaine*, 522 *Aspen* is properly an adjective formed from *asp*, the real name of the tree

11 dusk and shiver, run over the surface of the water so as to darken and agitate it *Dusl*, as a verb, is found in Chaucer, *The Knights Tale*, 1948 —

“Dusken his eyghen two, and fayleth breth ”

Cf Keats, *Hyperion*, II. *ad fin.*, “the dusking East.”

17 imbowers, contains and shelters amidst its bowers.

19 willow-veil'd, fringed with and overshadowed by willow-trees

21 unhail'd, without being called to, no one in the island addresses the occupants of the shallop

29 bearded barley, barley with long stiff hairs or spikes. Milton (*Par Lost*, IV 982) has “Bearded grove of ears ”

30 cheerly, briskly ‘Cheerly’ is often used by Shakspeare

31 winding clearly, whose winding can be distinctly seen.

33 by the moon, late in the evening—as well as early in the morning

## PART II

48 Shadows of the world, vague, indistinct images of the busy life of the world outside.



56 ambling pad, pony with easy paces, suitable for a dignitary of the church 'Pad' is from the same root as *path*, and means 'a horse for riding along paths' Cf *roadster*

58 long hair d. In days of chivalry only the high born were allowed to wear their hair long And so late as the time of the Stuarts a distinction in this matter was kept up between 'gentlemen' and 'citizens', the Cavaliers wore long 'love locks', while their opponents were called 'Roundheads' from wearing their hair cropped

64 still, always, without change or rest

65 magic sights, weird reflections.

67 A funeral, with plumes. The plumes would be the feathers on the crests of the knights helmets.

### PART III.

75 The sun came dazzling Observe the contrast of the brilliancy and vivid warmth of colour in this picture with the pale indistinctness of the previous one.

76 greaves, armour for the lower part of the legs, derivation uncertain

78 for ever kneel'd Cf Keats, *On a Grecian Urn*, is (of the figures pictured upon it) —

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"

79 in his shield. His shield had emblazoned on it the device of a knight with a red cross on his breast (the original sign of a crusader), kneeling at the feet of a lady

80 sparkled on the yellow field, shone bright against the background of the barley field, yellow with the ripe grain

82 gemmy, studded with jewels glitter'd free, flashed with clear lights.

83 Like Galaxy, like a line of stars in the Milky Way 'Galaxy' is from the Gk γάλα, γάλακτος, milk.

87 blazon'd baldrick, belt ornamented with heraldic devices. *Baldrick* is derived from the Old High German *balderich*, allied to *belt*

89 rung, the old preterite of *ring*, we now use the form *rang*, as the poet himself has done above, 'rang merrily' So also Tennyson uses both *spoke* and *spoile*, *sung* and *sang*, *brake* and *broke*, probably to avoid monotony

91 All in the blue, etc. 'All' is loosely attached to the whole sentence.

94. Burn'd, flamed with light.

98 bearded meteor The word *comet* means literally 'with (long) hair' Gk *κομήτης*

105 From the bank and from the river She saw in her mirror the image of the rider on the bank, and also his image as reflected from the surface of the river

107 'Tirra lirra,' syllables musical in sound but without meaning, expressing Lancelot's gay light-heartedness Cf Shaks *The Winter's Tale*, iv 3 9, "The lark that tirra-lirra chants"

111 She saw, she looked out of the window and saw directly, not in the mirror

## PART IV

119 pale yellow woods Observe the change from the bright sunlight and brilliant colouring of the previous picture So also, when Adam and Eve in Eden had transgressed the command on which their happiness depended, Milton describes Nature as mourning over their fall see *Par Lost*, ix 1002, 1003 —

"Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin"

120 complaining, moaning, cf *Morte d'Arthur*, 210 —

"And call'd him by his name, complaining loud"

And *Mariana in the South*, 27, "Complaining, Mother, give me grace", also Shaks *Passionate Pilgrim*, 387, "to hear her (the nightingale) so complain."

129 Seeing mischance, who sees a vision of unavoidable evil that is to come upon himself So Merlin (*Merlin and Vivien*, 189) foresaw

"A doom that ever poised itself to fall."

130 glassy, with a set, unvarying expression of eyes and features.

156 A gleaming shape, a figure faintly reflecting the light that fell on it

165 royal cheer, the merry banquet of the king Bacon, *Essays*, xxxii, has "the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house." *Cheer* is from the Low Lat *cara*, face, connected with Gk. *καπα*, Skt *çiras*, head, and hence comes to mean *demeanour*, hence *happy demeanour*, *merriment*, *merry-making*, *feasting*

166 crossed themselves, made the sign of the cross on their bodies, often done in old times to avert danger from evil spirits

170 God grace, may God be merciful to her departed spirit

## THE LOTOS EATERS

## INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1832. In Homer's *Odyssey*, ix. 62, a description is given of Ulysses's arrival in his wanderings at the land of the Lotos eaters. "But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the Lotos eaters, who feed on food of flowers. And there we set foot on shore and drew us water. And forth with my ship mates took their noonday meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted our food and drink, I sent forward ship-mates to go and ask what manner of men they might be who lived in the land by bread, having picked out two men and sent a third with them to be a herald. And they went their way forthwith and mixed with the Lotos eaters, so the Lotos eaters plotted not harm to our ship mates, but gave them of lotos to eat. But whoever of them ate the honey sweet fruit of the lotos, no longer was he willing to bring back tidings or to come back, but there they wished to abide, feeding on the lotos with the Lotos eaters, and all forgetful of home."

This lotos is an African plant, known as the *Cyrenean lotus*. It is a low thorny shrub, and is still prized at Tunis and Tripoli, under the name of *juyube*. Herodotus, *Hist.* iv. 177, places the Lotos eaters on the Lybian coast, seemingly in Tripoli.

Readers of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus will find in *The Lotos Eaters*—in the soft melody of the verse, in the dreamy languor of tone, and often in individual sentiments and expressions—many reminiscences of the Greek idyls. Some similarity may also be observed in the descriptions and arguments of Tennyson's poem to those in Spenser's picture of "The Idle Lake" (*Faery Queen*, II. vi) and in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

In *The Lotos Eaters* Tennyson gives dramatic expression to that mood of weary disgust in which doubts will force themselves on the mind whether life has any prize to offer worth the toil and trouble of winning.

## NOTES

1 he said, he, the leader of the expedition, *Ulysses*.

3 In the afternoon. So in Theocritus, *Id.* xiii, the Argonauts came in the afternoon to a land where they cut "sharp flowering rush and galingale." See below.

4 always afternoon, with none of the fresh briskness of morning.

5 swoon, he motionless as in a faint.

6 Breathing, with the heavy sighing sound of a man dreaming a tedious dream

8 like a downward smoke Thin as a streak of mist, the stream seemed to fall and to rest a moment ere it fell to the next ledge of rock Cf *The Princess*, vii. 198-200 —

“The monstrous ledges slope and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,

That like a broken purpose waste in air”

And Spenser's *Faery Queen*, I 1. 41

9 Along the cliff did seem. “What a delicately true picture have we here—where we feel also the poet's remarkable faculty of making word and rhythm an echo and auxiliary of the sense. Not only have we the three cæsuras respectively after ‘fall’ and ‘pause’ and ‘fall,’ but the length and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants aid in the realization of the picture, reminding us of Milton's beautiful, ‘From morn To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, A summer's day’” (Roden Noel, in *The Contemporary Review*)

11 Slow dropping lawn, letting fall with slow motion gauze-like veils of mist “This image was suggested by the lofty waterfall of the Cirque of Gavarnie in the French Pyrenees” (Palgrave) On the stage the appearance of a stream falling in a cloud of foam flakes is actually represented by allowing an almost transparent piece of lawn or gauze to droop from above This fact was pointed out to Tennyson by a critic, who observed “Mr Tennyson should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to nature herself, for his suggestions.” Tennyson had, as a fact, sketched this picture from Nature herself, while on a tour in the French Pyrenees, it being his custom, as he himself has told us, to chronicle “in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature” Mist is again compared to a veil in *In Memoriam*, lxxvii. 13, 14 —

“The mist is drawn,

A lucid veil from coast to coast”

12. some through broke Some streams suddenly appeared crossed with flickering bars of light or shadow

13 slumbrous sheet of foam, a lazily-moving sheet of foam.

16 aged snow, snow that has lain unmelted for many years

18 Up clomb the shadowy pine. The line of dark pine trees stretched up the sides of the hill, standing out above the matted brush-wood. *Clomb* is the O E form of the preterite of *climb*, *clamb* is also found. See *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 40

19 charmed sunset The light of the setting sun seemed to be enchanted by the beauty of the landscape, and to be loth to leave it. adown, downwards, from O E *of-dune*, from the hill,

here used as an adverb it is a preposition in l. 76 below and in *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 6

21 yellow down, the low hills covered with the yellow lotos, or, perhaps, bathed in the 'amber light' of line 102. *Down* is derived from O E *dun*, a hill.

23 set with, planted with gallingale, a sweet-smelling marsh plant, of the Papyrus species, with light green flowers

24 seemed the same, seemed unaffected by change.

25 the keel, the ship, part for the whole cf Lat *carina*.

26 pale flame Their dark faces seemed pale with the rosy light of the sunset behind them

32 Far shores, seemed to sound with sad and angry voice upon distant unknown shores, the sound of the waves no longer reminded them of their island home across the sea

34 thin grave, feeble as the voices of ghosts So in Theocritus, *Id* xiii. 59, ἀπαὶ δ' ἄετο φωνά, 'thin came the voice' (of Hylas), and in Vergil, *Æneid*, vi. 492, the ghosts raise *vocem cæquam*, 'a thin voice' Cf Browne, *Hydriotaphia*, iv, "Penelope's paramours chirped like bats," which is a reference to Homer, *Odyssey*, xxiv 5

36 his beating heart He heard the pulsations of his own heart cf Lord Houghton's line —

"And the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard."

37 sat them down *Them* is here grammatically in the dative case, reflexive datives with intransitive verbs were very common in Old English, for examples see Mätzner, *Eng Gram* vol ii. pp 64, 65 Cf *Æneid*, 156, "Rest *thce* sure", *L and E*, 511, "I dread *me*."

38 Between the sun and moon Since the sun set in the west in front of them, the moon rose behind them

42 wandering fields of barren foam, as opposed to the stationary fields of fruitful crops on land Cf *In Memoriam*, vi 16, 'wandering grave' (of the sea) The sea is called *arca Neptunia*, 'Neptune's fields,' by Vergil, *Æneid*, viii 695

## CHORIC SONG

### I

Choric song, a song sung by the whole company Many parallels to the sentiments and expressions of this song may be found in Theocritus, *Id* v, and Moschus, *Id* iii. and v

47 blown roses, full blown, and so shedding their petals

49 in a gleaming pass, in a mountain pass where the light is faintly reflected from the bright particles of mica and quartz in the granite of the rocks

55 long-leaved flowers weep, the water flowers droop their long leaves like the branches of a *weeping* willow

57 Why are we etc. With this stanza and the next should be compared a passage in Dryden's song in *The Indian Emperor* —

“ See how on every bough the birds express  
In their sweet notes their happiness  
They all enjoy, and nothing spare,  
But on their mother Nature lay their care,  
Why then should man, the lord of all below,  
Such troubles choose to know  
As none of all his subjects undergo ”

Also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. vi. 17 —

“ Why then, dost thou, O man, that of them all  
Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,  
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,  
And waste thy joyous houres in needlesse paine,  
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine? ”

## II

61 the first of things Cf the Gk τὰ πρῶτα and the Latin *prima* (e g *prima virorum*) denoting the noblest and best still, continually

66 slumber's holy balm. Sleep is considered holy because from its innocence, harmlessness, and healing power it should be looked on as sacred Shakspeare calls sleep “balm of hurt minds,” and “innocent” in *Macbet*, II 2. 36 and 39

69 the roof and crown, we, who are the highest and most finished product of nature

## III

71 The folded branch. The leaf is gently enticed from the folding compass of the bud by the soft airs blowing around the branch

73 and takes no care, without forethought or anxiety of its own

76 adown, here used as a preposition

78 waxing, growing, *wax* is from the same root as the Skt *vaj*, and Lat *vig-or*

83 Fast-rooted, not moved about as we have been. If leaf, fruit, and flower toil not, but are born, grow, and die without trouble, why should we toil?

## IV

84, 85 Hateful dark blue sea. We are weary of the monotony of voyaging over mid-ocean with nothing in sight but sky and sea

85 Vaulted o'er, covering the sea as if with an arched roof

86 Death is the end of life Since death will soon close our life, why should we not enjoy that life while it lasts? Cf Bible (*Revised Version*), 1 Cor xv 32, "If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

88 Let us alone, leave us here in peace. The present tense, 'are,' states the usual lot and gives vividness and intensity

91 All things dreadful Past We can take nothing with us from this world, we must leave behind us all our hopes, deeds, and possessions, which will soon sink down into the gloomy abyss of the past, and be lost to us for ever Cf Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat* iii 914, "Short is this enjoyment for poor weak men, presently it will be over, and never after may it be called back."

93 What pleasure evil? We can derive no pleasure from the toilsome struggle against wrong

95 climbing up the climbing wave, mounting to the crest of the waves that rise up as the ship rises Cf *St Agnes' Eve*, 7 —

"Still creeping with the creeping hours",  
and *Palace of Art*, 261 —

"—mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod."

V

99 were, would be, the subjunctive mood denotes that the circumstances exist as yet only in the speaker's imagination

100 half shut eyes Cf Thomson, *The Castle of Indolence* —

"A pleasing land of drowsied it was,  
Of dreams that wane before the half shut eye"

102 amber myrrh bush, those golden sunset hues which seem loth to fade from the myrrh bush which they light up Cf above, l. 19, "The charmed sunset linger'd low adown"

106 crisping ripples, wavelets that curl over at the edges. Cf *Claribel*, 19, "The bubbling runnel crispeth" Milton (*Par Lost*, iv 237), has 'crisp'd brooks' and 'crisp'd shades' (*Comus*, 984) Lat *crispus*, curled

107 tender spray, lines of soft white foam that gently curve

109 mild minded melancholy, tranquil pensiveness A sonnet by Tennyson, published in *The Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1881, begins

"Check every outflash, every ruder sally  
Of thought and speech, speak low, and give up wholly  
Thy spirit to mild minded melancholy"

111 old faces, the familiar well remembered faces of the friends of our childhood, now dead and gone

113 urn of brass Cinerary urns are described by Homer as being made of gold, see *Iliad*, xxiii. 92 and *Odyssey*, xiv. 74. Roman urns were generally made of marble, alabaster, or baked clay

## VI

117 are cold, are not ready to welcome us with warm comfort To the ancient Greeks and Romans the hearth was the symbol of family life and home affections It was coupled with the altar as in the phrase "*pro aris et focus*," which was used to express attachment to all that was most venerable and most dear

118 inherit us, have succeeded to our possessions, 'inherit' is more commonly used with an objective of the thing gained by inheritance.

119 And we should come Cf *In Memoriam*, xc., 1-16 —

"He tasted love with half his mind

who first could fling  
Thus bitter seed among mankind,

"That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their life,  
They would but find in child and wife  
An iron welcome when they rise

"But if they came who past away,  
Behold their brides in other hands,  
The hard heir strides about their lands,  
And will not yield them for a day "

120 island princes, the princes of the islands near our home See the account of the princes from the islands of Samos, Dulchium, and Zacynthos, who were suitors to Penelope, Odysseus's wife, in Homer, *Odyssey*, 1.

121 eat In the *Ormulum* (13th century) the preterite and past participle of *eat* is written *elt* *Eat* as the preterite occurs four times in Milton's poems, *ate* never the minstrel. As Phemus, the court-minstrel, sings to the suitors, *Odyssey*, 1.

125 Let remain, let the disorder remain, we have no heart to check it

126 The Gods reconelle, the gods are difficult to propitiate by prayers and offerings.

128 confusion worse than death. The phrase occurs also in *In Memoriam*, xc 18, 19 —

"The yet-loved sire would make  
Confusion worse than death."



132 pilot-stars The pole star and the other stars by which the helmsman steers his course

## VII.

133 amaranth, a fabulous unfading flower Milton, *Par Lost*, iii 354, has "Immortal amarant" moly, a fabulous plant of magical potency—

"Black was the root, but milky-white the flower"

—given by Hermes to Odysseus as a counter charm to the enchanted draught of Circe See Homer, *Odyssey*, x. 305, and Milton, *Comus*, 636

134 lowly, as an adverb, occurs also in *The Lady of Shalott*, 146

135 still, motionless

136 dark and holy, shaded with clouds and wrapt in a religious calm

139 dewy echoes, perhaps 'echoes heard in the dewy even tide,' or 'sounding softly from the dripping caves'

141 emerald colour'd, taking the green tint of the surround ing foliage.

142 acanthus, a plant with graceful pendant leaves, whose shape is reproduced in the ornamental sculpture on the capitals of Corinthian columns divine, because of its beauty

144 Only to hear, not to approach the sea, but only to listen to the sleepy drone of the tide in the distance

## VIII

147 mellow, seeming softer and sweeter as the day goes on Notice, in this and the following lines, the soft effect produced by the frequent repetition of the broad vowel sound and the liquid consonant *l* in *low*, *mellow*, *tone*, *hollow*, *alley*, *lone*, *round*, *dooms*, *yellow*, *Lotos*, *blown*

148 alley, lane or avenue Cf Milton, *Comus*, 311 —

"I know each lane and every alley green"

149 From this point down to line 174 the metre is trochaic, the accent falling on the first syllable of each foot, while each line has either six or seven feet with an extra hypermetrical syllable. *spicy*, *fragrant*

151 seething free, while the waves were wildly boiling

152 foam fountains The whale can spout up water to a great height In *The Palace of Art*, 24, we find the form 'fountain-foam' Both words are good instances of Tounnyson's alliterative compounds, see General Introduction, p. xxi.

153 equal mind, sedate, unchanging determination Cf Hor  
*Od* ii 3 1, *Æquam memento rebus in arduis Servare mentem*  
 'Remember to preserve an equal mind in difficulties'

154 hollow, full of valleys.

155 careless of mankind, heedless of man and his woes This  
 was the Epicurean notion of the gods See Lucretius, *De Rerum*  
*Nat* iii. 18 24, and Bacon, *Essays*, xvi., "Epicurus is charged  
 that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed  
 there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves with-  
 out having respect to the government of the world" Cf Cowper,  
*Tas*, v 876 8 —

"Gods that sleep,  
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
 Amused spectators of this bustling stage"

And Milton, *Par Lost* ii 868 "Gods who live at ease"

156 the bolts, the thunderbolts of Zeus

158 golden houses The epithet 'golden' is often used by  
 Homer of the gods and all their belongings. gleaming world,  
the star-lit heavens that surround the abode of the gods

160 roaring deeps and fiery sands, the ocean with its storms,  
 the desert with its burning sands, ready to destroy us wretched  
 mortals.

162. they find a music, etc. The sighs and groans of men  
 combine into a pleasant harmony to their ears Cf Words-  
 worth's *Lines on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye*, 92, "The still  
 sad music of humanity"

163 Steaming up, rising, like a smoke, to heaven ancient  
 tale of wrong, an old and oft repeated story of the evils that  
 befall mankind.

164. Like a tale strong, affecting their careless ears no more  
 than

" a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing"—Shaks *Macbeth*, v 5 26 28

167 little dues, the small returns they get for their labour in  
 field, vineyard, or olive garden

169 Elysian valleys, the valleys of Elysium, the Greek heaven,  
 described by Homer in *Odyssey*, iv 563

170 asphodel. The 'asphodel meadow,' Homer's *ασφοδελός*  
*λειμών*, was the haunt of the shades of Heroes in Hades Cf  
*Demeter*, 151, "The silent field of Asphodel" (in Elysium) The  
 asphodel is a plant of the lily species.

## DORA.

## INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842. Its materials are in part borrowed from a tale called *Dora Creswell*, contained in a volume of sketches of rural character and scenery, entitled *Our Village*, by Miss Mary Russell Mitford. But the latter half of the poem, from the lines—

“You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy—”

is entirely of Tennyson's invention. Moreover a contrast of tone is observable in the way in which the story has been treated by the two authors. Tennyson's poem is all in shadow, while Miss Mitford's tale is in sunshine. The language of the poem is as simple as possible. A critic has observed, “It contains literally not one similitude, not one metaphor, which might not be used in common discourse by shepherds and husbandmen. Its words are the current coin of our language. There are but two or three words of three syllables, one of these being ‘consider’ and another ‘labourer’.” It must be a flinty heart indeed that can reach the end of *Dora* unmoved. The pathos is like that of the simple stories of the old Hebrew Bible—the story of Joseph or the story of Ruth.”

Observe the fine contrast between the characters of Dora and Mary. Dora's is “the superior nature, the more thoughtful, the more self-sacrificing of the two.” It may be doubted whether Mary, had she been in Dora's place, would have braved the old man's wrath and risked poverty for herself in order to help the child of a man who had preferred another woman to herself.

With the *dénouement* of this poem may be compared the incident of the finding of the child in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. There also the presence of a little child is described as of power to soften and break through the hard crust of selfishness and obstinacy that may grow over the better nature of a disappointed man.

## NOTES.

4 man and wife, husband and wife. The original story says ‘And before Dora was ten years old, he (the old farmer) had resolved that in due time she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed the parties of his intention.’

5 felt. William, yielded to her uncle's wishes, and began to have a liking for William as her future husband. The original

story talks of 'the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive Dora'

6 because Dora, because from constantly living in the same house he had come to regard her as a near relative, and could not care for her as a lover, but, as the story puts it, 'he loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favourite sister' Cf *Aylmer's Field*, 128-132 —

"How should Love

follow

Such dear familiarities of dawn (i.e. early youth)?  
Seldom "

10 I married die, I was well advanced in years before I married, but I should like you to marry at an earlier age than I did, so that I may hold your children in my arms before I die.

13 look to Dora, turn your eyes and thoughts towards Dora. well to look to, fair to see.

14. beyond her age, more than one might expect in one so young

20 answered short, gave a curt and angry reply

23 doubled up his hands, clenched his fists

25 But law, but though you dare to dispute my command, I tell you that when I was young a father's word was never disobeyed, and I will have it so in my case now 'Now Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians He was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution' (*Dora Creswell*)

28 to my wish, in accordance with my wishes

29 pack again, he turned at once out of the house, and never show your unwelcome face here again. *Pack* means literally 'pack up your belongings and go'

30 darken my doors, literally, 'obstruct the light by coming to the open door,' and hence 'cast a gloom over my house by your unwished for entrance.'

31 bit his lips, a common sign of impatience when an angry man endeavours to restrain himself

32. broke away, rushed out of the room.

37 half in love, half spite, partly because he loved Mary, partly in order to thwart his father The original story thus describes the quarrel 'But to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child, the very idea was absurd and restraining with difficulty

an abrupt denial, he walked into the village, predisposed out of sheer contradiction to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way, and he did fall in love accordingly'

38 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison. In the original tale the name is Mary Hay, 'the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish.'

39 the bells, the church bells ringing the wedding peal at William and Mary's marriage

41 that was my son, "was" implies "is no longer, for I disown and disinherit him" Cf *Troja fuit*, 'Troy was,' i.e. Troy is no more. So Lear (Shaks *King Lear*, i. i. 123) calls Cordelia "my sometime daughter"

42 change a word, exchange a word, i.e. converse. Her he calls his wife, the old man in his wrath will hardly allow that Mary is really the legal wife of his son, he would never call her 'daughter in law'

43 none of yours, no home for you, i.e. you shall no longer find a home in my house. My will is law, he repeats this idea below. "You knew my word was law,"—showing the imperious obstinacy of his character

45 'It cannot be, this state of things cannot continue

50 But Dora stored, etc. 'Their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the prime cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature, and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon, and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit' (*Dora Creswell*). But this help is said in the original story to have been given after the death of William, not before, as in the poem.

52 a fever died. 'In less than three months his death by an inflammatory fever left her a desolate and penniless widow' (*Dora Creswell*)

55 thought Hard things, blamed Dora for having been the cause of the estrangement, and for not having tried to bring about a reconciliation between father and son. Observe that the original story states that Dora had endeavoured to reconcile them

58 I have sinned, i.e. it was wrong of me so to obey my uncle all thro'. First, my presence in the house was the original cause of this misery coming on William

61 the woman chose, in apposition to the *you* in 'your sake.'

65 in my uncle's eye, full in my uncle's sight.

66. glad Of the full harvest. The story describes Dora thus explaining to the authoress, Miss Mitford, why she had brought the boy into the field - 'This is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crops puts him in a good humour, not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling'

70 a mound That was unsown, a little hillock left unploughed, and therefore unsown with wheat, the boy would here be conspicuous

74 Dare, for *durs* Tennyson here retains *dare* in its old past meaning

80 made a little wreath 'A beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn flowers, brilliant poppies, snow white lilybines, and light fragrant hare bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat ears, around his hat' (*Dora Creswell*)

91 Do with me as you will, punish me in any way you please.

93 a trick Got up betwixt, a stratagem devised by.

94 the woman there, a contemptuous expression He will not style Mary his son's widow

95 I must be taught, you seem to think it is your business to teach me.

96 my word was law Observe the farmer's fondness for insisting on his arbitrary power

97 Well—for, etc., very good, your trick has been successful, for I will take the boy

98 never see me more, never again come near me

104 when first she came, i. e. to the farmer's house

106 and the reapers dark. Cf Homer, *Odyssey*, ii. 388, etc., *Δυσσεὶς τ' ἥλιος, σκιῶντό τε ἄσαι ἀγνίαι*, 'And the sun fell, and all the ways were darkened' Observe the repetition of this passage Such repetitions are frequent in the old Greek poets, as in Homer and Theocritus, they occur also in Spenser and Milton

110 broke out in praise, began suddenly to praise

117 now I think, now that I reflect on the affair

118 hardness, to be as harsh and unfeeling as the old man himself is. to slight, to despise and neglect

127 off the latch The latch of the door was not fastened, and thus the door was ajar, so that they could peep in without being heard to open it

128 set up 'On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter into the air, the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself' (*Dora Creswell*)

129 Who thrust etc., who playfully pressed his fingers in the hollows of the child's arms so as to tickle him.

132 babbled for, called out for in his baby prattle

133 by the fire, in the firelight

137 if you so, if I may use the name 'father' to you. It is common for daughters in law to address their fathers-in-law as 'father' Allan had always hitherto avoided speaking of Mary as his daughter

138 a begging This *a* represents *on* or *in*. Once in common use, it is now allowed only as a colloquialism

145 to cross thus, to oppose his father's wishes as he had done.

147 turn'd His face and pass'd, turned his face away from me and died. To 'pass' is sometimes used for to 'die,' as in 'passing bell,' the bell rung as a sign that some one has just died Cf *The Death of Ænone*, *ad fin* —

"She (Ænone) leapt upon the funeral pile,  
And mixt herself with him and past in fire"

And *In Memoriam*, lx 1, "He past, a soul of nobler tone"

152 let before, let things go on as they did before you saw the boy

156 been to blame, been in fault, of 'house to let,' 'water to drink', to blame, to let, to drink are gerundial infinitives

161 all the man, his whole nature

166 Mary took death. The contrast between the two characters is well kept up in these lines, which are not borrowed from the original story

## ULYSSES

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842 It is remarkable for its healthy tone and masculine vigour, in strong opposition to the sleepy softness of the *Lotos Eaters* In style and language it may also be contrasted with *Ænone*, the latter being bathed in a glow of colour and rich in poetic imagery, while *Ulysses* is severe in style and unadorned in language It has been remarked that "we need not quarrel with Tennyson for having

bestowed those mariners on Ulysses in his old age. There were, indeed, none such. They all lay fathom deep in brine, no Homer, no Athenè had paid regard to *them*, Ulysses returned alone to his isle, the hero only being of account in the eyes of classic poet or Pagan goddess." Tennyson's Ulysses is, in fact, an embodiment of the modern "passion for knowledge, for the exploration of its limitless fields, for the annexation of new kingdoms of science and thought" (Hales, *Folia Literaria*)

Mr Brimley (*Essays*) places this among the group of poems founded on legendary history, and remarks that along with three others (*St Simcon Stylites*, *St Agnes*, and *Sir Galahad*) it aims at presenting a type of character, and not a narrative of action. Ulysses is thus, like *Tithonus* and *Ænone*, in some sense a dramatic poem. It is spoken by another mouth than the poet's, the occasion of its utterance is one that illustrates and emphasises the characters of the speaker, and this kind of dramatic vividness is worked not merely into the thoughts but into the style. The terse, laconic, almost epigrammatic vigour of language put into the mouth of Ulysses marks the man of action and resource in time of danger, the man accustomed to rule and to be obeyed. "For visible grandeur," writes Mr Stedman (*Victorian Poets*), "and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank-verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the *Ulysses*."

Mr Churton Collins has pointed out that "the germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the 26th canto of Dante's *Inferno*. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own, he has added grace, elaboration, and symmetry, he has called in the assistance of other poets (particularly of Homer and Virgil). A rough crayon draught has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture."

The following is a literal translation of the passage in Dante, from the same writer. Ulysses is speaking —

"Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour which I had to become experienced in the world and in human vice and worth. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where Hercules assigned his landmarks (i.e. the Straits of Gibraltar). 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not this to the brief vigil of your senses that remain—experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin, you were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' Night already saw the pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor."



## NOTES.

1 an idle king Ulysses, king of Ithaca, a rocky island off the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf, was specially distinguished among the Greek heroes of the Trojan War for his fortitude, eloquence and sagacity. He met with many misfortunes on the return voyage, but finally, after an absence of 20 years, reached Ithaca in safety, where he was welcomed by his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus. Ulysses (or more correctly Ulixes) is the Latin name for the Grk. *Odysseus*.

3 Match'd with, mated with, married to. *Match* meant originally 'companion, *mate*,' hence 'equal,' as in 'he has met his match.' So 'to match' meant 'to consider equal,' 'to pair' used of contest, game, or marriage. *mete* and *dole*, measure and deal out, minutely and carefully dispense. The words imply contempt. He thinks of himself as a small shopkeeper weighing out his wares, or as the steward of a household of slaves.

4 Unequal laws, unfair, imperfect laws. He speaks bitterly and scornfully of his petty duties, which after all fail to secure their end.

5 know not me, are unable to appreciate or understand my adventurous spirit.

6 I will lees, I will drain the wine of life to the dregs, I will lead a life of activity and enterprise to the very close. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, II. 3. 100, 101 —

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of."

8. suffer'd greatly. The conventional or permanent epithet of Ulysses in Homer is 'much enduring' both with and alone. In his adventures with the Cyclops and with Circe his companions were with him, he was alone when, after shipwreck, he swam ashore to the island of the Phaeacians.

10 scudding drifts, broken clouds flying rapidly before the wind. *Hyades* is a Greek word meaning 'the rainers,' a group of seven stars in the head of Taurus, which were so called because their rising and setting were believed to be attended with much rain. Cf. Vergil's *pluvias Hyadas*, 'rainy Hyades.'

11 a name, i.e. famous. Cf. *Dream of Fair Women*, 163, where Cleopatra speaks of herself as "a name for ever."

12 hungry, eager for knowledge and experience.

15 Myself all, the absolute case, 'myself being not least,' etc., or 'myself' is in apposition with 'I' (l. 13).

16 delight of battle peers. 'With my peers' must be construed with 'battle' 'have felt the rapturous joy of fight with

worthy antagonists' Cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, v 10 11, 12 —

“ the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

With ‘delight of battle’ compare the Gk. *χάρμη*, Lat *certaminis gaudia*, ‘the joys of fight’ Cf Scott, *Lord of the Isles*, iv 20, 21 —

“ O war ! thou hast thy fierce delight,  
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright ”

peers, equals (Lat *parem*, equal) Cf *pair*

17 ringing, i.e. with the din of conflict Homer frequently alludes to the clang of the armour of a falling warrior, as in Homer, *Iliad*, v 42, *Δουρήσεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τευχέ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ*, ‘and he fell with a thud and the armour on him rang’ windy Troy The epithet is Homeric see *Iliad*, iii 305, *πρὸτ' Ἰλίου ηἱεμβέσσαν*, ‘to windy Troy’

18 I am met, my present character is compounded of elements drawn from my various experiences So Aeneas (Vergil, *Æn* ii. 6), in relating to Dido the story of Troy's fall, says, *quorum pars magna fui*, ‘of which events I was a great part’ Cf *Aylmer's Field*, 12, where the old cripple had “been himself a part of what he told”, and Byron, *Childe Harold*, iii. 680, 681 —

“ I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ”

19 Yet all move, all that I have experienced hitherto (instead of making me wish for rest), enhances the alluring vision of those unexplored regions whose borders seem continually to retire before me in the distance, the nearer I approach them. Cf Vergil, *Æn*. iii. 496, *Arva Ausoniae semper cedentia retro*, ‘the fields of Ausonia that ever recede before us’, and Shelley, *Euganean Hills*, 19 21 —

“ And the dim low line before  
Of a dark and distant shore  
Still recedes ”

Also, *The Voyage*, xii, “ We follow that which flies before ”

23 to rust use So the proverb ‘Better to wear out than to rust out’ Cf *Love thou thy Land*, 41, 42 —

“ Meet is it changes should control  
Our being, lest we rust in ease ”

And Shaks *Tro and Cress* iii 3 150 153 —

“ Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery ”

And contrast Falstaff's view (Shaks, 2 *Hen IV* i 2. 245)  
 "I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be  
 scoured to nothing with perpetual motion"

24 Life little, i.e. a great many lives would be much too  
 brief to provide scope for my energy and enterprise.

25 of one, i.e. of one life, of the single life granted me

26 every hour things, every hour spent in activity is some  
 thing saved from the silence of the grave, nay, it is something  
 more than that, since it brings with it new experiences

29 For some three suns, during the three years or so of life  
 that I may count upon. So *moons* is sometimes poetically used  
 for *months* to store and hoard myself, to take care of myself in  
 quiet seclusion from work and action

30 spirit, the objective case after 'store and hoard' gray,  
 aged

31 a sinking star, a star that is passing below the horizon.  
 Hence *bound* in the next line represents this (western) horizon,  
 beyond which he longs to follow the star, Knowledge. See  
 translation from Dante in the Introduction. The passage may  
 be paraphrased thus 'Just as men might follow into another  
 heavens a star that had set in their own, so I, old as I am,  
 eagerly desire to gain new experiences of life such as no human  
 being has ever yet attained'

35 discerning to fulfil, clever or sagacious at carrying out.

36 slow prudence, wise measures gradually introduced

37 thro' soft degrees, gently and gradually

38 the useful and the good, usefulness and goodness. *The* is  
 prefixed to an adjective with a singular notion, to express the  
 corresponding abstract idea—a common Greek construction.

39 centred duties, i.e. wholly taken up with them.

40 decent tenderness, creditably careful not to fail in kind  
 attentions (to his mother) There is a good deal of gentle irony  
 in this passage For *offices*, cf *Princess*, vii. 11 "Angel offices,"  
 i.e. kind ministrations.

44 the vessel sail, i.e. the wind is fitfully filling the vessel's  
 sail

45 gloom, look gloomy, they are covered with haze in the  
 distance. Cf "dusk," *Lady of Shalott*, 9, and note *Gloom*  
 occurs as a transitive verb, meaning 'make gloomy,' in *The*  
*Letters*, 2, "A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air," and in *The*  
*Voyage*, 42

46 My mariners See Introduction. Cf Horace, *Odes*, i. 7  
 25 32.

47 frolic. This word, properly an adjective (as here), is now generally used as a verb or a noun, and a new adjective *frolicsome* has been formed to take its place. It is the Dutch *vrolijk* (Germ. *fröhlich*), with the suffix *-lyk*, which is the English *like*, *-ly*.

49 free, cheerful, bold and frank.

53 Gods. The "auxiliar gods" (Milton, *Par. Lost*, l. 579) who helped the Trojans against the Greeks. Such were Venus and Mars, who was wounded by Diomedes.

54 The lights, i. e. of the houses

56 with many voices, with many varying calls. So in *The Coming of Arthur*, 380, a wave is said to be "full of voices", cf. *ib.* 290, "A voice as of the waters," and *Maud*, XIV iv, "the voice of the long sea wave."

58 smite furrows, strike the hollows of the splashing waves with your oars, as you row. Cf. a frequent line in Homer's *Odyssey*, ἐξῆς δ' ἐξόμενοι πολὺν ἄλα τύπτον ἑρετμοῖς, 'and sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars.'

59 holds, remains firm

60 the baths stars, i. e. the western horizon of sea, the old Greek notion being that the stars actually sank, at setting, into the ocean. Cf. Homer, *Il.* xviii 489, λατρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο, 'the baths of ocean' (with reference to the setting of stars). For "beyond the sunset," see the translation from Dante in the Introduction.

62. the gulfs, the yawning deep, we may be swallowed up in the hollows of the waters

63 the Happy Isles, *fortunatae insulae*, islands in the Atlantic Ocean off the west coast of Africa, supposed to be the modern Canary Isles. They formed the Greek Paradise, the abode of the virtuous after death. Cf. the happy island of Narikela in the *Katha Sarit Sāgara* (chap. 54). Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, 259.

64. Achilles, the famous Greek hero, the terror of the Trojans and the slayer of Hector. Upon his death at Troy, his arms were awarded to Ulysses, who afterwards saw and conversed with him in Hades.

66 that strength, abstract for concrete—'that strong band of men.'

67 Moved earth and heaven, i. e. performed wonderful feats of valour and endurance

68 One hearts, i. e. heroic hearts, all of the same serene and patient disposition. Cf. *The Lotos-Eaters*, 153, and note.

69 Made weak etc., since 'much had been taken' (l. 65) but strong etc., since 'much abides' (*ib.*)

## ✓ TITHONUS

## INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1860 Its story is told in the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodité*, 218 239 Tithonns, according to the fable, was beloved by Aurora, the goddess of the Dawn, who, at his request, made him immortal. Since, however, he had omitted to ask for the perpetuation of his youth and beauty, he grew ever more and more old and decrepit, till, life becoming insupportable, he prayed Aurora to "take back her gift." As he could not die, the goddess changed him into a grasshopper

This poem takes high rank in the quasi-dramatic division of Tennyson's poetry (see Introduction to *Ulysses*), though it does not attempt to depict so much the characteristics of the individual as the special circumstances in which he is placed. *Tithonus* is one of the poet's most highly finished productions, and is remarkable for its purity of tone, its musical rhythm, and its simple beauty of style.

## NOTES.

2 The vapours ground. The clouds and mists let fall their burden of moisture upon the ground in the form of rain and dew. The spelling *burthen* (instead of the commoner *burden*) has the advantage of distinguishing the word from *burden*, the refrain of a song—with which it has no connexion.

3 Lies beneath, dies and is buried.

4 after swan. According to Nanmann, the mute swan (*cycnus olor*) reaches an age of from 50 to 100 years, and in the *Morning Post* of 9th July, 1840, there is an account of the death from an accident of a swan which is said to have been hatched about the year 1770. Judging, however, from the experience of the oldest swanherds living, the swan appears rarely to live longer than from 30 to 40 years (Dresser, *Birds of Europe*, vol. vi.)

5 Me only, etc. See Introduction.

7 limit, the verge of the eastern horizon, the home of Aurora. Cf. Homeric *Hymn*, 227 ἐπὶ πείρασι γαίης, 'at the limits of earth.'

8 A white hair'd dream, "a transfusion of the Homeric, σκιῇ ἐκελος ἢ καὶ ἐνείρω (Odyssey, xi. 208), 'like to a shadow or even a dream'" (Churton Collins, *Illustrations of Tennyson*) a dream, i.e. as representing something unreal and unsubstantial.

9 ever silent, because of the stillness of Nature at early dawn.

10 Far-folded mists, mists that lie in folds far away in the eastern sky at dawn

12 in thy choice, in the fact that you chose him for your lover *Thy* (=of thee) contains the antecedent of *who* in the next line

14 great, filled with a sense of grandeur, ambitious

18 thy strong Hours, i. e. all-conquering Time Cf *In Mem*  
 1. 13, "the victor Hours" The Hours (Lat *Horae*) were three sisters, daughters of Zeus and Themis They are represented here as attendants on the gods. work'd their wills *Wills* is to be parsed as an objective partially cognate to the verb *work'd*, 'work'd their works' would be the strictly cognate form Cf 'to shout applause,' 'to drink one's fill.'

19 marr'd. *Mar* is from a root signifying to bruise, crush, on which see Max Müller's *Lectures*, vol. II pp 347-367

20 maim'd, impaired, disfigured

23 And all I was, in ashes, and left me with all my pristine beauty and vigour decayed and destroyed

25 the silver star, thy guide, the planet Venus or the Morning Star, the pioneer of the dawn. Cf "Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears" (*Mariana in the South*, 90)

29 kindly, of the same kind or nature with himself

30 the goal of ordinance, the ordained goal or limit of human existence.

32. A soft air, etc This passage describes the gradual appearance of the dawn First, through a break in the cloud, Tithonus sees a glimpse of the earth Then the veil of weird, glimmering twilight is withdrawn, and the dawn, pure and fresh, begins to reveal itself. Soon the eastern horizon grows red and bright, though still the stars are visible, till at last the dawn appears and day is begun.

34, 35 steals From, gradually radiates from.

36 With a heart renew'd, because she was once more making her appearance in the heavens

39 blind, obscure, extinguish the wild team, the horses that drew her chariot (see l. 76) She is represented by the classic poets as driving a rose-coloured chariot drawn by white horses, and sets out before the chariot of the sun, because the dawn precedes the sunrising, and gradually kindles into brightness the morning twilight Cf Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, i. 1 —

"The dapple gray coursers of the morn  
 Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves "

Perhaps, however, the poet was thinking of Guido's famous fresco

in the Rospighiosi Palace at Rome. There Aurora is depicted scattering flowers before the chariot of the Sun surrounded by a dancing choir of the "strong Hours." Contrast with this picture that of the appearing of Pluto's chariot in *Demeter and Persephone*, 44-47 —

"The team of Hell,  
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,  
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,  
Jet upward thro' the mid day blossom."

43 ever, at each day-break.

44 before thine answer given, before giving thine answer, a Latinism, like Milton's "since created man" for 'since the creation of man.'

49 'The Gods gifts' Cf Agathon's lines, quoted by Aristotle (*Eth N* vi 2, 6) —

μὲν γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεὸς στέρσεται,  
ἀγένητα ποιεῖν ἄσσο' ἂν ἢ πεπραγμένα,

'For just one thing even God lacks—to make undone whatever has been accomplished' Cf also Horace, *Odes*, iii. 29, 45-48

50 *Ay me!* is the Old French *ayme*, ah for me! *Me* is to be parsed as the indirect objective (or dative) case. with what, etc., with what different feelings and looks *I used*, etc

52 if I be he that watch'd. I feel so different now that I can hardly believe that I am the same person that then watched

53 The lucid thee, i.e. your shadowy figure gradually becoming luminous and defined. This passage again depicts the coming of the dawn. See l. 32, and note

54 The dim curls, the light cirrous clouds in the eastern heavens

55 mystic change, the strange, weird brightening of dim twilight into rosy dawn Cf *mysterious*, l. 34. *Changed* is the preterite.

58 Mouth growing, the absolute case.

59, 60 buds Of April. Cf *Dream of Fair Women*, 272, 273 —

"Her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in Spring"

61 Whispering sweet, whispering to me strange and delightful words that I could not fully comprehend. The adjectives *wild* and *sweet* are poetically used for the abstract nouns *wildness* and *sweetness*. 'I knew not what,' Fr *Je ne sais quoi*, Lat *nescio quid*

62 Like that towers Tithonus, being the son of Laomedon, king of Troy, may be supposed to have been present when Neptune and Apollo, who had been condemned by Zeus to serve Laomedon for one year, built the walls of Troy or Ilion (so

called from Ilus, one of its kings) Classical myths (see Ovid, *Her.* xv 179) aver that the stones of the wall were charmed into their places by the sweet sound of Apollo's lute. Cf. *Enone*, 39-41 —

“As yonder walls  
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
A cloud that gather'd shape ”

And Milton, *Par Lost*, i 710 12 —

“Out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet ”

65 How thine? : e the old natural sympathy between us must die out through the change wrought upon me by old age. Immortal age cannot dwell beside immortal youth (l. 22)

66 Coldly cold No longer, as in my youth, do I feel my blood glow with thy glow (ll. 55, 56)

68 the steam, the vapours drawn up from the earth at dawn.

71 barrows, burial mounds. This word, connected with *bury*, is a different word from *barrow*, the vehicle, connected with *bear*

72 Release ground, free me from my doom of immortality and give me back to death and burial in the earth from which I sprang

75 I earth in earth, I turned to dust in my grave Cf. Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, xlv, “When earth in earth hath ta'en his corrupt taste ” forget, shall forget.

76 silver wheels The chariot of the grey dawn is represented as silver, just as the chariot of the bright sun is golden.

## THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842. “Burleigh-House by Stamford-town,” on the borders of the two counties of Rutland and Lincoln, is the country mansion of the Marquis of Exeter, the descendant of William Cecil, the first Lord Burleigh or Burghley, the famous Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Cecil's son was created Earl of Exeter by James I, and the title was subsequently raised to that of Marquis

Visitors to this splendid mansion, which is regarded as one of the “show places” of England, are still shown a picture of a former Lady Burleigh, said to be the likeness of the heroine of this little poem. She is said to have been the Marquis's second wife and her maiden name was Sarah Hoggins



## NOTES

1 In her ear he whispers In simple poems the subject is often thus abruptly entered upon without any explanatory introduction

5 in accents fainter, in the low tone of a bashful maiden.

21 From deep thought. He is probably thinking how he can best undeceive her

39 She will duly She promises herself that she will manage his house properly

43 armorial bearings, ornamented with stone shields on which are carved the coat of arms of the Cecils

45 more majestic etc. Burleigh House has been thus described "Of all the great houses of England there is hardly one of which the characteristic is more distinctly magnificence, which is more of a palace and less of a house than Burleigh. All is state it is a museum, a palace Without, the multitudinous turrets and peaks and cupolas bewilder the eye you can imagine the poor Countess Sarah wondering where in that town of houses was 'her room'"

47 gallant gay, spruce and fine.

49 gentle murmur, low tones of respectful deference.

51 with footstep firmer He walks with greater pride and assurance, feeling he is now in his own domain

57 bounty, munificence.

58 fair and free No special significance need be attached to the word 'free' 'Fair and free' is one of those double phrases, like 'house and home,' 'might and main,' of which the second word is a varied echo of the first

63 As it were with shame, she blushes as deeply as if she were overcome with shame, the blush being really due to surprise and diffidence at the contrast between his birth and hers.

64 her spirit changed within, her happy hopes and confidence in her power to 'order all things duly,' gave way to doubt and depression of heart

66 prove, become.

69 weakness, diffidence

74 gentle mind lady So gentle was her nature that she soon learned the duties belonging to her new position and became noble in manner and bearing as well as in rank.

80 Unto which she was not born, which was not hers by right of birth

34. Which. The use of the neuter 'which' in reference to a masculine antecedent is common in Shakspeare

88 before her time, before reaching the usual term of life She was only 17 when she married, and she died at the age of 21

100 That her spirit rest, in order that her spirit might, as they fancied, be at rest, seeing that her body was now clothed in the dress she had worn at the happy time of her wooing

## THE BROOK.

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1855 in a volume entitled "Maud and other Poems" The "Brook" has, by some, been identified with that flowing below Somersby Rectory (see General Introduction, p vii.) and described in the *Ode to Memory*, iv —

"The brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cross and ribbed sand,  
Or duple in the dark of rushy coves,  
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,  
In overy olbow and turn  
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland "

"The changing stream in the 'Brook,' however, has many a feature you will not find in the homely beck that, rising in the hills above Somersby, ripples its way through mead and cornfield, singing under many a bridge's arch, and murmuring a low song as it hurries past Tetford and other therpes, net to join the brimming river, but to make Wainfleet Harbenr on the Wash" (P. A. Graham in *The Art Journal*, Jan., 1891) Moreover, Somersby brook does not hurry down by "thirty hills," nor does it contain the grayling, which is not a Lincolnshire fish.

The exquisite modification of the idyllic method by the introduction of a kind of lyrical interlude, which marks this poem, has its counterpart in "Sea Dreams." In both the sober sweetness of idyllic narrative is relieved and brightened by the songs that sparkle in or through them "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Princess" also are cognate examples of a like poetical method

### NOTES.

2 too late Ho went to the warm climate of Italy too late to save his life

4, 5 For lucky rhymes etc Success in rhyming took the place of stock and share certificates for him, and he preferred

soft, melodious metres to getting a hundred per cent for his money in business. The meaning is that poetry, not money-making, was what he cared for.

6 how money breeds, how money-loans can produce interest. The Greek word for *interest* is *tokos*, *offspring*. Bacon (*Essays*, xli) mentions as one of the "invectives against usury," that "it is against nature for money to beget money," and again (*Essays*, xi) speaks of usury as a "devouring trade," and (*Works*, vi. p. 87) as "the bastard use of money." Cf. Shaks. *Merchant of Venice*, I iii 83, 84 —

"Antonio Is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shylock I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast"

and *Ibid*, 122, 123

"When did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?"

Cf also *The Athenæum* on "Capital and Interest" (Aug 2, 1890) "From Aristotle onward who laid down the principle that money was in itself unfruitful, that 'money was intended to be used in exchange, but not to increase in interest,'—from the Canon Law, according to which 'loan interest is simply an income which the lender draws by fraud or force from the resources of the borrower,'—the idea survived into comparatively modern times that interest on a loan was something unnatural. It was not merely from the 'friend' that the 'breed for barren metal' was not to be taken. The principle was a fixed one, that money could not of itself produce money."

7, 8 yet himself could make, etc. He possessed the creative faculty that marks the poet. The word *poet* means 'maker.' Cf. Shaks. *Mid Night's Dream*, V i 14-17

"As imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

11 They flourish'd. The word *flourish* is used in biographies of eminent persons for 'live,' and they are said to have "flourished" at certain eras. The word connotes the efflorescence or vigorous manifestation of their genius.

14. a mist of green. The figure admirably portrays the appearance of a wood in early spring when the boughs are covered with tender shoots of verdure, looking like a green haze in the distance.

16 branding, scorching, from Old Eng *brinnan*, to burn. Cf. *In Memoriam*, ii 11 "branding summer suns", and *Aylmer's Field*, 193, where the face of "my lady's Indian kinsman" is

said to be "scar'd by the close ecliptic" (i.e. burnt or browned by the tropical sun)

17 half-English, i.e. the climate of the Nilgiris resembles that of England. The Nilgherry or Nilgiri hills are in the Madras Presidency, and contain the sanitariums of Coonoor and Ootacamund. Scan —

Or év'n | the sweet | half-Eng|lish Néil|gherry áir

19 primrose fancies, early fancies, the thoughts of his spring-tide of life, the primrose being a spring flower. the boy, Edmund, mentioned in l. 2

23 coot and hern. The coot and the heron are water fowl.

26 bicker means originally to 'skirmish,' and here expresses the tremulous agitation of a stream. It is a frequentative of *pick*, in the sense of *peck*. Tennyson uses the word of a star, *The Princess*, V. 253, 254 —

"As the fiery Sirius alters hue,  
And bickers into red and emerald,"

and of spear points, *Geraent and Enid*, 1298 —

"She saw  
Dust, and the point of lances bicker in it"

27 thirty, used indefinitely, as are also *twenty* and *half a hundred* in 29, 30. Cf. *Sir Galahad*, 3, where *ten* is so used.

29 thorps, villages. This is one of several old English words (like *byre*, *grange*, *grig*) re-introduced by Tennyson.

37 more ivy, i.e. than it had when we were boys together

39 I chatter etc. The whole of this stanza forms a striking instance of sound echoing sense.

40 sharps and trebles, high notes. The words are terms in music, denoting high or acute sounds.

43 fret, eat away, wear away. Old Eng. *fretan* = *for etan*, for-intensive prefix (as in *forlorn*), and *etan*, to eat. Cf. *The Palace of Art*, 242. "fretted (i.e. worm-eaten) foreheads." To fret, to ornament with lace work, as in *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 7, is a different word.

44 fallow, ploughed land left untilled, so called from its pale (*pal* = *fal*) yellow colour.

45 a fairy foreland, a tiny promontory. Similarly, cowslips are called "fairy palms," and mare's tails "fairy pines" in *Aylmer's Field*, 91, 92. set, planted.

46 willow-weed and mallow, plants which grow on marshy or moist soils, known as *willow herb* and *water mallow*.

54. grigs, grass hoppers *Grig* is perhaps another form of *crick*, of which *cricket* is the diminutive. Homer, *Iliad* in 151, 152, says of certain aged chiefs that they were *τερτιγεσσων εουσώτες, οί τε καθ' ὕλην Δενδρέφω ἐφεξόμενοι ὅπα λειριοεσσων λεῖσιν*, 'like cicadas that in the wood perched on a tree utter a delicate note.' Burke (*French Revolution*) compares "petty cabals" to grass hoppers that "make the field ring with their importunate clunk." Tithonus in his old age was changed into a grasshopper, see Introduction to *Tithonus*. High elbow'd well describes the projecting, bent hind legs of the grass hopper.

58 a grayling Both this and the trout are fishes of the salmon genus.

61 waterbreak, ripple Cf Wordsworth, *To May*, 75, "foamy waterbreak."

68 A maiden etc. This line is a reflection upon the supposed forwardness and vanity of the young lady of the nineteenth century—the "girl of the period."

69 A daughter of our meadows, i. e. born and bred amid country surroundings

70 lissome, flexible, a contraction of *lithesome*

71 a bashful azure, blue, with a bashful look in them

72 when the shell etc. When the fruit of the chestnut tree is ripe, its green outer husk splits in three directions and reveals the glossy brown nut inside. Note this instance, among numerous similar ones, of Tennyson's keen observation of Nature. See General Introduction, p. xvi.

74 I did her a good turn. By engaging the attention of Philip, so that she and James had an opportunity of making up their quarrel. The story is given below.

80 a hoary eyebrow The old grey bridge over the sparkling water is compared to a hoary eyebrow above a gleaming eye. Similarly we have in *Merlin and Vivien*, 484, "The vast eyelid of an inky elend." Cf Browning, *Caliban upon Setebos*, 7, 8 —

"A pompion plant,  
Coating the cave top as a brow its eye"

82. a random bar of Benny Doon, a casual passage of the air or tune to which the song of Bonnie Doon is sung. The song is one of Burns's, and begins "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Doon is the name of a river and a lake in Ayrshire, Scotland.

84 scolding, i. e. grating, noisy

85 a casement, a window It is properly a small part of an old-fashioned window, opening by hinges, the rest of the window being fixed. Short for *encasement*, a wooden frame.

88 woodbine, i.e. *woodbind*, honeysuckle, a plant of the creeper class

89 flutter'd, agitated, troubled.

90 Fresh apple blossom, i.e. with her face of the pink colour of fresh apple blossom. She blushed with diffidence in asking a favour. Cf *Garcia and Lynette*, 575, 576 —

“A damsel of high lineage, and a brow  
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple blossom”

91 less of sentiment etc. Katie possessed plain good sense rather than high-wrought feeling

93 95 Who dabbling etc. The reference is to people who are fond of sentiment and shed tears of unreal sorrow over tales of suffering which they do not attempt to remedy, and who satisfy themselves with benevolent projects that end in specious talk. With such people sentiment does not, as it ought, lead to action, they keep the two separate, indulging only in the former mealy mouth'd, soft-mouth'd, smooth tongued, fine spoken

98 prest the cause, insisted upon knowing it.

99 flickering, fluctuating, spasmodic, intermittent

100 Who anger'd James? What rival caused James to feel these jealousies? Katie's reception of the question seems to imply that the narrator, Lawrence Aylmer, is the guilty party

103 a wizard pentagram, a figure produced by prolonging the sides of a regular pentagon till they intersect one another. It thus forms a five pointed star. It was used with superstitious import by the astrologers and mystics of the Middle Ages.

104 let my query pass. Cf *The Day Dream*, “The Revival,”  
32 “The chancellor smiling, put the question by”

105 Unclaim'd, unanswered, as nothing to do with her in flushing silence, silently blushing

109 long-winded, long-breathed, having plenty of breath for talking, tedious

112 that petitionary seventeen, the gracefulness with which girls of seventeen ask favours. Cf Shaks *As you Like it*, III ii 200, where Rosalind says “Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is”

117 Made, made way, advanced.

118 meadow-sweet, or Queen of the Meadows (*Spiraea Ulmaria*), a fragrant herbaceous plant with slender rigid stems about two feet high, common in damp meadows

122 short sweet-smelling lanes Of his wheat-suburb, short passages between the wheat ricks in his farmyard. His ricks

looked like houses lying outside of or suburban to the main farm buildings

127 in session, perched in rows, as though assembled in court or parliament For the metaphor, cf Milton, *Par Lost*, l. 772-775, whose bees

“On the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs ”

128 bowing etc., bowing their heads (after the manner of pigeons) as it were in gratified acknowledgment of their own merits

132. chase, an unenclosed tract of ground where game is preserved

134 Twinkled etc. The deer are partly hidden by trees and undergrowth, and it is the quick movements of their ears and tails that catch the eye. The picture is vividly true to life. The quick movement of the rhythm in this line admirably illustrates its sense, see General Introduction, p xxi, (β) It has only four accents, thus —

“Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.”

135 serpent-rooted, whose roots twisted about over the surface of the soil like serpents Cf *The Last Tournament*, l3 “roots like some black coil of carven snakes,” and Wordsworth's *Yew trees*, where each trunk is described as

“A growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling ”

144 the matter hung, the matter remained undecided.

145 He gave them line he did not tighten his hold upon them, he did not press for a decision. The metaphor is derived from giving line to a hooked fish and letting him swim about freely, by means of which you tire him out and land him in the end.

146 the Golden Fleece, the name of an inn or public house. The name refers to the golden fleece of Grecian story, which was the object of the great Argonautic expedition

149 He knew the man, he knew the man's character, and that he would yield in the end.

151, 152. Note the garrulous effort to be precise, so common with uneducated persons. Cf. the Nurse in Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet*, l. 3

154. talking from the point, talking about other matters than the business of the colt

156 hand in hand, shaking hands—the common way of ratifying an agreement

157 I breathed in sight of haven, I felt relieved, thinking he had come to the end of his story He compares himself to a storm tossed mariner Cf De Quincey's account of Kant waiting eagerly for his coffee "When at length he heard the servant's steps upon the stairs, he would turn round to us, and as joyfully as ever sailor from the masthead, he would call out, 'Land, land! my dear friends, I see land!'" (*Works*, Vol III, *Last Days of Kant*) Breathed, breathed again, recovered my breath

159 the coltish chronicle, the pedigree of the colt The names of its ancestors follow

163 not to die a listener, that I might not go on listening to him till my death, a playful exaggeration.

166 thrice as long Because the sun was so much lower down in the heavens Cf Vergil, *Ecl* II 67 *sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras*, 'the sun departing doubles the lengthening shadows'

171 covers, copses, underwoods, forming a cover or shelter for game

174 I gloom, I glance, I pass into shadow and then suddenly into sunlight For *gloom* used as an intransitive verb, cf. *Ulysses*, 45, "There gloom the dark broad seas."

176 netted, forming a network as it shines through the overhanging branches Cf Shelley, *Arethusa*, 61 63 —

"Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a net-work of coloured light "

180 shingly bars, little ridges of shingle or coarse gravel obstructing the course of the stream Cf *In Memoriam*, ci. 9, 10 —

"By many a sandy bar,  
The brook shall babble down the plain "

181 I loiter round my cresses The water cress, growing in the stream, would also obstruct its course Hence the word *loiter* Cf the quotation from the *Ode to Memory* in the Introduction

189 Arno, the river on which Florence stands. the dome Of Brunelleschi. He was a distinguished Italian architect, who in



1407 was chosen to complete the great cathedral at Florence. Its noble dome is his principal title to fame.

192 the lean P W, the scanty initials P W (= Philip Willows)

193 lichen, a mossy, clinging plant. Katie walks etc, i.e. Katie has emigrated to Australasia. The term Australasia includes Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the neighbouring islands

194 By the long wash etc. Observe the majestic rhythm see General Introduction, p xxi, (γ)

195 other stars, different stars from those in our heavens, since she is in another hemisphere.

196 April autumns, autumns coming in April In Australasia April is an autumnal, instead of a spring month.

197 So, i.e. so spake

198 rolling, revolving, turning over, the Latin *animorolens*, 'rolling in the mind'

199 waifs, stray pieces. *Waif* is closely connected with *waive*, to relinquish

200 A tonsured head, a head bald at the crown, like that of some Roman Catholic priests, who shave a small circular patch on the top of the head. forlorn, desolate, lonely

203 bindweed bells and briony rings The bindweed is the convolvulus, a trailing plant with showy bell-like flowers The briony or bryony is a climbing plant, and its rings are its spiral tendrils. Cf *The Talking Oak*, 147, 148

"When I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold."

206 On eyes etc. See 71 73, and cf note to *Dora*, 106

211 'That were strange, that would or might be strange, that seems strango, less emphatic than 'that is strange.'

213 self perplex, puzzled by his own thoughts.

216 Who feels etc Just before a man wakes, it begins to dawn upon him that there is something unreal in his dream.

217 'Too happy etc., i.e. "You are too happy etc.

218 in our sad world's best bloom, in the greatest loveliness that this miserable world of ours can produce.

223 her, i.e. my mother, the original Katie Willows.

227 8 My brother James But she These words imply that her father is dead, otherwise she would have mentioned him. Lawrence is thus at liberty to woo and win the mother or her younger likeness

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

## INTRODUCTION

THIS noble ode was published on the day of the Duke's funeral. It has undergone slight alterations since.

The Duke died in the afternoon of September 14th, 1852, at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. His remains were conveyed to Chelsea Hospital, where they lay in state for three days, and were visited by vast multitudes. The public funeral took place with the utmost pomp and magnificence of ceremony on November 18th, and was attended by the Prince Consort and all the chief officers of state. Enormous crowds, estimated at a million and a half of persons, watched the long procession pass along the line of route, a distance of three miles, to St Paul's Cathedral, and listened with respectful and sorrowful interest to the mournful notes of the bands as one after another they took up and poured out the "Dead March in *Saul*." The scene in the interior of St Paul's was, if possible, still more grand and touching, where were gathered almost all that survived of his companions in arms, and where the rank, talent, and beauty of Great Britain joined in the solemn requiem with which the funeral service closed.

## NOTES.

1 the Great Duke For the last ten years of his life he was familiarly and universally designated "The Duke."

6 Warriors pall Military officers were his pall-bearers, i.e. they held the black cloth that covered his coffin.

7 sorrow hall, i.e. poor and rich alike are sad at his death.

9 Here roar, here in St Paul's Cathedral, which stands in the centre of the loud traffic of London. The modern structure, of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, occupied 35 years in building. The last stone was laid in 1710.

15 long long procession music blow See Introduction.

18 is low, is laid low by death.

21 No more street. Wellington was accustomed to acknowledge the respectful gaze and bow of passers by with a *salaam* made by raising his right fore-finger to his hat.

25 state-oracle Wellington had a seat in the Cabinet in 1818, was Prime Minister from October, 1828, to November, 1830, and

was engaged in the service of the State up to his death "The trust which the nation had in him as a counsellor was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the State" (McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, chap. xxiii.)

24 blood, temperament, character

26 Whole good, complete in himself, self-sufficient (in a good sense), and, at the same time, a blessing to all who came under his influence Cf. Horace, *Sat.* ii. 7 86, *in se ipso totus*, 'whole in himself' (of the truly free man)

27 the man, etc. The Duke was one who possessed the greatest power to guide his fellow men, and yet never used that power to further any ambitious aims.

29 pretence, pretension, self-conceit

32 Rich sense, full of plain every day wisdom, which is a great preservative against error Cf. *To the Queen*, 58 60 —

"Our slowly grown  
And crown'd Republic's crowning common sense  
That saved her many times"

In *Words on Wellington*, p. 177, we find "When the Duke was asked to what characteristic of his mind he attributed his invariable success, he replied, 'I attribute it entirely to the application of good sense to the circumstances of the moment'"

34 In sublime He possessed a grandeur arising from the very simplicity of his nature.

35 O good knew Cf. Claudian's (*De Bello Getico*, 459 60) *cognita canities*, 'white hair known to all'—which was quoted by Disraeli in his speech at the Duke's death. His hair was originally coal black, it became white as silver before he died, but to the last there was no baldness With 'good gray head,' cf. Shaks. *Henry V.* iv. 1 14 —

"A good soft pillow for that good white head",  
and Lamb, *Essays of Elia*, *Amicus Redivivus*, "the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging"

36 O voice drew He was so wise and far-seeing that men could forecast future events from his words

37 O iron true He was so self possessed that he never failed to utilize a fit opportunity Wellington was known as the "Iron Duke"

38 that tower blow Firm and unmoved, he confronted all

difficulties and dangers, from whatever quarter they might come.  
Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, l 589-591 (of Satan) —

“He above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a tower”

Simonides speaks of a good man as τετράγωνος, four square, i. e. perfect as a square Cf Dante, *Par* xviii 24, *tetragono ai colpi di ventura*, ‘squarely set against the blows of fortune’, and *Princess*, v 221, 222 —

“We four may build some plan  
Four-square to opposition”

41 self sacrifice, because his life was spent for the good of others.

42. World-victor, the first Napoleon, who overran the greater part of Europe as well as part of Asia, viz. Syria, and of Africa, viz. Egypt, and so is here hyperbolically called conqueror of the world

43 All done, his life's work is finished.

46 the bell, the Great Bell of St Paul's, tolled only at the death of members of the Royal Family, the Bishop, the Dean, and the Lord-Mayor Hence its use at Wellington's death was a special honour

49 cross of gold, the gilded cross, surmounting the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, which shines over London and the Thames.

52. Among bold, among the other worthies, scholars and warriors, that are buried there. St Paul's contains monuments to Dr Johnson, Sir W Jones, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Thomas Dundas.

54 a reverent people ‘Reverent’ is emphatic ‘let the people behold with reverence.’

55 The towering car Wellington's Funeral Car, which was drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, was constructed from the guns taken in the battles in which he was engaged. It is preserved as a monumental trophy in St Paul's Church, London.

56 Bright gold. Referring to the names of Wellington's victories inscribed in gold letters on the car, draped with the funeral pall of black velvet

59 knell be knoll'd. Cf Shaks *Macbeth*, v 8 50, “And so his knell is knolled.”

61 the dome cross See note to l. 49

62 the volleying less Referring to the minute guns fired at his funeral. *Volleying* indicates the sudden burst of sound. Cf *Charge of the Light Brigade*, 17, 20 —

“Cannon to right of them Volley'd and thunder'd.”

63 He knew old, he had heard them before on the battle field This line is almost Dantesque in its quiet concentrated force The six words call up with startling effect before the mind's eye of the reader a vision, at once triumphal and pathetic, of the dead warrior's long roll of victories.

64 in many a clime, in India, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium

65 His captain's ear The possessive is here used in a descriptive sense, with an adjectival force Cf 'your *lover's* pate' (Shaks.), 'her *angel's* face' (Spenser), and 'her *lion's* mood' (*Princess*, iv 361)

68 realms and kings. In 1810, Wellington drove the French out of Portugal, and in 1813, Ferdinand VII., who had been compelled by Napoleon to abdicate, was restored to the throne of Spain.

69 taught, 'chastised, corrected,' as Gideon (Bible, *Judges*, viii 16) 'taught' the men of Succoth with thorns and briers

70 The tyrant, Napoleon. asserts, etc The sound of the cannon reminds us of Wellington's victories on which his great reputation rests

73 In praise same In 1830, in consequence of his opposition to Parliamentary reform, the Duke lost his popularity, was hooted in the streets, and even personally attacked.

74 A man frame, a man of strong, well regulated character, little affected by outward circumstances *Attemper'd* means 'regulated, with the qualities mingled in due proportion' (Lat *temperare*, to qualify) Cf Shaks *Julius Caesar*, v 5 73 75 —

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

75 O civic muse song, may the poetry of his country never omit to celebrate such a name, but sing of it in undying verse. Wellington's place in the Temple of Fame is always to be kept free of access, so that due honour may be paid him.

80 Who rest? These three lines are supposed to be uttered by Lord Nelson, beside whose remains the Duke was buried in the crypt under the dome of St Paul's. The following verses reply to Nelson's question

83 he Was, i.e. he who was

91 His foes were thine Nelson was the great opponent by sea of Napoleon and the French.

96 He that fights Wellington never lost a battle. His only decisive repulse during twenty years of active warfare was his unsuccessful siege of Burgos, October, 1812.

97 Nor ever gun. He himself told Lord Ellesmere that "he didn't think he ever lost a gun in his life" Three were taken after the battle of Salamanca, but were recovered the next day In the Pyrenees eight or nine had to be abandoned, but these also were recovered. Two, however, were lost at Maya in 1813

99 Assaye, where Wellington defeated the Mahratta army, consisting of some 50,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 128 pieces of artillery, with a force not above a tenth of that number and with only 17 guns.

104. The treble works, the famous lines of Torres Vedras The outermost of these lines, which were three in number, ran from the sea by Torres Vedras to Alhandra on the Tagus, a distance of 29 miles Thus the Peninsula on which Lisbon stands was completely enclosed. Each of the three lines was protected by numerous forts and redoubts mounting nearly 400 guns Wellington retreated to these lines on October 8th, 1810, followed by the French general, Massena, who sought in vain for a vulnerable point On March 1st, 1811, he retired, pursued by Wellington, who defeated him in two battles at Fuentes de Onoro

109 the wasted vines, referring to the devastation of Spain and its vineyards by the French armies

112 Till o'er the hills, etc On June 21st, 1813, Wellington won the great battle of Vittoria, which decided the fate of the Peninsula Soult was soon after forced back in a series of engagements, and on the 7th October the left wing of Wellington's army crossed the Pyrenees, and drove him, after several days' hard fighting, to Bayonne. The eagle was the ensign of the Roman legion, and was adopted by the French regiments under the empire, hence "her eagles flew" means "her troops fled" Cf Scott, *The Bold Dragoon* (of Bonaparte) —

"The eagles that to fight he brings  
Should serve his men with wings"

119 Again kings, i.e. again the French armies, under Napoleon (after his escape from Elba), started up eager for conquest, filling all Europe with alarm and threatening once more her kingdoms with overthrow *Wheeled* means propelled in circles, as eagles fly, cf *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*, 12, "the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along"

122. Duty's iron crown. Duty is a stern master and her rewards are hard won, hence her crown (sought by Wellington) is represented as of iron Glory's crown (sought by Napoleon) would be of gold. Napoleon was crowned with the Iron Crown of Lombardy

123 that loud sabbath The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18th, 1815 It was "loud" with the din of war.

124 A day away Referring to the desperate charges of French cavalry, which were repulsed by the British infantry formed in squares. The squares are compared to rocks, the cavalry to waves that dash against them and fall back dissolved into foam For "foam'd themselves away," cf *Æschylus, Agamemnon*, 1030, ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος, 'foams her fury away' (like a horse), and *Aylmer's Field*, 342 — "Leolin foam'd away his heart" Also *The Last Tournament*, 92, 93 —

"That ever climbing wave,

Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam"

It may be noted that Froude's *England's Forgotten Worthies*, a paper first published in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1852, contains this image He describes the Spanish galleons in their attack upon the "Revenge" as "washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back." Cf. *The Defence of Lucknow*, iii —

"Storm at the Water gate! storm at the Bailey gate! storm,  
and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side  
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the  
tide."

127 Last blew At 7 o'clock in the evening Bulow's Prussian corps came up and attacked the right flank of the French

128 Thro' ray "As they (the British and German regiments) joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds and glittered on the bayonets of the Allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley" (*Creasy's Decisive Battles*)

132 long enduring hearts Up to the close of the day the British Army had been mainly on the defensive, occupied in resisting the French attack

133 world earthquake The battle had important results upon the destinies of the world

136 silver coasted. Alluding to the white chalk cliffs that line its southern coast

137 shaker, etc, winner of the battles of the Baltic and the Nile.

146 The proof same Cf Gray's *Elegy*, 63, 69, "To read  
'heir history in a nation's eyes."

151 a people, i.e. not a lawless mob given up either to anarchy or to tyranny Cf *The Princess*, Conclusion, 51 53 —

"God bless the narrow sea which keeps her (France) off,  
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,  
A nation yet"

152. Tho' all Powers Alluding to the then recent French Revolution of 1788, which was followed by insurrections in Austria and Italy, and by revolutions in Spain, Poland, and Hungary, and, in 1851, by the *coup d'état* in Paris which placed Napoleon III on the throne

154 Who isled us here See note to l 151 For the verb *isled* (us) = 'placed us in an island,' cf *Enoch Arden*, 131, "isles a light," i.e. forms an island of light

159 brute control, i.e. the unreasoning force either of mobs or tyrants On April 10th, 1848, a procession of the Chartist, to the number of 20,000, alarmed London but, owing to the precautions taken by the Duke, the display ended without any breach of the peace

160 the eye Of Europe So Milton (*Par Reg* iv 240) calls Athens "the eye of Greece," i.e. its intellectual centre England is the 'eye' and 'soul' of Europe in the sense that, being a free country, with a free Press, in it the facts of contemporary history are quickly, clearly, and justly comprehended, and in it the thoughts and feelings of Europe find their focus

161 whole, i.e. net torn by faction and civil discord

162. one true throne, i.e. the mutual kindness existing between the English people and their long line of sovereigns forms the only true beginning of freedom.

165 our temperate kings, i.e. our Limited Monarchy

168 drill, i.e. ye drill, ye train or discipline march of mind, intellectual progress

169 Till just See notes to ll 151, 152, 159

170 wink evertrust, no longer shut your eyes to the danger, and remain inactive through an excess of confidence that all will be right After this line, in the first edition, came the following five lines, subsequently omitted —

"Perchance our greatness will increase,  
Perchance a darkening future yields  
Some reverse from worse to worse,  
The blood of men in quiet fields,  
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace"

In February, 1852, the bill for the organization of the militia, which was prompted by fears of Napoleon III, was rejected by the Commons Tennyson felt strongly on this point, witness his three stirring lyrics published in the *Examiner* early in the same year These were, 'Britons guard your own,' 'Third of February, 1852,' 'Hands all round.'

172. He had coasts In 1848 Wellington drew up a paper advocating the complete fortification of the Channel Islands,



Seaford, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, the addition of 20,000 men to the regular army, and the raising of 150,000 militia, as a safe guard against invasion Little or no results, however, followed this memorandum For *sacred*, i.e. 'inviolable, exempt from attack,' cf *To the Queen* (March, 1851), 36, where her throne is said to be—

"compass'd by the inviolate sea"

175 *lour*, *frown*, *threaten*. *Lour* (M E *louren*) is a better spelling than the commoner *lower*, since it distinguishes the word from *lower*, 'to let down,' with which it has no connexion.

178 the Man, i.e. the kind of man he was.

179 80 Who never ... power, who never betrayed the right for the sake of some immediate gain, nor sacrificed conscience to ambition *palter* is probably from the same root as *paltry*, meaning originally to 'haggle over worthless trash,' and hence, as here, to 'make a dirty bargain' Cf Cowper, *Expostulation*, 374.

181 Who let low, who cared not what vulgar reports were circulated to his discredit either among the higher or the lower ranks of society

183 whose language life Certain of Wellington's sayings, such as "A great country ought never to make little years," have passed into aphorisms

185 Who foe Wellington never underrated the generals and soldiers of the French army On one occasion he publicly congratulated General Dubreton on his gallant defence of *Burgos* (see note to l. 96)

186 Whose right, i.e. his whole life, unambitious and self-sacrificing, is a standing condemnation of men like Napoleon.

189 Truth lover Duke "Few men," writes his biographer, M Brialmont, "have carried so far the horror of falsehood." It is this quality that gives his despatches their unique historical value.

190 Whatever shamed. This prediction has been strikingly verified The publication of Wellington's despatches, including the later volumes (in 1865), has given us a minute insight into his character All his secrets are before the world, and the result is more and more to raise him in our estimation. For the expression *leap to light*, cf *Maud*, Part III. iv, "Many a darkness into the light shall leap"

194 Follow'd lands, the representatives of all the great Powers of Europe, Austria alone excepted, were present at his funeral.

195 He, on whom, etc Titles, offices, and rewards were showered upon him from every quarter, at home and abroad, and

to do him honour both the Crown and the Parliament exhausted their powers. On June 28th, 1814, he appeared in his place in Parliament in his field marshal's uniform, decorated with the Garter, when his various patents as baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke were read over. The Commons had previously voted him £500,000 for the support of his dignity as a peer.

196 stars, distinctions. The star is a honorific emblem, and is the ensign of knightly rank. Cf. the "Star of India."

197 Fortune horn. The Roman goddess, *Fortuna*, is represented as holding in her hand the *Cornucopiae* or horn of plenty, out of which she distributes her favours.

201 Not once or twice, i.e. but many times. Cf. Gk. οὐχ ἅπασι οὐδὲ ὁλίς, and Bible, 2 *Kings*, vi 10, "The king of Israel saved himself there not once nor twice." For the sentiment, cf. *Ænone*, 144-148.

202. was, turned out in the end to be, though it was not expected to be (a Greek and Latin idiom the Imperfect of sudden recognition)

206 He shall find, etc., he shall find that the performance of the hard tasks of duty will bring him delights far superior to those springing from a life of selfish ease.

212 On with toil, etc., so Spenser (*F. Q.* iii. 3. 41) says that honour "will be found with perill and with paine." Compare also Milton's *Lycidas*, 72, and Beattie, *Minstrel*, i 1, 2 —

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

215 Shall find sun. The man that strives manfully to obey the voice of Duty will attain the Divine favour and find himself raised to a region of spiritual joy and happiness. Cf. Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*, 41, 42 —

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear

The godhead's most benignant grace."

Also Bible, *Rev* xxi 23, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it" the toppling crags of Duty. The *Saturday Review* (Jan. 26, 1867) suggests that the germ of this fine passage is to be found in a fragment of Simonides (20, ed. Schneidewin) —

ἐστὶ τις λόγος

τὰν Ἀρετὰν νάειν δυσεμβάτοις ἐπὶ τέτραις κ τ λ ,

'There is a story that Virtue dwells on crags that are hard to climb,' etc.

225 whose shame. Since by his defeat of Napoleon he rendered a French invasion of England impossible

228 when flame, when cities are illuminated on festive occasions

229 iron leader's See note to L 37

232 Peace, etc Let us not now speak of his fame, that may be left to some poet of the future to celebrate

236 about whose clung Wellington was very fond of children, and his little grandchildren were great favourites with him There is a well known picture by Landseer, painted in 1851,—Wellington surrounded by the Queen's children

242 More degree, i.e. those who are spirits

248 brawling memories, recollections of noisy, stirring events  
*Free* means 'bold, flippant.'

252. The tides eternity, the rich and solemn strains of music that seem to bear us away with them beyond the narrow limits of this world and its petty concerns

255 Until we doubt not, etc. Cf M Arnold, *Rugby Chapel*, (of his father) —

" That force  
Surely has not been left vain !  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labour-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength."

Also, *In Memoriam*, lvi, and Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ix 19.

259 the Giant Ages Cf *Tithonus*, 18, "thy strong hours," and note Geology tells us of the changes wrought upon the earth's surface in the lapse of centuries. Cf *In Memoriam*, cxxiii 4-8 —

" The hills are shadows, and they flew  
From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go "

267 the Dead March The Dead March in *Saul* (a funeral march in Handel's oratorio, *Saul*) was taken up by the bands, one after another, in the funeral procession through the streets.

269 the mortal, that part of him which was mortal, the confined corpse.

270 Ashes dust, quoted from the Church of England Service for the Burial of the Dead

272. nothing here He will carry with him into a future existence the vigour of mind and purpose to which he attained here on earth Cf ll 255 8, and note

275 Something, etc., a far greater and grander being than he was here

## THE REVENGE

## INTRODUCTION

THIS ballad was published in 1880. Sir Richard Grenville of Stow, in Cornwall, was one of those bold, adventurous spirits that the "spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth produced. In 1571, he represented Stow in Parliament; and in 1577, having been High Sheriff for Cornwall, he was knighted. In 1585, he commanded the seven ships that carried Sir W. Raleigh's first colony to Virginia, and on his return voyage captured a richly-laden Spanish ship. At the time of the Armada, he was commissioned by the Queen to guard Cornwall and Devon. In 1591, he was appointed vice-admiral of a squadron, fitted out for the purpose of intercepting a rich Spanish fleet from the West Indies. The enemy's convoy, however, surprised him at Flores and surrounded him in his single ship, the *Revenge*, the rest of the squadron having retired. The Spanish admiral's ship, with four others, began a close attack at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 10th. The engagement lasted till break of day next morning, during which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their vast superiority in ships and men, were driven off fifteen times. At length, the greater part of the English crew being either killed or wounded, and the ship reduced to a wreck, no hope of escape remained. Sir Richard had been wounded at the beginning of the action, but refused to leave the deck, till he was shot through the body. He was now taken to the cabin, and while he was in the act of having his wound dressed, the surgeon was killed by his side. The brave commander still determined to hold out, wishing to sink the ship rather than surrender, but the offers of quarter from the Spaniards induced the men to yield. Sir Richard was taken on board the Spanish ship and honourably treated, but soon after died of his wounds.

Among Arber's *Reprints* there are three accounts of the fight: one a "Report" by Sir W. Raleigh, published the same year, from which mainly Tennyson has drawn the materials of his ballad, another, a poem entitled "The most honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinvile, Knight," by Gervase Markam, published in 1595, and a third, "The last fight of the *Revenge* at sea," by Jan Huggen van Linsechten, published in 1596. See also Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (Ed 1882), vol I, pp 493-501, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* chap xii. Bacon, in his *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine* (1624), also gives a brief account of this famous fight. Gerald Massey has a ballad on the subject, entitled *Sir Richard Grenville's Last*

*Fight* "At the time," writes Froude, "all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the Armada itself, and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them."

With this ballad may be compared Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* and Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*. It is recorded that Tennyson read this poem aloud to Carlyle, who made the characteristic comment, "Eh! he has got the grip of it."

## NOTES

1 Flores Azores *Flores* is a dissyllable and *Azores* a trisyllable, to be pronounced Az-ó-rës, cf Milton, *Par Lost*, iv 592. The Azores are a group of islands in the Atlantic ocean, of which Flores is one. lay, i.e. at anchor

2 pinnacle, a large sized boat belonging to a man-of-war, so called because made originally of pine-wood, Lat *pinus*, a pine

3 This line represents the report made by the look-out boat. To 'sight,' a common naval term, means to see an object *after watching for it*.

4. 'Fore God, before God, God is my witness that, etc.

5 out of gear, not properly equipped, unprepared for fighting. A doublet of *gear* is *garb*

6 the half sick. Raleigh writes "And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe of the men of everie shippe sicke, and utterly unserviceable." fellow, i.e. do you follow me.

7 ships of the line, line-of-battle ships, men of-war. They had, besides, six victualling ships and a bark. According to Bacon's account, the Spanish fleet numbered fifty-five vessels.

11 the coward, which you swore you were not, hence *the*, not *a*, is used, or, 'the coward' may mean 'one having the character of a coward', cf 'to play the man, to act the fool.'

12. Inquisition. The Spanish Inquisition was established in 1480, and fully organized by the Dominican Torquemada in 1483. It consisted of one central tribunal and four local tribunals. Down to 1807 it is said to have caused the burning at the stake of 31,912 people in Spain alone, while 291,450 "penitents" were imprisoned or tortured. devildoms=devilish practices, cruelties.

15 bore in hand, carried by hand.

17 Bideford. Pronounce *Bid-e ford* Bideford, on the coast of North Devon, was, in Elizabethan times, one of the chief ports of England, and furnished seven ships to fight the Armada. "It was the men of Devon to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence" (Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*)

18 ballast Probably from Old Dutch *bal*, useless, bad, and last, load. Hence *ballast* is unprofitable load, load that is taken on board merely to steady the ship (Wedgwood) "On the ballast," in the hold of the ship, would be the safest place on board in prospect of a fight

21 To the stake, to be tortured by the thumbscrew or be burnt at the stake for the glory of the Lord. This is said ironically, with a bitter sneer at the Spaniards' notion that it was for the glory of God to torture and burn heretics

23 the Spaniard, the Spanish fleet

24. sea castles bow The Spanish ships were gradually rising into view in the quarter from which the wind was blowing. The *sea-castles* are the Spanish galleons, or great galleys, with their lofty tiers of guns. Raleigh says "The squadron of Sivil (Seville) were on the wether bow"

30 Let us Seville, let us give these rascals from Seville a thrashing. Seville is an important commercial city of Andalusia, on the Guadalquivir, the port from which the squadron was fitted out

31 Don, Spanish lord or gentleman, put hero for Spaniard generally. See *Dream of Fair Women*, 5, and note

33 sheer foe, right into the middle of the enemy's fleet. *Sheer* (Icel. *slærr*, bright) means *clear*, *pure*. Cf. *clean* in 'clean gone,' etc.

37 Thousands There were 15,000. See note to l 50

40 of tons, i.e. of 1500 tons displacement—a very large ship for those days. Gervase Markham speaks of her "mountain hugeness."

41 with her guns "The said 'Philip' carried three tier of ordnance on a side and eleven pieces in every tier" (Raleigh's account)

42. Took stay'd. The huge "San (= Saint) Philip" was between them and the wind, and so prevented it from filling their sails, and they were thus brought to a standstill. Cf. Raleigh "The great 'San Philip' being in the wind of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundredth tons."

46 galleons, large galleys *Galleon* is formed, with augmentative suffix *-on*, from Low Lat *galea*, a galley Cf *ball-oon*, *medallion*

48. larboard, the left side of the ship, now called 'port.' The four galleons ranged themselves two on either side of *The Revenge*. Raleigh says "After the 'Revenge' was intangled with this 'Philip,' foure other boarded her, two on her larboord and two on her starboord."

50 anon content. Presently the great "San Philip" began to have misgivings and went off, having received a shot in her hull that made her feel ill at ease Raleigh says the 'San Philip' "shifted herself with all diligence from her (the 'Revenge's') sides, utterly mishing her first entertainment" Gervase Markham uses the expression, "the womb of 'Philip'"

53 pikes, heavy lances or spears musqueteers, soldiers armed with muskets *Musket* was fancifully so called after a small hawk (as big as a 'fly,' Lat *musca*) of the same name Cf *mosquito* Raleigh "The Spaniards deliberated to enter the 'Revenge,' and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe"

54 'em is not a contraction of *them*, but represents the M. E. *hem*, the old objective plural of *he*

57 the one and the fifty three, the *Revenge* and the fifty-three Spanish ships Two had been sunk out of an original fifty-five see next note

59 Ship after ship During the night fifteen Spanish ships attempted, one after another, to board the *Revenge*. "As they were wounded and beaten off, so alwaies others came in their places" (Raleigh) Two were sunk, and the rest battered and beaten off with great slaughter "One small English ship against fifty five Spanish galleons, one hundred Englishmen against 15,000 Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutche—it was our naval Thermopylae" (so Froudo, and Arber after him)

60 her shame, the shame of being defeated in such an unequal contest

62 God of battles Cf Bible, *Psalms* xxiv 8, "The Lord mighty in battle", also, 2 *Chron.* xxxii. 8, 1 *Sam.* xvii. 47.

66 With a grisly, etc. Raleigh says "He (Grenville) was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight, and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as he was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withal his chirurgeon (surgeon) wounded to death" *Grisly* means 'hideous, horrible' from the same root as *gruesome*, both being allied to O E *gyrcsan*, 'to feel terror'

71 in a ring So Raleigh "The enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him" (i.e. Grenville) Cf Gerald Massey, *Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight* —

"The rest he round her in a ring,  
As round the dying lion king  
The dogs, afraid of his death spring"

72. they dared not, etc. So Raleigh "All so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries." sting, do them a mischief, like a half-crushed wasp which one is afraid to touch

76 Seeing, since forty See note to l. 80

78 cannonades, attacks with cannon

79 stark, 'stiff,' i.e. dead, connected with *stretch* and *strong*

80 And the pikes, etc So Raleigh "All the powder of the 'Revenge' to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt"

81 And the masts, etc Cf Raleigh, "The mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut a sunder", and Froude, "The masts were lying over the side"

86 a day, etc., an anacoluthon 'a day less or more (makes no difference)' Raleigh says that Grenville urged his men that "they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a few daies" Cf Scott, *Marmion*, ll. 30, 31 —

"And come he slow or come he fast,  
It is but death who comes at last."

And Macaulay, *Horatius*, xxvii. —

"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late."

89 Sink me *Me* is the 'dative of interest'—"sink the ship at my bidding" Cf Raleigh, "(He) commanded the master gunner (the officer in charge of the cannon), whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship"

90 Fall God, let us fall into God's hands, let us die and so put ourselves at God's disposal. Cf David's words (Bible, 2 Sam xxiv 14), "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great and let me not fall into the hand of men." Raleigh says that Grenville exhorted his men "to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else."

91 'Ay, ay,' the usual reply of sailors to an order the word (sometimes spelt 'aye') is a corruption of *yea*, *yes*, and so is of different origin from *aye*, ever, and *ay* in 'ay me', *Tithonus*, 50

96 the lion, i.e. the lion-hearted Sir Richard.



97 stately This epithet and *courtly* (L. 99) refer to the dignified and polished manners for which the Spaniards are remarkable. *flagship*, the ship that carries the admiral's flag, and in which he sails.

99 And they praised, etc. Cf. Raleigh, "The general used Sir Richard with all humanitie highly commending his valour and worthiness"

101 Queen and Faith, i.e. Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion According to Linschoten, his words were "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he was bound to do"

102. I have, etc. Cf. Nelson's last words at Trafalgar, "Thank God I have done my duty"

104 he fell died. So Linschoten, Raleigh says he died on the second or third day

106 holden (old Eng. *healden*), for modern *held*, was used from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries It occurs eleven times in the Bible of 1611 Archaisms of this kind are appropriate to ballad poetry, narrating stories of the past. So we have had *score* (L. 4) for *score*, *stark* (L. 79) for *stiff* To "hold cheap" is to slight, despise.

107 dared her, challenged her Note that *dared*, not *durst*, is the preterite of *dare* in this sense.

108 devil or man? Observe the omission of the articles, which add conciseness and emphasis to the expression. Linschoten says that the Spaniards declared Sir Richard "had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devils loved him," and raised the subsequent storm to revenge his death

110 with a swarthier alien crew, i.e. with a crew of strangers, viz., Spaniards, who are of darker complexion than Englishmen.

111 with her loss, carrying with her her sorrow for the loss of her old English crew, whom she longed to have on board her again By what Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy," human feelings of regret are poetically attributed to the ship

112 When a wind, etc. Note, in this passage, how artistically the description gradually swells and gathers, as it were, like the storm it describes, till the climax of both is reached in L. 117, after which it dies away into a calm In reading, the voice, beginning softly, should reach its height with that line, and then, after a pause, sink back into pathetic softness with the last two lines the lands they had run'd, the West Indies which had been

ravaged and plundered by the Spaniards Raleigh says "A storm from the west and north west."

113 the weather, the air, the wind

114 or ever This *or* is the same word as *ere*, meaning 'before' Probably *or ever* is lengthened from *or e'er*, which again came to be written for *or ere*, where *ere* repeats and explains the obsolete *or* Cf *an if*, where exactly the same thing has happened

118 by the island crags. According to Raleigh, "The 'Revenge,' and in her 200 passengers, were cast away upon the isle of St Michaels' According to Linschoten, she "was cast away upon a cliff near to the island of Tercera" Both islands belong to the Azores group

## CENONE

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1832 According to Classical Mythology, Cenone was the daughter of the river god Kebrén (*Κεβρην*), and was married to Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, but was deserted by him for Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. The abduction of Helen from Sparta came about in the following way On the occasion of the marriage of Peleus to the Nereid Thetis, the Gods were invited to the nuptial banquet, and brought with them various wedding presents Eris, the Goddess of Strife, enraged at not having received an invitation, threw on the banqueting table an apple of gold, with this inscription cut on its rind, "For the fairest." Thereupon the goddesses Herè, Pallas Athenè, and Aphroditè each claimed the apple for herself Zeus ordered Hermes to take the claimants disrobed before Paris on Mt. Gargarus, part of Mt. Ida, and there ask his decision On appearing before Paris, the goddesses tried to influence his judgment by the offer of bribes. Herè promised him great wealth and the sovereignty of Asia, Pallas great glory and renown in war, while Aphrodite said she would give him the fairest of women for a wife Paris without hesitation decided the dispute in favour of Aphroditè, and gave her the apple Under her protection he then deserted Cenone, and sailed to Sparta, whence he carried off Helen to Troy, the Trojan war, in which all the kings and chiefs of Greece joined for the recovery of Helen, followed

Tennyson's poem opens with a description of a valley in Ida This was the name of the great mountain range of Mysia, forming

the south boundary of the territory of Troas or Ilium [It was among the valleys of this mountain that Paris had been brought up, after having been cast away there as a baby owing to a dream that his mother had that her child would bring ruin on Troy Paris was preserved by the shepherds, who taught him their craft, and hence he is often called the 'Idæan shepherd.' He subsequently was restored to his father at Troy] Ænone comes to this valley in grief at her desertion by Paris, describes the appearance of the three goddesses before Paris, and his award; and, after wishing for death, resolves to go down to Troy and there consult the prophetess Cassandra, Paris's sister, as to what vengeance she can take on her faithless husband. Such is the substance of Tennyson's poem. The myths relate that Ænone subsequently had an opportunity of revenge. At the capture of Troy by the Greeks, Paris was wounded by Philoctetes, who shot him with one of the poisoned arrows obtained from Hercules. Paris now returned to his neglected Ænone, and besought her to apply to his wound a sure remedy, which she alone possessed. Ænone refused, and Paris returned in agony to Troy. Ænone quickly repented, and hastened after her husband, but reached Troy only to find him dead. She then in remorse hanged herself.

Mr Churton Collins in his *Illustrations of Tennyson*, draws attention to a general resemblance existing between Beattie's *Judgment of Paris* and Tennyson's poem.

Critics have called attention to the absence of the genuine antique spirit from this poem. And it is, no doubt, observable that Tennyson's representation of Ænone's character contains little or no suggestion of that bitter resentment and implacable vengeance which a poet of ancient Greece would have thought it correct from both a moral and an artistic standpoint to instil into her words. In making Ænone tell her tale more in sorrow than in anger, Tennyson has appealed to the more modern, more Christian idea—

'To err is human, to forgive divine'

However modern in spirit the poem as a whole may appear, this detracts nothing from the beauty of its form, from the ruddy splendour or the pure severity of the colouring, from the music of the cadences and of the rhythm, and nothing from the 'weight of thought weightily expressed,' as in the speech of Heræ.

## NOTES

1 Ida, the mountain chain in Mysia which formed the south boundary of the district of Troas or Ilium. Its highest summits were Cotylus on the north, and Gargarus (about 5,000 feet high) on the south. Its upper slopes were well wooded, while lower down were fertile fields and valleys, here were the sources of the rivers Granicus, Scamander, and Acepus, and of many smaller streams. Hence the epithet 'many-fountain'd' Ida.

2 Ionian hills    Ionian was the district next to Mysia    *Ionian* may here be loosely used for 'neighbouring'

3 swimming vapour, mist slowly drifting, cf *The Two Voices*, 262 —

“High up the vapours fold and swim.”

4. Puts forth an arm, projects a narrow strip of vapour, as a swimmer puts forward his arm from pine to pine    The pine woods on Mt Ida are mentioned by Homer, as in *Iliad*, xiv 287

*Eis ἐλάτην ἀναβας περιμήκετον, ἥ τὸτ' ἐν Ἰδῇ—*

“mounted on a lofty pine,  
The tallest growth in Ida”

9 In cataract after cataract    The additional syllable in the first foot and in the third represent the repeated splash and motion of falling waters    Scan thus —

In cata|ract aft|er cata|ract to | the sea

10 topmost Gargarus, a classical idiom, cf Lat *summus mons*, 'topmost mountain,' or 'the top of the mountain.'

11 takes the morning, catches the first beams of the morning sun.

13 Troas, or 'the Troad,' the district surrounding the city of Troy

14. The crown of Troas, the chief ornament and glory of Troas

15, 16 forlorn Of Paris    Cf *Demeter*, 73, "forlorn of man," and Milton, *Par Lost*, x. 921 —

“Forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?”

16 once her playmate    In his boyhood Paris had lived on Ida with the shepherds    See Introduction

17 the rose, i.e. its usual bloom    Cf Bion, *Epitaph Adon*, 11, καὶ τὸ ῥόδον φευγεί τῷ χεῖλεος, 'and the rose of his lip flies'    Also Shaks *Mid N D* i 1 129 —

“why is your cheek so pale,

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?”

18 or seem'd to float in rest, or, though not in motion, seemed to move on the air, implying that it was loose and wavy

19 fragment, part of a fallen rock    Cf below, 218, "Among the fragments tumbled from the glens", and *Lancelot and Elaine*, 1426, "Among the tumbled fragments of the hills"

20 to the stillness, speaking to the silent landscape around

20, 21 till cliff, until the sun had sunk behind the hill, whose shadow crept gradually lower so as at last to reach the spot where Œnone was

22 mother Ida    The earth and the mountains were often

addressed as 'mother,' by a kind of personification, in Greek of our 'mother country,' 'fatherland' many-fountain'd. A translation of Homer's permanent epithet of Ida of Ἰδην πολυπίδακα, *Iliad*, viii 47. In *Iliad*, viii 20, 23, these numerous fountains are mentioned by name.

A refrain (i.e. a verse or verses repeated at intervals throughout a poem) is a striking characteristic of Theocritus and other Greek idyllic poets. Cf. the "Begin, dear muse, begin the woodland song" of Theocritus, which is repeated at the head of each fresh paragraph.

24 the noonday quiet. Cf. Callimachus, *Laracrum Palladis*, μεσαμερινὰ δ' εἰς ὄρος αὐσχίᾳ, 'but the noonday quiet held the hill.' Also Theocritus, *Id* ii 37, 38 —

ἡνίδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' αἴθραι  
α δ' ἐμὰ δὴ σιγῇ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία

"Lo, silent is the sea, silent the winds,  
Not silent is my wretched heart within."

26 The lizard etc. Cf. Theocritus, *Id* vii 22, σάυρος ἐφ' αἰμασιᾶσι καθέδει, 'the lizard sleeps on the wall'.

27 and the winds are dead. This reading has been substituted in the latest editions for 'and the cicada sleeps'.

30 my eyes love. Cf. Shaks. 2 *Hen VI*, ii 3 17 —

"Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief"

32 I am all weary, etc. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, v 5 49 —

"I grieve to be weary of the sun"

36 cold crown'd. Cf. Theocritus, *Id* xv 58, τὸν ψυχρὸν δέειν, 'the cold snake', also the word βασιλῆς, literally 'the little king,' a snake with a hood like that of the cobra, supposed to resemble a king's crown. The crowns of snakes are often referred to in the folk lore of many nations.

37 Piver god, Kebren by name. See Introduction.

38 build up, make by my song a memorial of my sorrow. 'To build the lofty rhyme' occurs in Milton's *Lycidas*, 11, and Spenser calls his *Epithalamium* 'an endless monument.' The metaphor is a common one in both Latin and Greek.

39-41 as yonder walls... shape, just as the walls of Troy rose slowly in obedience to the slow notes of Apollo's flute, like a cloud which, thin and unsubstantial at first, gradually assumes a solid and definite shape. Cf. *Tithonus*, 63 —

"When Ilion like a mist rose into towers,"

and the account of the building of Pandemonium, Milton, *Par Lost*, i 710 712 —

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet"

And Wordsworth, *In the Cathedral at Cologne*, 12-14 —

“Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground  
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound  
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet ”

And *Gareth and Lynette*, 254-257 —

“And Fairy Queens have built the city, son,  
They came from out a sacred mountain cleft  
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,  
And built it to the music of their harps ”

Classical myths (see Ovid, *Her* xv 179) aver that the stones of the walls of Troy were charmed into their places by the sweet sound of Apollo's flute, when Jupiter condemned the Gods Apollo and Neptune to serve Laomedon, King of Troas. A similar tale is told of the walls of Thebes, which rose to the music of Amphion's lyre.

43 My heart woe, I may be beguiled by my song into temporary forgetfulness of my bitter grief

48 dewy dark, dark with drops of dew Cf *Enoch Arden*, 606, “dewy-glooming downs ” Tennyson also has ‘dewy fresh,’ ‘dewy-tassel'd,’ and ‘dewy-warm ’

49 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris The fairness of Paris's outward form is contrasted with the baseness of his mind Cf *Δυσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε*, ‘Evil Paris, most beautiful in form,’ Homer, *Iliad*, iii. 39, cf. the Gk *καλόπαρις, κακόπαρις*, ‘beautiful-Paris, evil Paris ’ Cf *Enoch Arden*, 613, “the beauteous, hateful isle ”

50 white hooved White hooved would be the more usual form Similarly Tennyson writes *hooies* (for *hoofs*), *Lady of Shalott*, 101, his ear occasionally preferring the fuller sound.

51 Simois The rivers Simois and Scamander arise at two different points on Mount Ida and join in the plain of Troas, the united stream falling into the Hellespont reedy Homer, *Iliad*, iv 383, has a similar epithet for a river, Ἀσωπὸν βαθυχόινον, ‘Asopus deep grown with reeds ’

53 call'd me In the stillness of the early dawn the sound of the torrent would be like a voice breaking the silence to address Cenone

54 solitary morning, the high and remote morning light.

56 white-breasted dawn The light of a star becomes white as the morning dawns Cf *The Princess*, iii. 1 —

“Morn in the white wake of the morning star ”

And *Geraint and Enid*, 734 —

“The white and glittering star of morn ”

57 a leopard skin. So in Homer's description of Paris, *Iliad*,

iii 17, Παρδαλέην αμοισιν έχων, which Pope translates, "a panther's speckled hide flowed o'er his armour"

58 sunny hair Cf *Morte d'Arthur*, 216, 217 (and note) —

"Bright and lustrous curls  
That made his forehead like a rising sun."

Also Milton's description of Adam, *Par Lost*, iv 301 303 —

"Hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering"

60 foam bow, a compound word formed on the model of *rainbow*. When the spray of the cataract is blown upwards by the wind and in falling forms a curved cascade, the sun shining on the drops of foam paints them with the prismatic colours of the rainbow Cf *The Sea fairies*, 28 —

"The rainbow hangs on the falling wave."

and *The Princess*, v 309 —

"This flake of rainbow flying on the highest  
Foam."

Cf also Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv 640 645, and *Manfred*, 2, 21

62. Went forth he came As a host advances from the door  
to meet a welcome guest ere he reaches the house

65 Hesperian gold, a golden apple such as grew in the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides, the Daughters of Night, who lived in islands at the extreme west of the then known world. One of the labours of Hercules was to steal these apples.

66 smelt ambrosially Ambrosia (cf Skt *amrita*) was the food of the Greek Gods, as nectar was their drink, it was some times used as an unguent or perfume, as by Herò in Homer, *Iliad*, xiv 170 See *Demeter*, 102

67 river of speech. In both Greek and Latin writers we find the comparison of speech to the flow of water cf *αὐδὴ ῥέει*, Homer, *ἑπεα πεί*, Hesiod, and *flumen orationis*, 'river of speech,' Cicero, also "Rivers of melodies," *The Palace of Art*, 171

69 Beautiful brow'd, in reference to her 'married brows' mentioned in line 74 my own soul, my dearest one cf. the Latin *anima mea*

71 would seem, shows that it was probably meant for thee as being etc.

72 whatever Oread, a classical construction, equivalent to 'any Oread (or Mountain Nymph) that haunts'

73 grace of movement. Bacon in his *Essay Of Beauty* writes, "In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour"

74 the charm of married brows, the attractive beauty of

eyebrows that grow across the forehead till they meet each other Meeting eyebrows were considered a great beauty by the ancient Greeks cf Anacreon, v 16, *συνόφρων βλέφαρων ἴνυ κελαινῇ*, 'the dark arch of brows that meet,' and Theocritus, *Id viii* 72, *συνόφρων κόρα*, 'a girl with meeting eyebrows' Ovid, in his *Art of Love*, iii 201, talks of the habit which Roman ladies had of joining the ends of the eyebrows by a pencilled line Cf Juvenal, *Sat ii* 93 But meeting eyebrows are described as a special mark of ugliness in the *Katha Sarit Sāgara* (chap 20), and in modern Greece, as also in Icelandic and German folk-lore, they are regarded as a sign that a man is a vampire or a were-wolf

76 the blossom of his lips, his lips that were fragrant and soft and rich in colour as the blossom of a flower Cf *The Princess*, *Prol* 195, "the pouted blossom of her lips"

78 full-faced ranged, when the whole company of the Gods were ranked *Full faced* = 'not a face being absent,' or perhaps also in allusion to the majestic brows of the Gods cf "large-brow'd Verulam" (*The Palace of Art*, 163), and "Full faced above the valley stood the moon" (*The Lotos Eaters*, 7), and "glowing full-faced welcome" (*The Princess*, ii. 166)

80 'twere due, it ought to be given

81 light-foot Iris Spenser uses the form *light-foot*, *Faery Queen*, i 2. 8, "light-foot steede," and i. 8 25, "light-foot squire", Beaumont in *The Masque* has "light-foot Iris," and Tennyson has it again in his *Achilles over the Trench*, i Homer's permanent epithet for Iris is *πόδας ὠκεία*, 'swift of foot' Iris was the messenger of the Gods

82 Delivering, announcing Cf Shaks, *Coriolanus*, iv 6 62 —

"The slave's report is seconded, and more,  
More fearful, is delivered"

85 meed of fairest, prize for being most beautiful

86 whispering tuft, clusters of pines in whose branches the wind whispers

87 May'st well behold, canst easily see whilst unseen thyself.

91 lost his way A single bright cloud had wandered apart from the other clouds between the pine clad sides

94 brake like fire, burst out of the ground like tongues of flame, alluding to the fiery yellow red colour of the crocus. Cf *In Memoriam*, lxxxiii. 11, 12 —

"Deep tulps dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire"

*The May Queen*, 33 —

"The wild marsh-marigold shines like fire  
in swamps and hollows gray,"



and *The Progress of Spring*, l. 1 —

“The ground flame of the crocus breaks the mould”

Sophocles (*Ed Col* 685) has χρυσανγης κρόκος, ‘gold gleaming crocus,’ and Wordsworth (*Ruth*) writes of flowers that *set the hills on fire*. This description recalls Homer, *Iliad*, xiv 347-349 —

Τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθονὶ διὰ φύεν νεοθηλέα ποιήν  
 Ἀωπὸν θ' ἐρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ἥδ' ὑακινθον  
 Πικνὸν καὶ μαλακὸν

‘And underneath them the divine earth put forth fresh sprouting grass, and dewy lotus and crocus and hyacinth thick and soft.’ Also cf Milton, *P L* iv 692-703, Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*, 46

95 amaraeus, the modern *marjoram*, an aromatic fragrant plant asphodel, a lily shaped plant, the roots of which were eaten, often mentioned by Greek authors. Homer, *Odyss* ii 539, describes the shades of heroes as haunting an asphodel meadow. Cf *Demeter and Persephone*, 151, and note Milton, *Par Lost*, ix. 1040, has “Pansies, and violets, and asphodel.”

99 Ran riot, grew in straggling luxuriance

102. crested peacock. The crested peacock (Lat. *pavo cristatus*), the male bird, was sacred to Herè and Juno

103 golden cloud, gold coloured cloud. The Gods are described by Homer, *Iliad*, viii 523, as sitting on golden clouds. See also *Iliad*, xiv 343. Herè retires into this cloud when Paris has made his award

104 slowly dropping fragrant dew. So in Homer, *Iliad*, xiv 351, when Zeus and Herè are shrouded in the golden cloud, “bright dew drops kept falling from it,” στελεται δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἕρσαι

105 the voice of her, the voice of Herè, the gold-throned Queen of Heaven

107 the Gods rise up. So in Homer, *Iliad*, xv 85, the gods rise up at Herè's approach, as also in honour of Zeus, *Iliad*, i 532.

111 to embellish state, to decorate the lordly position with grand surroundings

112. river sunder d champaign, plain intersected by rivers. Cf “Champaigns riched with plenteous rivers,” Shaks, *Lear*, i. 1. 68, and Milton, *Par Reg* iii 257 —

“Fair champion with less rivers interveined”

113 labour'd mine ore, mines which no amount of labour can exhaust of their ore. Cf *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 146, where, however, ore = gold

114 Honour homage. Some verb must be supplied here, such as “I proffer”

116, 117 Mast-throng'd , towers, whose still harbour waters, surrounded by tall towers, are crowded with masts under the shadow of her citadel

120 Which of all, which all men aim at in every active endeavour

121 fitted to the season, adapted to deal suitably with each special crisis wisdom-bred and throned of wisdom Power that springs from and is trained by wisdom (and not from mere brute force), and that is raised to its lofty position by the wisdom with which it is exercised Lowell, *Prometheus*, says, "True power was never born of brutish strength."

124 Fall from the sceptre staff, weakened by age, becomes unable any longer to wield the sceptre

126 A shepherd yet king born See Introduction

127 Should come gods, ought to be a most welcome offer (both from the appropriateness of the gift as coming from a queen and being given to a king's son, and) because it is only in the possession of power that men can be like the Gods

129 quiet seats Cf Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat* iii 18, *sedesque quietae Quas neque concutunt venti*, 'and quiet seats, which neither do the winds shake, etc'

130 Above the thunder See the description at the conclusion of *The Lotos Eaters*, also *Lucretius*, 104-108 —

"The Gods, who haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans."

134 out at arm's length, as if to give it to Herē

135 Flatter'd his spirit, gratified his ambitious thoughts, or, took his fancy

136 clear, bright and spotless

137 O'erthwarted, crossed,—frequently used by Chaucer, also by Dryden, Milton, and Clarendon brazen headed. The Greek word *χαλκός*, generally translated *brass*, denoted a kind of *bronze* metal

138 pearly, an epithet suggestive of whiteness and coldness Observe the absence of colour and warmth in this picture of the goddess of chastity, contrast the warm colouring in the succeeding description of Aphrodite, the goddess of love

140 angry cheek. angry because of the effect which Herē's tempting offer of mere power seems to have on Paris

142 8 Self reverence consequence This is among the best known and oftenest quoted passages in Tennyson's poems Pallas

here answers the persuasive arguments of Herc by asserting that power in its truest and noblest sense does not mean regal sway over others, but mastery and government of self

144 S Yet not consequence, yet though I talk of power, the object of life should not be mere power, for power comes of her own accord to the true liver without his seeking it, but real wisdom consists in living in obedience to law and to fixed principles of duty, in carrying these principles fearlessly into action, and in doing what is right for its own sake, regardless of the immediate results Cf *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 201 205 —

“Not once or twice in our rough island story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self —”

151 Sequel fairer No gift that I could offer, to be won by your award, could enhance my beauty Look at me with eyes unseduced by bribes such as Herc's offer of power, and you will see that I am essentially the fairest

153 64 Yet indeed perfect freedom. But if, as it may be, your eyes, dazzled by the bright beauty of unciled goddesses, are unable to distinguish true fairness without being influenced by a bribe, this much will I promise you, that, my claim being acknowledged, I will be your close and constant friend, so that, invigorated by my influence, you shall be filled with energy and enthusiasm sufficient to urge you through the storms and perils of a life of great deeds, until your powers of endurance become strengthened by frequent exercise, and your will, grown to maturity, after experiencing every variety of trial, and having become identical with the absolute rule (of duty), find perfect freedom in willing obedience to that rule.

The sentiment of this fine passage is illustrated in Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty* See also the second collect, Morning Prayer, in the Church of England *Book of Common Prayer*, “O God whose service is perfect freedom” Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, v 538 9

156 rest thee sure *Thee* is here grammatically in the dative case, such reflexive datives with intransitive verbs were very common in Old English for other examples see Maetzner, *Eng Gram* vol. II pp 64, 5 Cf *The Lotus-Eaters*, 37 “They sat *them* down.”

161 until endurance action The original reading was —

“so endurance

I like to an athlete's arm, shall still become  
Sinew'd with motion —”

Cf Shaks. 2 *Henry IV*, iv 1 172, “insinew'd to this action.”

167 Or hearing would not hear, or though he heard my words  
would not take heed of them Cf *Æschylus, Prom Vinct*  
447, κλυοντες ουκ ηκουον, 'hearing did not hear'

170 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful Idalian = from Idalium, a  
town in Cyprus, sacred to Aphrodite She is also called Cyprus  
and Cypria from Cyprus.

171 Fresh as the foam 'Aphrodite' means 'foam-born' (Gk  
αφροδς, foam) She is said to have risen out of the waves of the  
sea See the description of Aphrodite in *The Princess*, vii  
148-154 —

"When she came  
From barren deeps to conquer all with love"

Paphian wells Paphos, a town in Cyprus, where Aphrodite  
is said to have first landed after her birth from the waves  
Hence she is sometimes styled *Paphia*

172-8 Observe the warmth and colour of this description  
in the epithets—*rosy fingers, warm brows, golden hair, lucid*  
*throat, rosy white feet, glowing sunlights rosy hair* Cf  
*Mariana in the South*, 13 16 —

"She, as her carol sadder grew,  
From brow and bosom slowly down  
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew  
Her streaming curls of deepest brown"

174 Ambrosial An epithet often used by Homer of the hair  
of the gods, it means 'of heavenly beauty,' cf Verg *Æneid*, i  
403, *Ambrosiaque comae divinum vertice odorem spirare*, 'and  
the ambrosial locks on her head breathed a heavenly fragrance'  
golden, gleaming like gold. Homer frequently styles Aphrodite  
"the golden"

178 Floated sunlights, bright spots of sunshine coming  
between the vine branches lightly passed over her figure Cf  
*The Princess*, vi. 65 '6 —

"And over them the tremulous isles of light  
Shded, they moving under shade"

180 subtle triumph The sly, meaning smile showed how  
confident she was of victory, she knew well the kind of gift  
that would most tempt Paris

184 laugh'd Aphrodite is often styled φιλομειδης, 'laughter-  
loving,' by Homer shut my sight Cf *Maud*, Part I XVIII.  
viii —

"And now by this my love has closed her sight"

185 raised his arm, in order to give the apple to Aphrodite

189 I am alone, i.e. 'I have been and still am alone.'

192 am I not fair? Cf Theocritus, *Id* τ 19 —

ποιμένες εἶπατέ μοι τὸ ἀλήγουν οὐ καλὸς ἐμμή,

"O shepherds, tell the truth! Am I not fair?"

193 My love, he whom I love, Paris cf Lat *noster amor*

195 wanton star, a wild leopard, full of frolic and with bright soft eyes like the light of the evening star

197 Crouch'd fawning Belief in the influence of beauty, or, more often, of elastity, in taming wild beasts, is often expressed by poets, ancient and modern Thus in the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite, the goddess is fawned upon by "wolves grisly grey and leopards swift", cf also Una and her lion in Spenser's *Faery Queen*

202 whirling Simois the river was full of eddies produced by the curving banks. *Whirling* is a Homeric epithet of a river, as in *Iliad*, τ 479, *Ξάνθῳ ἐπὶ δινέοντι*, 'on whirling Xanthus'

204 my tallest pines CEnone calls the pines her own because she knew and loved them so well, Oreads, like Dryads, tended trees The pines were cut down to make ships for Paris's expedition to Sparta Ida supplied wood to Troy for many purposes, funeral pyres, etc, see Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii 117

205 plumed, formed a crest upon, as feathers upon a helmet, cf *Geraint and Enid*, 316 —

"A shattered archway plumed with fern"

206 blue gorge, the narrow ravine full of purple shadow Cf *A Dream of Fair Women*, 186, "the deep blue gloom"

208 Foster'd, held the nests of the unfledged eaglet. For *callow*, cf Lat *calvus*, Skt *khalati*

210 The panther's roar Ida is called by Homer (e g *Iliad*, xiv 283), *μητέρα θηρῶν*, 'mother of wild beasts'

215 trembling stars The twinkling of the stars is compared with the vibration produced in a body by any loud sound Cf *On a Mourner*, vi 3, "Thro' silence, and the trembling stars," and *Morte d'Arthur*, 199, 'tingling stars'

220 The Abominable, Eris, the goddess of strife See Introduction

223 bred, originated.

229 E'en on this hand, sworn by this hand of mine, or sworn, taking my hand in his own.

230 Seal'd it etc. Has he not ratified the oath by kisses and tears?

237 pass before throw thy shadow upon

242 fiery thoughts, thoughts of revenge

244 catch the issue, apprehend the result.

250 never child be born. She shudders at the notion of having a child by Paris. Some accounts say that her child was born and named Corythus.

251 to vex me, to remind me, by his resemblance to his father, of his father's treachery.

254 their shrill happy laughter, the loud joyous laughter of Paris and Helen.

256 ancient love, former lover, Paris.

259 Cassandra, daughter of Priam. She was gifted by Apollo with the power of prophesying the truth, with the drawback that her predictions should never be believed. When she predicted to the Trojans the siege and destruction of their city, they shut her up in prison as a mad woman. On the fall of Troy she became the slave of Agamemnon, and was murdered along with her master by his wife Clytemnestra.

260 A fire dances, in allusion to the future fate of Troy. Cf. Cassandra's speech in Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1256 *παπαί, οὐρ τὸ πῦρ ἐπέρχεται δέ μοι*, 'Ah me, the fire, how it comes upon me now.'

264 All earth fire. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iv 2 —

"The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,  
The earth of flaming sulphur."

## THE PALACE OF ART

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in the winter of 1832. It has undergone very considerable alterations of the eighty-three stanzas of which it originally consisted, some thirty-one have been omitted, and in those that remain much has been changed, while twenty-two entirely new stanzas have been added.

The poet has prefixed to the poem the following explanation of its purpose —

"I send you here a sort of allegory,  
(For you will understand it) of a soul,  
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,  
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,  
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,  
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind)  
And Knowledge for its beauty, or if Good,  
Good only for its beauty, seeing not

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters  
 That doat upon each other, friends to man,  
 Living together under the same roof,  
 And never can be sundered without tears.  
 And he that shuts *Love out*, in turn shall be  
 Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie  
 Howling in outer darkness Not for this  
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth  
 Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears  
 Of angels to the perfect shape of man "

We have here, then, an allegorical picture of a being possessed of the highest mental powers and of every means to gratify intellectual craving, who deliberately resolves to spend life in the contemplation of objects of beauty and in the cultivation of æsthetic refinement. For this purpose he deems it necessary to build for his Soul an isolated abode where it may dwell apart from mankind in unapproachable seclusion, to surround it with artificial reproductions of whatever beauty Nature presents in flowing stream, or branching wood, in rainbow colours, or sweet odours, and rigorously to exclude from view every unpleasing sight and sound. The dwelling is adorned with representations of ideal landscapes, with pictured legends, and with the portraits of bards and philosophers. The struggles of the human race in its endeavour to assert the rights of manhood are recognised only so far as they serve to supply graceful pictorial devices, which are made to ornament the pavement under the feet as though unworthy of serious attention.

While the æsthetic and intellectual faculties are thus cultivated to perfect development, the other side of a man's nature, the emotions and affections of the heart, is neglected and starved. Absorbed in the triumphant consciousness of her own supremacy and the enjoyment of her own power, the Soul ignores her relation to God and her duties to the human race. The natural sympathies which bind man to man are allowed to rust with disuse, until they give place to a scornful disdain of ordinary human life, which is pictured as wallowing in gross animal enjoyments. These have no charm for the cultured Soul, and she prides herself on an isolation as complete as that of those gods who dwelt "careless of mankind" in the unapproachable heaven of heathen mythology.

But such immunity from the common yoke of mortality is not given to mortal. For man is "then most Godlike, being most a man." He who "shuts Love out" shall sooner or later awake to the consciousness that he has cut himself off from human sympathy, and, like Richard III. in Shakspeare, who "had neither pity, love, nor fear," shall cry in despair,

"There is no creature loves me,  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

Loathing and disgust shall take the place of selfish delight, and that isolation which seemed "godlike," graced with all signs of beauty and power, shall change into a stagnant solitude, peopled only with ghastly spectres and images of corruption

But though awakened to scorn of herself and horror of her slothful pride, the mind cannot easily renounce its belief in refinement as the highest virtue, and the natural emotions, so long disused, will not readily spring into active life. By slow degrees, however, the conscience is fully aroused, and the feeling that, while the whole universe around her is advancing from lower to higher conditions, she alone remains stationary, possesses the Soul, she sees that it is only by descending from her "intellectual throne," by abandoning the sole worship of beauty for its own sake, that she can hope to share in the life of mankind and in the high hopes that humanity is heir to. She leaves her proud palace, and steps in humility down to join the common life of her fellows

It was not, however, in culture and the love of beauty that the evil lay, they were not low and despicable faculties and tastes that the Soul had cultivated. There was nothing sensual or degrading in the joys of the palace. When the neglected side of her nature has been duly encouraged to grow, when the claims of duty to one's neighbour are recognised and the voices of the conscience and the heart are listened to, then the palace may be again inhabited by the Soul, she may return there not to shut herself up in proud isolation, but bringing others, her fellow men, with her. If the fruits of intellectual culture are shared "with others" and loving service is thus rendered to her fellow creatures—if, in Bacon's words, knowledge be no longer regarded as "a tower for a proud mind to raise itself upon," but as "a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate," then the Soul will no longer look on the Palace of Art as a loathsome prison house but as a happy home

The lesson of this poem has been taught by many teachers before Tennyson. St Paul taught it when he wrote, "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity (i.e. love) buildeth up," and again, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not charity, I am nothing." Bacon recognised the truth of this teaching when he thus explained St Paul's words—"Not but that it is an excellent thing to speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but because, if it be severed from charity, and not referred to the good of men and mankind, it hath rather a sounding and unworthy glory than a meriting and substantial virtue."

In Mrs E B Browning's *The Poet's Vow*, a poet "forswears



man's sympathies" to live in solitary communion with Nature —

"God's five day work he would accept,

But let the rest go by"

But he breaks his vow at sight of the corpse of his deserted bride, and dies upon her bier

## NOTES

3 carouse, feast, derived from Ger *garauus*, right out, used of emptying a bumper to anyone's health

5 huge crag-platform, level summit of a huge rock

6 ranged ramparts, lines of perpendicular rock, like the walls of a fort

8 Suddenly scaled the light, shot sheer up into the open sky from the grassy plain below

9 Of ledge etc., with its sides unbroken by ledge or shelf, and so affording no foothold for a climber

11 would live The past tense 'would' points to the thought as it existed in the mind of the speaker 'at the time of building I thought that it would.'

14 a quiet king, in calm supremacy

15 Still as, while Saturn whirls etc The shadow of Saturn thrown upon the bright ring that surrounds the planet appears motionless, though the body of the planet revolves Saturn rotates on its axis in the short period of 10½ hours, but the shadow of this swiftly whirling mass shows no more motion than is seen in the shadow of a top spinning so rapidly that it seems to be standing still or 'sleeping' This passage is often quoted as an example of Tennyson's accurate realisation of scientific facts See General Introduction, p xv

18 Trust me, rest assured

20 royal rich An instance of Tennyson's use of alliteration in his double words, see General Introduction, p xx in this poem we have also 'fountain foam,' 'fountain flood,' 'full fed,' 'shadow streaks,' 'maid mother,' 'world-worn.'

21 Four courts etc The palace was built in a perfectly symmetrical shape, indicating the equal culture of each separate department of Art With the whole of this description may be compared Bacon's plan of a "perfect palace" in his *Essay Of Building* Bacon's palace is to have "fair courts" and "stately galleries," with "fine coloured windows", it is to be "cloistered on all sides," and to have "an open gallery upon pillars, to take the prospect and freshness of the garden," with "some fountains running in divers places from the wall."

23 The golden gorge etc, i.e. fountains shaped like golden images of dragons spouted water from their throats

26 cloisters, arched passages—from *L. claustra*, from *clausum*, shut in literally ‘enclosures,’ hence ‘places of religious seclusion,’ hence ‘arched passages’ such as are often found in monasteries or cathedrals branch’d like mighty woods The lines of the arches overhead, springing from the pillars, resembled the branches of huge trees, springing from their trunks and uniting so as to form a roof See Ruskin on Naturalism in Gothic architecture, *The Stones of Venice*, II 6, 70, “Gradually the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest”

30 lent broad verge etc, presented a wide prospect reaching to far off lands *Verge* is several times used by Tennyson in the sense of ‘horizon’, cf *The Princess*, VII 23, “the slope of sea from verge to shore”, also *ib* IV 29, a sail that sinks “below the vergo,” and *The Gardener’s Daughter*, 79, “May from verge to verge” *Verge*, in this sense, is derived from *L. vurga*, ‘a rod or wand of office’ hence ‘the limits within which an office is exercised,’ hence ‘a limit, boundary, horizon’ It seems here to mean ‘circle bounded by the horizon,’ ‘range of view’

32 Dipt down to sea and sands, seemed to slope downwards till it joined the low line of sea and sand at the horizon.

33 swell, full stream.

35 In misty folds etc., throwing off wreaths of vaporous spray which wavered slowly down and glittered with the prismatic colours of the rainbow Cf the description of falling streams in *The Lotos Eaters*, 10, 11 —

“some like a downward smoke

Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go,”

and *The Princess*, VI 198 “wreaths of dangling water smoke”

36 torrent-bow Cf *The Vision of Sin*, II 19, “Flung the torrent rainbow round.” In *Enone*, 60, we find “foam-bow”

37 peak, pinnacle, slender turret The roof of the Cathedral of Milan is thus ornamented with statues on every pinnacle cf the description of it in *The Daisy*, 64, 65 —

“I stood among the silent statues

And statued pinnacles—”

38 To hang on tiptoe, to poise itself on tiptoe, as does the famous statue of Mercury by Giovanni da Bologna, at Florence

39 steam’d, ‘made to steam,’ and so equivalent to ‘steaming, rising like steam’ This use of the participle in *ed*, where modern English employs the participle in *-ing*, is very common

in Elizabethan English See Abbott, *Shaks Gram*, § 374, and Schmidt, *Shaks Lexicon*, p 1417

41 And who etc. The word 'and' implies that the thought expressed in the text is an addition to a series of thoughts in the mind, the Soul has been silently surveying the palace, and at last concludes with these words

42 unblinded, without being dazzled by the tremulous bow and the ever rising clouds of incense

46 while day sank etc, in the glow of the setting or the rising sun

49 deep set, sunk deep into the thickness of the wall stain'd, filled with stained or coloured glass, cf "Oriels' colour'd flame," l 161, below, and Milton, *Il Penseroso* 159, "storied windows, richly dight" traced, i.e. with its mullions (the slender pillars which hold the glass) branching out into arches and curves of ornamental stonework

50 slow flaming burning with a still and steady light. The light shining upon the coloured glass resembled the crimson glow of a steady flame

51 From shadow'd grots etc., coming from dim recesses, where the arches forming the framework of the windows intersected each other (as is often seen in Gothic windows)

52 tipt with frost like spires The window arches were overcanopied by carved mouldings that tapered up to fine points, like the ice pinnacles seen on snow clad mountains Cf. *In Memoriam*, cxxvii 16

"The spires of ice are toppled down,"

and *The Princess*, vii. 182, "a star upon the sparkling spire"

54 That over vaulted grateful gloom, whose arched roofs created a pleasant twilight below 'over vaulted' is a transitive verb Cf. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 126, "the hollow-vaulted dark"

58 each a perfect etc., each containing a complete representation of some piece of natural scenery

59 fit for, suited to, in harmony with

60 still, sitting in passive contemplation cf ll 13 16, above

61 arras, tapestry covering the walls, from Arras, a town in the north of France, where it was first made, cf *calico* (from Calicut), *muslin* (from Mosul), and *sardonyx*, l 95 green and blue, colours of earth and sky at their brightest.

62 gaudy, depicted in brilliant colouring With the glad activity, buoyant life, and bright colouring of this picture, contrast the dark desolation and gloomy mystery of the succeeding one

64 wreathed, curved. Pronounce *wreathéd*. bugle horn, literally 'wild ox horn,' from O F *bugle*, a wild ox, Lat *buculus*, dim of *bos*

68. low large moon. The moon when just rising above the horizon seems of great size

69 iron, iron bound, edged with rocks as with a wall of iron

71 rock-thwarted, since they were broken by the rocky barrier

72 windy wall, the wind swept wall of rock cf *Ulysses*, 17, "windy Troy" The noisy struggle and convulsive effort typified in this stormy scene may be contrasted with the stillness and peace of the next picture

75 ragged rims etc., a thunder cloud with jagged edges, louring on the horizon Upon this scene and the preceding one Bayne (*Lessons from My Masters*) remarks "Any artist who is master of his business could put these pictures upon canvas, but I feel sure that Turner, austere critic as he was, would have confessed that he could not paint them more truthfully than Tennyson has painted them in words Even Turner's pictures must have been dumb, but we hear the waves roaring rock thwarted under the bellowing caves"

76 shadow streaks of rain, stripes of shadow caused by falling showers

79 realms of upland, wide stretches of rising ground prodigal in oil, bearing rich plantations of olive trees

80 hoary to the wind, changing from a green to a gray tint as the wind turned up the ash coloured under-side of the olive leaves Cf *In Memoriam*, lxxii 3, "blasts that blow the poplar white", also *The Lady of Shalott*, 10, "Willows whiten"

From a contemplation of this scene of man's labour rewarded by the kindly fruits of the earth, the mind passes on to a cold and barren scene, hostile to man's exertion

81 slags, volcanic cinders, lava, from the same root as *slack*, originally meaning 'fluid', hence 'the dross and cinders that flow from metal in smelting', hence 'lava flowing from a volcano'

83 scornful crags The rough, steep rock, barren and inaccessible, seemed haughtily to deride the feeble powers of man.

84 snow and fire, snow-clad peaks and flaming volcanoes.

85 And one etc. The series of ideal scenes of joyous life and of gloomy solitude, of the war of the elements and of nature at rest, of earth rewarding man's toil and again defying his efforts, concludes with a picture of ordered, quiet life, undisturbed by toil, bathed in the soft hues of evening

87. Softer than sleep Cf Shelley, *Arethusa*, 15, "murmurs as soft as sleep", also Theocritus, *Idyl* xv 125, μαλακώτερα ὕπνῳ, and Vergil, *Eclog* vii 45, 'somno mollior herba'

88 A haunt of ancient Peace, where Peace has dwelt undisturbed for ages. 90 fit for etc. See l 59, above

92 Not less than truth design'd, pictured with exact fidelity to nature of l 128, below Cf Shelley, *The Recollection*, ll 77, 78, "every leaf and lineament With more than truth express"

93 The moods suggested by local scenery are followed by those arising from contemplation of historic or legendary actions and incidents, such as frequently form the subjects of pictures maid mother, the Virgin Mary

94 In tracts etc, in the midst of a sunny pastoral landscape, such as was often painted as a background in pictures of the Holy Family by the old Italian masters

95 Beneath branch-work etc, under an arched shrine or canopy of sardonyx stone Several pictures of the "Madonna and Child" by Raphael represent them as enthroned under a carved canopy The sardonyx gets its name from *Sardis*, in Asia Minor, where it is said to have been first found (cf l 61), and Gk *δρυξ*, a nail, its colour resembling that of the finger-nail

96 babe in arm. A phrase like "sword in hand." Cf *The Princess*, vi. 15 —

"But high upon the palace Ida stood  
With Psyche's babe in arm"

97 clear wall'd, with walls rising in distinct outline in contrast to the wide sweep of landscape forming the background of the last picture See Rossetti's illustration of this scene in the 1864 edition of Tennyson's poems

98 organ pipes St Cecilia, or Cecily, was said to have invented the organ her musical skill was so exquisite, the legends tell us, that an angel fell in love with her and nightly brought her white roses from Paradise she suffered martyrdom in A D 220 See Dryden, *A Song for St Cecilia's Day*, 52 54 —

"When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking earth for heaven."

There are famous pictures of St Cecilia by Raphael and by Van Eyck

99 Wound, entwined

102 Hours, the virgins of Paradise who, according to the teaching of the Koran, are to tend the faithful Mussulman in Paradise bow'd bent towards earth

103 Islamite, from Arabic *islam*, obedience to God's will. with hands etc., with their hands outstretched to receive him and looks of welcome in their eyes.

105 mythic Uther's deeply wounded son. Arthur, founder of

the Round Table, was said to be the son of Uther Pendragon, a legendary king or chief of the Britons. In his Idyll of *The Passing of Arthur* Tennyson describes how Arthur after having been "smitten through the helm" by the traitor Modred in his last great battle, is carried away by three queens, who lament over him, to "the island valley of Avilion," to be healed of his wound. Avalon, Avilion, or Avilion is supposed to have been the name of a valley in an island of the river near Glastonbury in Somersetshire. But many of the early romances make it an ocean island, and in medieval legends it becomes a sort of earthly Paradise whither the favourites of the Gods were conveyed without dying, corresponding to the "Islands of the Blest," the "Fortunate Islands" of the Greek and Roman mythology. 'Avalon' is said to mean literally 'Isle of Apples,' from Breton *aval*, an apple.

106 sloping greens, undulating meadowland. The indefiniteness of 'fair space' is like that of 'a great water' in *Morte d'Arthur*, 12.

110 To list, to listen for the sound of

111 The wood nymph. Egeria, a wood nymph of the forest of Aricia was supposed to have instructed Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, in all the arts of government. Cf *The Princess*, n. 65. "She that taught the Sabine how to rule" Numa was a Sabine of the city of Cures. the Ausonian king. 'Ausoma' was an ancient name of Campania, from Auson, son of Ulysses, and the name was afterwards used (especially by Vergil, who was an antiquarian) of the whole of Italy during its mythical period. The original reading in this passage was "the Tuscan king" to hear etc., to listen to lessons in statecraft.

113 engrail'd, indented, serrated, an heraldic term

115 Indian Cama, Camadev, or Camadeo, the Cupid or God of Love of Hindu Mythology. He is represented as riding across the sky on the back of a lory or parrot accompanied by the cuckoo, the humming bee, and other signs of springtide. Cf Southey, *The Curse of Kehama*, v. 19 —

"'Twas Camadeo riding on his lory "

sail'd a summer etc., floated across the summer sky wafted by spicy breezes.

117 Europa, the beautiful maiden who, according to classic story, while gathering flowers was carried off across the sea by Jupiter, under the form of a bull of gentle demeanour. blew. The reading of some earlier editions, was, by a misprint, 'blue'. This description is parallel to the description of Moschus, *Idyl* n. 125 etc. —

"But she upon the ox-like back of Zeus  
Sitting, with one hand held the bull's great horn,

And with the other her garment's purple fold  
 Drew upward that the infinite hoary spray  
 Of the salt ocean might not drench it through ,  
 The while Europa's mantle by the winds  
 Was filled and swollen like a vessel's sail  
 Buoying the maiden onward " (Steadman )

121 *flush'd Ganymede* Greek myths relate that Ganymede, a beautiful boy, was carried off by the eagle of Zeus that he might become cup bearer and favourite of the king of the Gods. *flush'd, blushing* There is a picture by Titian of the Rape of Ganymede in the National Gallery, London

124 *the pillar'd town* Probably Troy is intended where the pillars of the temples would be conspicuous features Ganymede, according to some accounts, was carried off from Mt Ida see Horace, *Odes*, iii 20, 15, *aquosa Raptus ab Ida*, 'snatched up from watery Ida.'

126 *supreme Caucasian mind.* *Caucasian* was an epithet formerly used in ethnology to designate the races now known as Indo European, supposed to be the highest type of humanity The cradle of this race was believed to be in or near Mt Caucasus

127 *Carved out of Nature for itself*, invented as an allegorical expression of some great truth existing in Nature Myths generally originated from natural phenomena

128 *Not less than life, design'd*, pictured so as exactly to represent the living object Cf L 92, above.

130 *Moved of themselves*, being set in motion by their own power, automatically

131 *Choice paintings of wise men.* With Tennyson's pictures may be compared the gallery of portraits painted by Mrs E. B. Browning in *A Vision of Poets*

133 *Milton like a seraph strong* The original reading was 'The deep haired Milton like an angel tall.' The change is a happy example of the improvements Tennyson has introduced in the final version of his poem the former reading gave little idea of the qualities of Milton's genius, the latter suggests "a power of sustained flight, of far reaching vision, of lofty eloquence" The seraphim, according to the ancient Hebrew doctrine, were an order of angels who hovered round the throne of God on mighty wings, chanting His praises and bearing His messages to earth, their chief attributes were power and wisdom The cherubim were silent, mysterious spirits, and are generally pictured as not of human shape—winged heads without bodies Cf Gray's well known lines on Milton (*Progress of Poesy*, iii 2 1) —

"Nor second He, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph wings of Extasy "

134 Shakespeare bland and mild. These two epithets well denote the kindly and tolerant character of Shakspeare's genius, his broad sympathy with human nature, his freedom from cynical bitterness Cf "Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye"—*Sonnet to Macready*, 13

135 world worn Dante The sad life led by the great Florentine poet in his long exile left its impress on his features portraits of him represent his face as marked with deep lines of care and thought grasp'd his song In the portrait of Dante by Giotto, at Florence, the poet holds a book under his arm

137 the Ionian father So Dryden calls Shakspeare "the Homer or father of our dramatic poets" Homer was probably an Asiatic Greek He is thought to have been born in some Ionian city, probably either Sinyrna or Chios In busts and other likenesses of Homer he is generally represented as a very old man with a long beard and a wrinkled face Pope (*The Temple of Fame*, 184, 185) thus pictures him —

"Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,  
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast "

141 stately set, majestically poised

142 Many an arch high up did lift, was raised on high by lofty arches

143 And angels etc 'Jacob's ladder' was pictured on the ceiling Cf Bible, *Gen xxviii* 12, "And he (Jacob) dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it "

144 With interchange of gift, i. e. carrying offerings of prayer and praise from man to God and bringing blessings down from heaven to earth

145 mosaic. Mosaic work is composed of small pieces of coloured marble, glass etc, set so as to form a regular pattern or picture, and cemented together, from Gk *μουσεῖος*, 'belonging to the Muses,' hence 'artistic, ornamental'

146 cycles of the human tale, representations of those sets or series of historical events that occur in the case of every nation as it develops.

148 So wrought, they will not fail. Understand *that*, "so wrought that they will not fail" Mosaic work is of a very permanent character fail, decay, wear away

149-160 The successive stages in the history of the French people from the middle of the eighteenth century might be well represented by this series of pictures The grinding tyranny of taxation and the feudal exactions of the nobles under which the people patiently suffered during the *ancien régime*, were followed



by the tigerlike ferocity of the Reign of Terror which began after the overthrow of the monarchy and the execution of Louis XVI. Next came the vigorous energy of the young Republic with its grand schemes for 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', and last, the failure and abandonment of these schemes and the ready adoption of various political constitutions—empire, monarchy, republic—as cures for social and political anarchy

151 a tiger Cf *Lochlsey Hall*, 135 —

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher"

153 strong to break etc, strong enough to crush or to fetter in firm bonds the violence of despots

155 like some sick man. So the Turkish Empire was called "the Sick Man of Europe" by the Czar Nicholas in 1853

157 over these she trod The struggles of mankind in its progress towards freedom were disregarded as beneath notice, except as material for ornamental art.

159 Oriels, literally, windows in recesses from Low Lat *orio'um*, for *aureolum*, 'ornamented with gold,' recesses in large rooms often being profusely gilded. colour'd flame etc The two faces were painted on the coloured glass forming the upper most 'lights' of the two windows

163 Plato Verulam. Cf. *The Princess*, II 144 147 —

"The highest is the measure of the man,  
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,  
Nor those horn handed breakers of the globe,  
But Homer, Plato, Verulam."

Francis Bacon was created Baron Verulam in 1618 and Viscount St Albans in 1620 large brow'd. The epithet is said to have been suggested by the bust of Bacon by Nolckens in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge

164. The first of those who know, the two greatest of philosophers. The line is an adaptation of Dante's description of Aristotle, "Il maestro di color che sanno," the master of those who know Cf Church's *Life of Bacon*, Chap VIII — "Two men stand out 'the masters of those who know,' without equals up to their time among men—the Greek Aristotle and the Englishman Bacon They agree in the universality and comprehensiveness of their conception of human knowledge they were absolutely alone in their ambition to work out this conception."

165 And all etc, all those great thinkers who by their speculations and discoveries opened up new sources of knowledge and changed the course of human progress

167 slender shafts, the thin stone columns forming the framework of the Gothic windows. blazon'd, portrayed originally in heraldic term, meaning 'to paint with armorial bearings,'

from F *blazon*, a shield or coat of arms Cf *The Daisy*, 58, "Tho giant windows' blazon'd fires", and *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii 8, "The prophets blazon'd on the panes"

169 Thro' which Flush'd Cf Keats, *St Agnes' Eve*, 217 221 —

"Full on this casement shone the winter moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon,  
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest  
And on her hair a glory like a saint"

171 as morn from Memnon. The colossal statue near Thebes in Egypt when first struck by the rays of the rising sun was said to emit a sound like the twanging of a chord The statue was really one of Amenophis, an Egyptian king, but the Greeks called it Memnon, a legendary hero of the Trojan war, son of Eos, goddess of the Dawn Allusions to the music of Memnon are frequent in the poets cf Akenside, *Pleasures of the Imagination* —

"Old Memnon's image, long renowned  
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch  
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air  
Unbidden strains"

172 Rivers of melodies Cf *Ænone*, 64, "full flowing river of speech," and note

174 her low preamble, the soft prelude to her song It is really the male bird that sings, but the poet here and in *The Princess*, i 218 (with Milton, *Par Lost*, iv 603, etc) follows the old myth which tells that one of the daughters of Pandion (either Procne or Philomela) was changed into a nightingale But cf *The Gardener's Daughter*, 93, 94 —

"The nightingale  
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day"

176 Throb thro' the ribbed stone, pulsate or echo along the vaulted roof, whose arches and mouldings were curved like ribs

177 feastful, festive—a Miltonic word see his *Sonn* iv 12, "feastful friends," and *Sam Agon* 1741, "feastful days", it is also found in Spenser

179 Lord over Nature etc The Soul is represented as having full mastery over all Science and all the secrets of the Universe and complete possession of the avenues by which knowledge reaches the perception

183 'Tis one to me, it is all the same to me, I am indifferent to it young night divine Tho epithet 'divino' is frequently applied to night by Homer (νιξ, ἀμβροσίη νύξ, κίεφας ιερόν), in consideration, perhaps, of its reviving influence young, fresh

184 Crown'd etc. Cf *Maud*, xlv iv, "Yon fair stars that crown a happy day"

185 Making sweet close etc, bringing to a pleasant conclusion the delightful occupations of the day

186 Lit light etc Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, l. 726 —

"from the arched roof

Pendent by subtle magic many a row

Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed

With naphtha and asphaltus yielded light

As from a sky "

in wreaths and anadems, in lamps arranged in clusters and festoons *anadem* is from Gk. *ανάδημα*, a head band, from *αναδέω*, to bind around.

187 quintessences, purest extracts The 'fifth essence,' *quinta essentia*, was added by Aristotle to the four material elements, earth, air, fire, water, Milton, *Par Lost*, iii. 716, calls it "this ethereal quintessence of heaven" cf *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 122, 123 —

"The fourscore windows all alight

As with the quintessence of flame "

188 hollow'd moons of gems, transparent gems, hollowed out so as to contain the oil, and shaped like the moon

189 To mimic heaven. The palace is completed by an artificial imitation of the star lit sky, so that it may be within itself a treasure house of all forms of beauty to be found in the Universe

190 'I marvel etc. I wonder whether my passive enjoyment of beauty is capable of further addition or extension

192 flattered to the height, encouraged to expand itself to the utmost degree.

193 my various eyes, my different moods of contemplation.

196 My Gods etc The only gods recognised are of the human species, and the Soul regards itself as their compeer the worship of such gods is but reflected self worship

197 God like isolation. Cf Aristotle's saying (quoted by Bacon, *Essays, Of Friendship*), "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a God" The Epicurean notion of the Gods as living aloof from mankind in heedless isolation is given in *The Lotus Eaters*, 155 164

199 What time I watch etc From the proud height on which she has placed herself the Soul looks down with scorn and loathing on the world around darkening, which seem like a stain or blur on the landscape

201 In filthy sloughs etc The ordinary life and natural joys

of mankind are regarded as mere animal grossness, not superior to that of swine wallowing in the mire. *Slough* is from a root *slug*, seen in the Ger *schlucken*, to swallow, and means 'a hollow place full of mire,' such as would swallow up anything thrown into it. The other *slough*, meaning 'the cast off skin of a snake,' may be traced to the same root *prurient*, literally 'itching.'

203 And oft etc., and often in frenzied folly they seek their own ruin. Cf Bible, *Mark*, v 13, "And the unclean spirit went out and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand) and were choked in the sea."

205 Then of etc. The Soul fondly talks of the higher instincts and of the desire for a life beyond the grave (which are the common property of all mankind) as if they were a peculiar possession of her own, which had come to her by the same natural process of evolution that had raised her to the supreme height of refinement above the common herd. prate, talk with foolish self-conceit

209 I take possession etc., I claim as my own the results of all human progress.

210 I care not etc. The climax of the Soul's self glorification is reached when she declares herself emancipated from the need of any form of religious belief, and recognising only her innate ideas of right, looks down from a serene height of contemplation upon the different creeds of mankind, regarding them as only jarring dogmatisms. Cf *In Memoriam*, xxxiii. 1-4 —

"O thou, that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form"

213 the riddle of the painful earth, the unexplained problem of life on this sorrowful earth. Tennyson again uses the phrase "the riddle of the earth" in *The Two Voices*, 170. Cf Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, II 4 — "The universe was as a mighty sphinx-riddle." The "still sad music of humanity" suddenly rises to the ears of the Soul, and fitfully reminds her of her toiling and suffering fellow-men.

219 Like Herod etc. Cf Bible, *Acts*, xii 21-23 — "And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."

220 pangs of hell, stinging remorse and despair.

223 The abysmal deeps of Personality, the hidden secrets of each man's nature, his qualities and faculties which are buried far below the surface. Cf Arthur Hallam's Essay, *Theodicea Nocturna* "I believe that redemption is universal in so far as is left no obstacle between man and God but man's own will, that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality" The sympathies and emotions of the heart still exist in the innermost depths of the Soul, although they have been put out of sight and use

225 When she would think etc, when she wished to resume her pensive contemplation, the mysterious power intervened, and threw her mental faculties into confusion The allusion is to the vision at Belshazzar's feast (Bible, *Daniel*, v) of the fingers of a man's hands that "wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace And this is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin This is the interpretation of the thing Mene, God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it Tekel Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting Peres, Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians"

229 Deep dread etc The Soul is suddenly stricken with the knowledge that she is *alone*, and that her life, passed in unsympathetic isolation from the struggles and toils of humanity, is but a hateful solitude, a living death But she cannot easily give up her belief in the selfish worship of Beauty she first scorns her own weakness, then recovering her self conceit, she retracts her scorn of herself with a cynical sneer at her change of mood. Cf Wordsworth, *Peele Castle*, st 14.

235 Whereof the strong etc., whose foundations have always, since I first began to remember, seemed immovable

237 241 The shows of Beauty with which the Soul has hitherto satisfied her gaze give place to ghastly images of decay and corruption and spectres of horror

241 And hollow shades etc Cf Beckford's description of the lost souls wandering in the Hall of Eblis, in the last chapter of *Fatnel* "Soliman raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was as transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames"

242 fretted, eaten by worms The O E *fretan* is a contraction of *foretan*, from *for*, intensive prefix, and *etan*, to eat

243 three months old, that had been dead for three months

247 'Mid onward sloping motions etc The Soul becomes aware that in her isolation she has cut herself off from participation in the universal life and progress of mankind The sud-

den perception of the never ending advance of the human race from lower to higher conditions, its approach to the

“ono far off divine event

To which the whole creation moves,”

startles the Soul into a knowledge that she alone is left in stagnation without change or progress onward sloping, gradually advancing

249 A still salt pool etc Understand “she seemed”

252 moon led waters white Cf *Maud*, i xiv 17, “as white As ocean foam in the moon,” moon led = tidal

253 choral starry dance Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, v 177, 178 —

“And ye five other wandering fires that move

In mystic dance not without song”

The regular motions of the planets are often represented under the metaphors of rhythmical song and dance. The Pythagoreans were the first to call these symmetrical movements a ‘dance’ They also believed that the revolutions of the heavenly bodies produced loud harmonious sounds—tho “music of the spheres”

255 Circumstance, the surrounding sphere of the Heavens The Ptolemaic Astronomy represents the universe as “an enormous azure round of space scooped or carved out of Chaos, and communicating aloft with the Empyrean, but consisting within itself of ten Orbs or hollow Spheres in succession, wheeling one within the other, down to the stationary nest of our small Earth at the centre, with the elements of water, air and fire that are immediately around it” (Masson, *Introd to Milton's Poetical Works*)

256 Roll'd round by one fix'd law For illustrations of Ten nyson's recognition of the movement of Law throughout the universe, see General Introduction, pp viii, ix

257 Back on herself etc, her pride in her isolation was turned into stinging remorse Cf *The Last Tournament*, 450 —

“the scorpion worm that twists in hell

And stings itself to everlasting death”

It was a belief of the old naturalists that a scorpion if enclosed within a ring of flame from which it could not escape would turn its sting upon itself it thus became an emblem of the stings of conscience

261 She, mouldering etc Cf *In Memoriam*, xl 19, 20 —

“And dead calm in that noble breast

Which heaves but with the heaving deep”

And *The Lotos Eaters*, 95 “climbing up the climbing wave” Also *St Agnes' Eve*, 7 “creeping with the creeping hours,” and *In the Valley of Caunteretz*, 2 “Deepening thy voice with deepening of the night.”

262 tenfold, utterly Cf *Sin Galahad*, 3, and note

263 exiled, the last syllable is accented, *exiléd*

264. Lost to her place and name, leaving her proper sphere empty and her life's duties unfulfilled Cf. *Merlin and Vivien*, *ad fin*, "lost to life and use and name and fame"

266 for her despair, because of the despair she felt

267 dreadful time, dreadful eternity, a life of misery in this world and the next

273 girt round etc, surrounded by impenetrable darkness Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 488, "compass'd round by the blind wall of night."

275 Far off etc After a period of agonizing doubt and despair, the Soul's sympathies slowly awake and she becomes vaguely conscious of the human world outside her isolated palace dully Tennyson has "stilly sound" (*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 103), and "shrilly whinnys" (*Demeter and Persephone*, 44) see note thereon

282 one deep cry, the united roar

283 'I have found etc The Soul at first is filled with despair at her inability to enter into the new sphere of action which she has discovered in the world she does not see how she is to exercise the kindly emotions so long left in disuse, and thus become "one with her kind"

285 'I am on fire within. A burning sense of remorse consumes the heart, for which the Soul despairs of a remedy

286 no murmur, not even the faintest sound

289 So when etc After a year of despair the Soul sees that it is only by abandoning her proud elevation above her fellows that she can preserve herself from ruin She descends from her "intellectual throne," abandons her "high palace," and endeavours in humility and in the duties of common life to learn the lesson of love

293 Yet pull not down etc. But refinement need not be exclusive, and the culture of the intellect does not necessarily imply a deadening of the natural sympathies If the beauties of the palace are not reserved for selfish contemplation, but are shared "with others," the Soul may well inhabit it once more, and lead therein a perfect life.

294 lightly, gracefully

## A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

## INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1832, but it has since undergone considerable alteration at its author's hands. Its diction, as we have it, is highly wrought and polished, and its style is elaborately brilliant. It is, like the *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, remarkable for its pictorial art—its splendour of description. Tennyson's "avoidance of the commonplace" is illustrated in this, perhaps, more than in any other of his poems. Thus he writes "argent" (l. 158) rather than "silver," "orbs" (l. 171) rather than "eyes," while in the note to line 113 will be found a crowning example of the same tendency. In *Poems by Two Brothers* occurs one entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is probably by Tennyson, and which seems to show that the subject of "the Egyptian" was one that had impressed his imagination even in his boyish days. She and Jephthah's daughter form the chief heroines of the *Dream*. The clear cut outlines of the two figures, placed side by side, are thrown out with an almost startling distinctness by the striking contrast between them with their surroundings, as depicted in the poem—the one "a queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes," and the other, "a maiden pure." The portrait of Cleopatra, however, is more elaborately drawn than that of the other, and is the most highly finished of the whole gallery.

## NOTES.

1 eyelids shade Cf *The Talking Oak*, 209 'Her eyelids dropt their silken eaves'

2 'The Legend Women,' a poem by Chaucer, in a prologue and nine legends, celebrating Cleopatra, Thisbe, Dido, Hypsipyle and Medea, Lucrece, Ariadne, Philomela, Phillis, and Hypernestra. Cleopatra is thus the only one of Chaucer's women portrayed by Tennyson. The "goodness" of these "famous brides of ancient song" consisted mainly in their faithfulness to husbands who were faithless to them.

3 the morning star of song Cf *In Memoriam*, lxxvi. 9, 10, "the matin songs that woke The darkness of our planet." Chaucer (A.D. 1328-1400) is called the morning star of poetry because he is the first of the great English poets, and heralded, as it were, the approach of the brilliant Elizabethan age of poetry. See Denham, *Elegy on Cowley*, ll. 1, 2 —

"Old Chaucer, like the morning star,  
To us discovers day from far"



3 who made below, who made his "music of the spheres" audible on earth, who delighted mankind with his sublime, "heaven descended" strains

5 Dan Chaucer *Dan* is the Spanish *don*, from Lat *dominus*, lord, master, sir, a title of honour originally applied to monks and afterwards used familiarly or sportively, as here Shakspere (*L L L* iii. 182) has "Dan Cupid," and Spenser (*Faery Queen*, iv 2 32) writes of Geoffrey Chaucer, whom he regarded as his poetic master —

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,"

and again (*Ib* vii 7 9) —

"Old Dan Geoffry, in whose gentle spright  
The pure well head of poetry did dwell"

warbler To *warble* is to sing as a bird, to carol Hence it is applied to natural and spontaneous, as opposed to artistic and elaborate, poetry So Milton, *L'Allegro*, 133, 134 —

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood notes wild."

whose sweet still, whose poetry formed an introduction to those outpourings of verse (alluding to Spenser, Sidney, Shakspere, etc.) of which the glorious age of Queen Elizabeth is full, and which we still read and admire The "times" are "spacious" not on account of their length, but because they give room to so many great persons (poets, statesmen etc.) and mighty events.

9 13 the knowledge tears My appreciation of the poet's skill kept me from entering into and distinctly apprehending the subject-matter of his poem, though at the same time those strange stories affected me with the deepest pity Charged, filled.

14 wherever light illumineth, wherever records of the past have come to light

15 Beauty and anguish. I saw that everywhere it was the fate of beautiful women to undergo wrong and suffering, Beauty was always accompanied by anguish and led to death Of Byron, *Child Harold*, iv 42 —

"The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past ———"

(a passage which is a free translation of Filicaja's Sonnet to Italy)

17 brides of ancient song, Chaucer's heroines see note to 1 2

18 peopled stars The dark void of my slumber was filled with the images of these women, conspicuous for their beauty and their wrongs.

19 insult wars The insults etc were inflicted on these women, and the wars were on their account.

21 clattering hoofs Notice how the sound echoes the sense in this line See notes to *Morte d'Arthur*, 50, 69, 138

22 crowds, i.e. crowds of women who had taken refuge in the temples

27 the tortoise See *Demeter*, 96, note The "tortoise" (Lat. *testudo*) was a sort of shed with a strong roof overlaid with raw hides which was placed upon rollers, and under shelter of which besiegers could approach the walls of a fortress they wished to batter or undermine Originally it consisted of shields held locked together by a body of men over their heads and so presented the appearance of the shell of a tortoise The besieged tried to crush the "tortoise" by hurling heavy masses of stone or masonry upon it See Caesar, *Bell. Gall.* i. 43, Vergil, *Æneid*, ii. 440-449 Cf. Fairfax's *Tasso*, xi. 33 —

"And o'er their heads an iron penthouse vast  
They built by joining many a shield and targe"

29, 30 burst fire The blasts of hot air that precede the advancing flames come rushing through the temple doors (see 1-22) as they give way before the conflagration

33 Squadrons and squares *Squadron* is formed, with the suffix *-one*, from It. *squadra* which again is the same word as the Eng. *square*, and both are from Lat. (*ex*) *quadrare*, which is from *quadrus* (for *quaterus*), four cornered, formed from *quatuor*, four brazen plates, armour composed of plates of that metal

34 Scaffolds. The poet had probably in his mind's eye the fate of such women as Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey—till sheets of water, such as those into which the women of Turkish harems, suspected of faithlessness, were thrown divers woes, various calamities *Divers* is the old Fr. *divers*, of which the fem. is *divers*, (Lat. *diversus*, various)

37 So shape etc. "When a man is wide awake he thinks and imagines connectedly, when he is deep asleep his dreams have again a dreamlike coherence and consistency in the interval between perfect wakefulness and perfect sleep image follows image without definable bond of connexion" (Bayne)

38 Bluster way The tide is running landwards and the wind is blowing in the same direction, so that the waves break the more violently

39, 40 crisp spray The foam flakes are torn by the wind from the edge of the surf and go flying along the beach *Crisp* means 'wrinkled' (Lat. *crispus*, *curled*) rather than 'brittle.'

41 I started start Cf. *Ænone*, 18 *Enoch Arden*, 596 "He watch'd or seem'd to watch", and Vergil, *Æneid*, vi. 454, *Aut videt aut vidisse putat*, 'He sees or thinks he sees', and Milton's (*Par. Lost*, l. 713) "sees, or dreams he sees"

43, 44 As when cheek. As when the impulse to do a noble deed suddenly courses through the brain and sends the blood surging into the cheeks, so I started in my sleep with a sense of pain at what I saw, being determined to perform some heroic action on behalf of these suffering women, and tried to vent my indignation in words.

46 saddle-bow, the arched front of the ancient saddle

47 leaguer'd, i.e. beleaguered, besieged. Germ *lager*, a camp

49 All those sleep Hitherto the writer has been but dozing and the imagery of his dream has been clearly defined, with sharp cut "edges", but now sleep is gaining the mastery, and his thoughts gradually lose their definite shape and become indistinct. The metaphor is from a torrent which rolls the stones that it carries with it against one another and so makes them round and smooth, till at last, with no distinction of shape, they all rest together in the bed of the lake or the river into which the torrent falls. A similar metaphor occurs in *In Memoriam*, lxxxix 39, 40 —

"For ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down"

54 an old wood. The wood represents the Past, into which, in his dream, he wandered back fresh wash'd. blue Clear and bright in the dewy morning air, the fresh pure light of the morning star (Venus) throbbed (or pulsated) in the deep steady blue of the sky

57 boles, stems, trunks Cf *bowl* and *ball*

58 dusky, dark with the shadow of the overhanging boughs

59 fledged sheath. As young birds with downy feathers, so the branches were covered with fresh green leaves newly burst from the bud Cf *The Lotos-Eaters*, 71

61 4 The dim again. In the "unblissful elime" of his dream the morning light, dim and red (as when seen through a mist), had faded away almost as soon as it appeared, and only sent a few chill and cheerless gleams across the glimmering plain beneath. The morn is represented as having half fallen, never again to rise, as she stept across the eastern horizon, the threshold of the sun—thus figuring the incomplete and ineffectual day break. Cf *Enoch Arden*, 438, "the dead flame of the fallen day"

70 festooning tree, joining tree to tree by their trailing wreaths

71 lush, luxuriant in growth. *Lush* is short for *lushious*, which, again, is a corruption of *lustious*, formed by adding the

suffice -ous to lussy (Skeat) Cf Shaks., *Tempest*, ii 1 52 —  
 "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"

72 anemone, the wind flower (Gr *ἀνεμος*, the wind)

73 I knew etc The landscape of his dream seemed familiar to him in all its details, he recognised everything as having seen it before in the gay and innocent days of his youth

74 the tearful dawn, the dank, dewy twilight of the faint, dull dawn

78 empty, vacant, and so ready to receive any new impressions It is well known that a scent will often bring vividly back to the mind some old scene or event.

85 within call, within calling distance

87 A daughter of the gods Helen was the daughter of Jupiter and Leda For *dunely tall*, cf *The Princess*, Prologue, 40, "Her stature more than mortal" So Ovid (*Fasts*, ii 503) describes Romulus as *pulcher et humano major*, 'beautiful and of more than human size.'

89 Her loveliness speech Her beauty so abashed and surprised me that it prevented me from uttering the words of admiration that rose quickly to my lips

91 The star like eyes, the calm, pathetic looks of sorrow coming from the beautiful eyes of the daughter of a god Cf *Aylmer's Field*, 691 692

"For her fresh and innocent eyes  
 Had such a star of morning in their blue"

92. in her place, in the place where she was standing

94 No one destiny Fate ordered my life for me, and no one can alter or amend what fate decrees

95 Many died, i.e. in the Trojan war, fighting on Helen's account

99 free, readily, boldly

100 one, i.e. Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek army in the Trojan war When the Greek fleet, on its way to Troy, was detained by contrary winds at Aulis, in order to appease the gods Iphigenia was sacrificed to Artemis. See the descriptions of the sacrifice in Æschylus, *Agamem* 225 249, and Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat* i 85 100

101 sick, full of disgust and loathing

106 Which men etc This line originally stood

"Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears"

The change has apparently been made that there might be no doubt what the "sad place" was *Iron years* means 'times when men were harsh and cruel' Cf *Maud*, Part I xviii 11

'iron skies', *In Memoriam*, xc 8 'an iron welcome', *Aylmer's Field*, 732 'iron mouth', *Harold*, iii. 2 'this iron world.'

100 my voice dream, my voice was choked with my sobs, as people in dreams try to speak and cannot Cf *The Lotus Eaters*, 6, Cowper, *To Mary*, 21, 22.

111 with wolfish eyes They hungered impatiently for her death, that they might continue their voyage. See note to l 100

113 The high masts more The masts "flicker" and the crowds etc "waver," because her eyes were misty with tears "The bright death" is the flashing knife blade, the effect being put for the cause With this use of 'death' for 'instrument of death' Mr Churton Collins compares Sophocles, *Electra*, 1395, νεκρόμητρον αἷμα, 'newly whetted blood' When first published (1830), this stanza ran thus —

"The tall masts flicker'd as they lay afloat,  
The temples, and the people, and the shore,  
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat,  
Slowly—and nothing more"

116 Touch'd and I knew no more For other examples of this break after the first half foot of a line, representing sudden, startling action, see General Introduction, p xli.

117 a downward brow, a brow bent towards the ground

118 20 I would home So in Homer, *Iliad*, iii 173 175, Helen says that it would have been well had she died when she left her home.

120 my home, the palace of Menelaus at Lacedaemon, which she left in order to accompany Paris to Troy

121 2 her slow sea. Her words, slowly and clearly articulated, fell upon the silence with that startling distinctness with which the first heavy raindrops of a thunderstorm fall upon a tranquil and motionless sea Note the alliteration here

124 That I etc Cf l 131, which explains this line.

125 rise, bank, knoll.

126 one, i. e. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt Mark Antony repudiated Octavia for her, and the battle of Actium followed (B C 31), in which he was defeated by Augustus Caesar Hearing that Cleopatra was dead, he stabbed himself, but was afterwards carried into her presence, and died in her arms She then attempted to fascinate Augustus ("that cold-blooded Caesar") with her charms, as she had fascinated Julius Caesar previously, but, not succeeding, she poisoned herself (for the story of her death by the bite of an asp is probably an invention) and so deprived Augustus of the glory of carrying her as a captive in his triumphal procession ("With a worm I barked his fame") Cf Horace, *Carm* I 37, "Invidens Deduci superbo triumpho"

128 Brow bound gold, with a tiara of sparkling gold round her brows Cf Shaks, *Coriolanus*, ii. 2. 102 "Brow-bound with the oak", also *Richard III* iv. 1. 59. 61 —

"I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red hot steel, to sear me to the brain!"

and Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, i. —

"And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,  
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain,"

—where the torture of the red hot iron band or crown is alluded to

130 'I govern'd moods' I governed men in all their moods because I could easily change and accommodate myself to them. Cf Shaks, *Ant and Cleop* ii. 2. 240, 241 —

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety"

132-4 like the moon flow As the tides follow the moon's changes, so men's passions were subject to my wishes and caprices Cf Ford, *Witch of Edmonton*, ii. 2 —

"You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,  
To make it ebb and flow into my face,  
As your looks change."

137 'Nay—yet, etc. She corrects her previous statement, there is another thing that annoys her, viz, that her charms had no power over Augustus See note to l. 126

139 prythee or *pruthee* is a fusion of 'pray thee,' which is for 'I pray thee'

141 with whom neck. They were superior to fortune, and commanded all the gifts that she could bestow Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, vi. 771 —

"He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,"

and *Sonnet to Cromwell* —

"on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies"

*Sublime* means 'aloft,' 'on high' (Lat *sublimis*, lofty)

142 The Nilus nod The river Nile overflows its banks during a fixed period every year At our nod, at our bidding Cf Lat *numen*, 'nod,' and so 'command, will.'

145 We drank sleep Libyan, i. e. African, or her Egyptian. Cf Shaks, *Ant and Cleop* ii. 2. 182 —

"Cleo I drank him (Antony) to his bed,"

and *Ib* ii. 4. 21 "We did sleep the day out of countenance and made the night light with drinking"

146 out-burn'd Canopus, remained alight after Canopus had set, a brilliant star of the first magnitude in the rudder of Argo, a



160 aspick's *Aspic* is the Provençal form of the old Fr *aspe* (Gr *ασπις*) Shakspeare (*Ant and Cleop* v 2 296, 354) also has *aspick*, perhaps by assimilation to *basilisk*

161 a Queen, i.e. retaining all my queenly dignity and state See Shakspeare's description of her death, *Ant and Cleop* v 2. 283 331, and cf Horace, *Odes*, l. 37, "Privata," 'unqueen'd,' and "Non humilis mulier," 'no submissive woman'

163 a name, i.e. renowned, famous Cf *Ulysses*, 11

164 Worthy spouse, worthy of a husband who was a Roman and not of some inferior race. So in Shaks *Ant and Cleop* iv 15, 87, Cleopatra says—

"Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us"

165 8 her utterance Like a full stringed lyre when it is played upon, so her musical voice, acted upon by various emotions, passed from one tone to another, and went through the whole scale of notes with living force For "struck by all passion," cf *Locksley Hall*, 33 —

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might"

Cf also Milton, *Par Lost*, xi 561 563, and *L'Allegro*, 142

171 all'd sound. The piercing light of her eyes, when she raised them from the ground, filled up the pauses in her speech so delightfully that I did not notice when she stopped speaking Cf E. B. Browning, *The Romance of the Sicilian's Nest* —

"The smile she softly uses  
Fills the silence like a speech"

173 still darts Cupid still heated the tips of his arrows with the fire of her eyes, i.e. still, as in her life time, her glances were the most powerful incentives to love In Spenser's *Hymn of Beauty*, 241, beauty's eyes are represented as "darting their little fierce lances," and Milton has "love darting eyes" (*Comus*, 753)

174, 175 they Love As burning-glasses collect and concentrate the sun's rays, so her eyes gathered into their two bright orbs all the power of love. Cf Cowper, *A Song*, 13-18

177 undazzled, here used intransitively, 'ceased to be dazzled' His feelings had before been overcome by her beauty and splendour

179 the crested bird, the cock, called by Ovid, *Fasts*, i 455, *cristatus ales*, 'the crested bird' Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, vii 443 —

"the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours,"

and Shaks, *Hamlet*, i. 150 —

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn."



181-188 These two stanzas afford a fine example of Tennyson's melody of diction. Observe the number of broad vowel sounds and of liquid consonants. See General Introduction, p. 22

184 Far-heard moon, heard a long way off in the stillness of the moonlit night Cf *In the Valley of Caunteretz*, 2 —

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,  
Deepening thy voice with deepening of the night"

187 the splinter'd shine, the spires or points of the jagged rocks shine like silver in the moon light

189 as one, etc As a man, musing on the sunny lawn outside some cathedral, when he hears through the open door the organ sending its waves of sound up to the ceiling and down to the floor and the singing of the anthem by the choir, is captivated by the music and comes to a stand still,—so, etc *Laves* means 'bathes, pervades'

195 her father's vow Jephthah, the Gileadite, vowed that if God would give him victory over the Ammonites he would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from the doors of his house to meet him" when he returned from battle "And Jephthah came to Mizpah into his house, and behold his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances" (Bible, *Judges*, xi) To save means to redeem, to fulfil, the vow. Some authorities, however, consider it improbable that Jephthah's daughter was actually immolated, since the Jewish law forbade human sacrifices. They maintain that she was rather condemned to perpetual celibacy.

199 welcome light, gay greeting The timbrel (Lat *tympanum*, a drum) is a kind of tambourine

201 'Heaven oath.' That rash vow of your father's is placed first by God on the list of crimes, as being the most heinous

202 she high, she answered loftily, proudly

203 nor once alone, nor should I be ready to die only once  
*I would* = I should be willing

205 Single, solitary, she was her father's only child

207 ere my flower etc, while I was still a young maiden, and before I could become a mother

209 'My God grave' The love of my God, of my country, and of my father were stronger than my natural love of life, and formed a threefold cord that gently lowered me into my grave, i.e. it was the love of these three that induced me patiently to submit to death

213 'No fair blame' I am destined to have no son to take away from me the reproach of being unmarried and childless. Among the Jews this was a reproach to women, because each

hoped to be the maternal ancestor of the promised Messiah. Cf Antigone's lament (Sophocles, *Antig* 846 876) With maiden blame compare Shaks, *Julius Caesar*, i 2. 8, 9 —

"The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse"

216 Leaving etc For two months before her sacrifice (according to the poem) she "went with her companions and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains" (*Judges*, xi. 37, 38)

218 promise bower, the hope of marriage and of having children "Bower" has its old meaning of *chamber*

220 battled, embattled. Old Fr *embastiller*, to furnish with fortifications The word has no etymological connexion with *battle*.

225 Saw flame, saw God cleave the darkness asunder with the lightning flash. Cf Horace, *Odes*, i. 34 *Dispersit igni corusco nubila dividens*, 'Jupiter dividing the clouds with glittering fire.' Cf *Maud*, Part I l. 11 "I heard The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night"

226 everlasting hills, a Biblical expression, and therefore appropriate in the mouth of a Jewish maiden See Bible, *Genesis*, xlix. 26

227, 228 I heard ills I heard God's voice speaking to me in the thunder, and I was so strengthened by it that my grief was turned into a feeling of superiority to all human ills

231 How beautiful etc Cf Horace, *Odes*, iii 2 13, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, 'A sweet and comely thing it is to die for one's country'

234 I subdued me, I subjected myself *Me* is reflexive

235 I fell, I was sacrificed

236 Sweetens the spirit, takes all bitterness from my heart

238, 239 Hew'd Minneth. See Bible, *Judges*, xi. 33, "He smote them (the Ammonites) from Aroer until thou come to Minneth" Aroer was on the river Arnon (*ib* 26)

241 locked her lips, i.e. ceased speaking Cf Milton, *Comus*, 756, "I had not thought to have unlocked my lips"

243 Thridding, passing through. *Thrid* is a doublet of *thread* Cf *In Memoriam*, xlvii 21 "He thrids the labyrinth of the mind", and Dryden, *Pal and Arc*, 494 "one (the snake) thrids the brake" *boskage*, thickets, jungle, *bush*, which last is the M. E. *busch*, *busl* Shakspeare (*Temp* iv 1 81) has "my *bosky* acres" and Milton (*Comus*, 313) has "every *bosky* bourn" Cf *The Princess*, i 110, "bosks of wilderness," and Sir John Oldcastle, 122, "green boskage"

247, 248 When dead. The close of the old year and the commencement of the new year are celebrated in England by ringing

the church bells Shortly before the clock strikes twelve at night the bells stop ringing and begin again when the hour has struck. Cf. *In Memoriam*, cv. 2, 3 —

"The year is dying in the night,  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

See also *The Death of the Old Year*

251, 252 Rosamond be I am known as the fair Rosamond, if now that I am dead, I am still fair The "fair Rosamond," daughter of Walter de Clifford, was the mistress of Henry II She is one of the chief characters in Tennyson's drama *Becket*, and Samuel Daniel has a poem entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*, in which, from the lower world, she tells her sad story

254 see the light, i.e. of the sun, 'have been born' 'See' is for 'have seen.'

255 dragon Eleanor Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry's queen, poisoned Rosamond, according to the story In "dragon eyes" there is an allusion to the sleepless dragon that kept watch over the garden of the Hesperides. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393-395 —

"Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye"

*Dragon* means lit. 'seeing one,' i.e. 'sharp sighted one' (participle of Grk. *δρῶμαι*, I see)

257 fallen trust, having lost all hope of comfort and all confidence in herself, under her overmastering dread of Eleanor

259 Fulvia's Fulvia was Antony's first wife, so that Fulvia was to her what Eleanor was to Rosamond Hence, with her mind full of jealous hatred to Fulvia, Cleopatra substitutes her name here for Eleanor's as a sort of type of "the married woman." It might be put, "You should have clung to your Fulvia's wrist"

261 3 With that etc As I heard Cleopatra's indignant words, the morning beams gradually acted upon my brain and put an end to the mysterious state of sleep folded, enclosed and secluded from outer things.

263 The captain sky The morning star, which presided over his dreams at their commencement (see ll. 54-56)

266, 267 her head Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who, after her father's unjust execution (hence "murdered") in 1535, got his head taken down from London Bridge, kept it as a sacred relic, and died with it in her arms

267 Joan of Arc The Maid, who in 1428 led the French army to victory, raised the siege of Orleans, defeated the English general Talbot at Patay, and saw Charles VII. crowned at Rheims She was afterwards captured and burnt at the stake as a witch in 1431

271 her death. Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I who knew how true it is that Love can vanquish the fear of Death (for herself) Edward had been stabbed by the poisoned (?) dagger of a Saracen assassin, and the story was that she sucked the poison from the wound, and so saved his life

273 No memory sight As men make strong efforts to recall to their minds great thoughts that they have forgotten, but of which they now and then get an inkling, so I, with equal effort, tried to collect and enumerate every little sound and sight, however indistinct Cf *Harold*, v 1 —

“Our waking thoughts  
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools  
Of sullen slumber, and arise again  
Disjointed.”

277 With what—how eagerly This double exclamation in a single sentence is a Greek construction The English idiom would be “With what a dull pain was I encompass’d, and how eagerly did I seek” etc. Cf Dante, *Par*, canto 23

281 As when etc., i.e. ‘I lamented as when’ etc Cf “Tears, idle tears” that rise in “thinking of the days that are no more” (*The Princess*, iv 25)

285 8 Because heat As choice herbs, that are culled and eaten to cool the fever parched tongue, but which fail from their very sweetness to do so effectually, become themselves withered, and leave the body still a prey to its fever, so all words, however carefully selected, fail to recall the bitterness of feeling that is mixed with the sweetness, and hence do not give the full expression of the emotion, while the heart is overcome by the strength of its own feelings Cf Bible, *Psalms*, xxxix 2, 3 “I was dumb with silence . . . and my sorrow was stirred My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned.”

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

### INTRODUCTION

This poem was first published in 1842

King Arthur had been made the hero of so many fictitious adventures by the romancers and poets of the Middle Ages that the belief was long held by many writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that he was an entirely mythical personage Modern investigations, however, have proved that Arthur, or Artus, was the name of a sixth century war leader of the tribes inhabiting the old divisions of Britain known as Cumbria

and Strathclyde (stretching from the Severn to the Clyde) against the encroaching Saxons from the East and the Picts and Scots from the North, and that five or six centuries later the name of King Arthur had come to stand for an ideal of royal wisdom, chivalric virtue, and knightly prowess, which was recognised alike in England, France, and Germany.

The earliest legends of his exploits are to be found in the *Welsh Tales* and in the French and German *Romances of the Round Table*, the stories having crossed the Channel into Brittany, where they were embodied in Breton lays.

Between 1130 and 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth introduced the legends about King Arthur into his Latin *History of the Britons*.

In 1196, Walter Map (or Mapes), Archdeacon of Oxford, gave spiritual life to the old tales recounting merely deeds of animal courage and passion, by introducing the legend of the *Quest of the Holy Grail*, an allegorical description of a good man's endeavour after a knowledge of truth and of God, to be gained only through a life of purity. *Holy Grail*, a translation of the word *Sancreal*, was, the legends tell us the dish used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch some of the blood of Christ as He hung wounded on the cross. Joseph brought the dish with him to England, where it was lost. The search for it, the 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' was undertaken by many of the knights of the Round Table. *Grail* is from the old French *grail*, Low Latin *gradale*, allied to the Greek *ραρῆρ*, a cup, since the dish was confused with the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. See Tennyson's *Idyll of The Holy Grail*, where it is described as—

“The cup the cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with his own”

The derivation of 'Sancreal' from *Sanguis Reals*, the *real blood* of Christ, is erroneous, and has arisen from a wrong division of the letters, *san grael* being mistakenly written 'sang real.'

Sir Thomas Malory, or Malore, an English knight, published in English his *Morte d'Arthur*, or *Death of Arthur*, an account, derived from French, Welsh, and English romances of the birth of Arthur, the formation of the knightly order of the Round Table, the exploits of the knights, and, finally, of Arthur's death or passing away. The book was printed by Caxton in 1485. It is from Malory's book that Tennyson derived most of the incidents narrated in his *Idylls of the King* and in the earlier *Morte d'Arthur*.

Many other English authors have taken King Arthur as the central figure of their poems. Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, makes 'Prince Arthure' the type of 'magnificence,' i.e. of 'noble deeds,' and under the figure of Arthure's knights represents the various virtues striving heavenwards and helped on their way by Arthure.

By the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the legend of Arthur was regarded as purely the invention of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Milton originally intended to make Arthur the hero of his great epic, but doubting "who he was and whether any such reigned in history," rejected the Round Table as a subject in favour of the loss of Paradise.

Blackmore wrote two epics—*Prince Arthur* in ten books, and *King Arthur* in twelve books.

Dryden produced a dramatic opera entitled *King Arthur*, an allegory of the events of the reign of Charles II. He gives a melancholy account of a projected epic, with King Arthur or Edward the Black Prince as hero, in his *Essay on Satire*, of Scott, *Marmion*, canto 1 *Introd.*

In later times, Sir Walter Scott edited with notes the old romance of *Sir Tristrem*, and introduced into his *Bridal of Triermaine*, a story of King Arthur's love for a fairy princess. In 1838 Lady Charlotte Guest published *The Mabinogion*, a translation into English of the Welsh legends contained in "the red book of Hergerst," which is in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. From *The Mabinogion* Tennyson has taken the framework of the story of his Idyll of *Geraint and Enid*.

In 1848 Bulwer Lytton produced an epic, in six-lined stanzas, entitled *King Arthur*.

Lastly, Tennyson in his earlier poems shows that the legends of King Arthur and his knights had taken hold of his youthful imagination. We are told that, when quite a boy, he chanced upon a copy of Malory's book, and often with his brothers held mimic tournaments after the fashion of Knights of the Round Table. In *The Palace of Art*, 105, Arthur is spoken of as "mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son," while the poems, *Sir Lancelot and Guinevere* (a fragment), *The Lady of Shalott*, *Sir Galahad*, and, finally, *Morte d'Arthur*, are all founded on incidents narrated in the legends. Tennyson's great work, *Idylls of the King*, as now published, is prefaced by *The Coming of Arthur*, an account of Arthur's mysterious birth and of his coronation, then comes *The Round Table*, a series of pictures of the feats of Arthur's knights and of the life at Arthur's court, and the whole concludes with *The Passing of Arthur*, an account of Arthur's last great battle and his death. In this last poem is incorporated the earlier *Morte d'Arthur*.

The *Morte d'Arthur* is introduced by some prefatory lines entitled *The Epic*, the thread of which is taken up again in some concluding lines added at the close. *The Epic* represents four friends sitting together on Christmas Eve, one of them, named Everard, is prevailed upon to read aloud portions of an epic poem which he had composed at college. The poem was originally in twelve books, but the author had thrown them into the fire as being "faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,"

in which "nothing new was said", and the *Morte d'Arthur* is represented to be the only remaining fragment of the larger work. One of the friends, parson Holmes, had been lamenting "the general decay of faith right through the world," and it is as a kind of answer to his despondent talk that *Morte d'Arthur* is read aloud.

In *The Epic* and in the lines added at the conclusion of the original *Morte d'Arthur*, and again in the dedication *To the Queen* at the end of the last Idyll, Tennyson tells us of the moral purpose he has meant to infuse into his great work. The Arthur herein depicted is no mere reproduction of Geoffrey's or Malory's chivalric hero, and the interest of the poem does not lie in its being a picture of old times such as would please an antiquarian. Its purpose is to typify the continual struggle in man's heart between the lower and the higher instincts of his nature. It shadows "Sense at war with soul," evil fighting against good, and overcoming it. But the triumph of evil is short-lived. Excalibur may indeed be cast away and vanish from the earth, for, in the moral as in the physical world, without change there can be no progress. But "Arthur will come again," and new weapons from heaven will be given to the champions of Truth in successive generations. The old faith that Arthur was not dead but would return, healed of his wound, to help mankind, has its counterpart in modern Optimism, which looks forward to the steady improvement of the human race and its advance towards higher and nobler conditions.

It will be observed that the *Morte d'Arthur* is more closely modelled on Homer than are any of the Idylls. In fact, in the concentration of the interest on the hero in the straightforward simplicity and martial terseness of the narrative, as well as in the strong vigour of its Saxon diction, this poem stands quite apart and in marked contrast to the great series in which it was subsequently inserted.

#### NOTES.

The incidents in Arthur's career that immediately preceded his death are briefly these. The queen, Guinevere, had left the king's court, and fled to hiding at the nunnery of Amesbury, owing to the discovery by the treacherous Modred, the king's nephew, of her love for Lancelot. King Arthur had gone to attack Lancelot in the north, during his absence Modred had raised a revolt, and had had himself crowned king. The king marched south, and pursued Modred to the west coast. On his way he stopped at Amesbury, and had the farewell interview with the repentant queen so beautifully described in the Idyll of *Guinevere*. Arthur's host came up with that of Modred on the south west coast, and in the ensuing battle, Arthur slew

Modred with his own hand, but was himself mortally wounded in the encounter. The poem commences at the point where Arthur has just given and received the fatal blow.

1 So all day long 'So' = 'as above described,' and calls attention to the fact that the poem is supposed to be but a fragment of a larger work.

3 King Arthur's table, the knights of the Round Table, &c. of the order of knighthood established by King Arthur. The order is said to have taken its name from a large round table at which the king and his knights sat for meals. Such a table is still preserved at Winchester as having belonged to King Arthur. Some accounts say that there were 150 seats at this table, and that it was originally constructed to imitate the shape of the round world (see note to l. 235, below) by the wizard Merlin for Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, that Uther gave it to Leodegrance, Guinevere's father, who presented it and 100 knights with it as a wedding gift to Arthur. One of the seats was called the *Siege* (i.e. seat) *Perilous*, because it swallowed up any unhaste person who happened to sit in it. Galahad the Pure was the only knight who could sit in it with safety. Other accounts say the Round Table was constructed in imitation of that used by Christ and His disciples at the Last Supper, that it contained thirteen seats, and that the seat originally occupied by Christ was always empty, unless it was occupied by the Holy Grail.

Other kings and princes besides Arthur had Round Tables. In the Reign of Edward I, Roger de Mortimer established a Round Table for the furtherance of warlike pastimes, and King Edward III is said to have done the same. 'To hold a Round Table' came to mean little more than holding a tournament.

The objects which Arthur had in view in founding this order are well described in the Idyll of *Guinevere* in the lines beginning —

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the king, as if he were  
Their conscience and their conscience as their king "

man by man, one after another

4. *Lyonnesse*, a fabulous country contiguous to Cornwall, said to be now covered by the sea. There is still extant in the south west counties of England a tradition to the effect that the Scilly Islands were once part of the mainland. The region is thus described in *The Passing of Arthur*, 82, 83 —

"A land of old upheaven from the abyss  
By fire, to sink into the abyss again."

The name is sometimes written *Leonnoys*



6 The bold Sir Bedivere 'Bold' is what is called a 'permanent epithet,' since it is nearly always used along with the name of Bedivere. So, in Homer, Achilles is always 'swift-footed,' and in Virgil, Æneas is always 'pious,' and in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, William of Delorune is always 'good at need'. In *The Coming of Arthur* (175, 176) Bedivere's boldness shows itself specially in his defence of Arthur's right to the throne —

"For bold in heart and act and word was he,  
Whenever slander breathed against the King"

7 the last, the only survivor

9 chancel, the eastern and most sacred portion of a church, formerly always separated from the main part of the building by a screen of lattice work (Lat. *cancelli*, cross bars)

Notice how the scenery typifies the condition of Arthur. His noble life and lofty purpose are in ruins like the broken chancel and cross. He lies on the narrow border land between the ocean of Life and the great, vague 'water' of Eternity.

10 strait, a narrow tongue of land, the word is more usually applied to a narrow passage in the ocean

12. a great water. Since the poet wishes to represent the general impression produced by the view from the chapel, he avoids all detail, and uses the vague words 'a water' instead of 'a lake'. The beholder would not at first sight notice whether it was a lake or a broad river, all he would be conscious of would be a spreading sheet of water of size and shape unknown, and the picture is presented to the reader just as it would first strike the eye of Sir Bedivere. Subsequently, where no such instantaneous impression is depicted, the words 'mere' and 'lake' are used. Cf. *Derwentwater*, *Gala Water*, etc.

14 The sequel, what follows as the result of this day's fight. unsolders, disunites, breaks into pieces. *Solder* (from the same root as *solid*) is a kind of metallic cement for uniting the surfaces of metals, it is often composed of zinc (or silver) and copper. It is sometimes spelt and pronounced *sodder* or *sawder*.

15 fellowship, confederation, united band (of knights of the Round Table)

16 Whereof record, of all the fellowships of which, etc. Such a sleep. The comparison of death to sleep is very common in Homer, Virgil, and other classical poets. Thus Homer, *Iliad*, xi. 241, has κοιμησατο χαλκεον υπνον, 'he slept an iron sleep', of Virgil, *Æneid*, x. 745 *ferreus urget somnus*, 'an iron sleep weighs down his eyes,' and Moschus's ἀτρέμονα νήγρετον υπνον, 'an endless sleep that knows no waking'. See also Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, lxxviii. 2, "Sleep, death's twin brother," which echoes Homer's ὕπνος κασιγνήτω θανάτῳ (*Iliad*, xiv. 231), and Virgil's

*consanguineus Leti sopor* (*Æneid*, vi 278) So in the Bible, *Acts*, vii 60, Stephen "fell on sleep," i.e. died Cf cemetery, literally 'sleeping place'

21 Camelot, the city where Arthur held his court, now identified with a village called *Queen Camel*, in Somersetshire, where remains of the vast entrenchments of an ancient town are still to be seen The traditions of Queen Camel still preserve the name of Arthur, the bridge over the river Camel is called 'Arthur's Bridge,' and there is a spring in the neighbourhood called 'Arthur's Well' A description of Arthur's mysterious hall at Camelot is given in the Idyll of *The Holy Grail* in the lines beginning—

"O brother, had you known our mighty hall,  
Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago "

22. I perish made, my life, and with it all my noble purposes, is brought to ruin by those whom I was the first to form into one people See *The Coming of Arthur*, 15 19 —

"But either failed to make the kingdom one  
And after these King Arthur for a space,  
And through the pmissance of his Table Round,  
Drew all their petty princedom under him,  
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned "

23 Merlin, 'the great enchanter of the time,' the famous magician of the Arthurian legends. "According to Geoffrey of Monmouth (lib vi. cc. 18, 19) Merlin had been court magician since the time of Vortigirn, who had caused him to be sought as the only one capable of relieving him out of the difficulty he had encountered in raising a castle on Salisbury Plain" (Note in Wright's *Malory*) Welsh traditions spell the name *Mereddin* and narrate that he was the *Baid* of *Emrys Wledig*, the *Ambrosius* of Saxon history, by whose command he built Stonehenge "The true history of Merlin seems to be that he was born between the years 470 and 480, and during the invasion of the Saxon took the name of Ambrose, which preceded his name of Merlin, from the successful leader of the Britons, Ambrosius Aurelianus, who was his first chief and from whose service he passed into that of King Arthur, the southern leader of the Britons" (Morley, *English Writers*, i) Merlin is represented in *Merlin and Vivien* as the son of a demon and also as "the great Enchanter of the Time," and again as

"the most famous man of all those times,  
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,  
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,  
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens,  
The people call'd him Wizard—"

His prophecy regarding Arthur's second coming is mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*, 418-421 —

“And Merlin in our time  
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn,  
Though men may wound him, that he will not die,  
But pass, and come again.”

The Idyll of *Merlin and Vivien* gives an account of Merlin's fate. See also Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*

24 let what will be, be, whatever my future may be

27 **Excalibur** Arthur's magic sword. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, ii 3, the Lady of the Lake who had given Arthur the sword says, “The name of it is Excalibur, that is as much as to say Cut steel” According to the English romance of *Merlin*, the sword bore the following inscription —

“Ich am y hote Escalabore,  
Unto a king a fair tresore”,

and it is added —

“On Ingls is this writing,  
Kerve steel and yren and al thing ”

In the French *Merlin* it is said that the name is a Hebrew word meaning ‘tres cher et acier fer,’ which is probably a printer's mis correction of the true reading ‘tranchier acier et fer,’ ‘to carve steel and iron’ Roquefort says ‘Ce mot est tiré de l'Hebreu et veut dire tranchefer,’ ‘this word is taken from the Hebrew and means carve iron’ Of the name *Taillefer*, i.e. ‘Iron cutter’ Malory, iv 9, says, “And then he (Arthur) deemed treason, that his sword was changed; for his sword bit not steel as it was wont to do” The sword and the way it came into Arthur's possession are described by Tennyson in *The Coming of Arthur*, 295-308 The name is also written *Escalibore* and *Caliburn*. Arthur's lance was called *Rone* and his shield *Pridwin* Arthur had also a second-best sword, *Clarent*, and in *Merlin*, ii 9, he is described as capturing the Irish King Rynce's “excellent sword *Marandoise*” Gawain had a sword called *Galatine*

The notion of enchanted armour is found in many old poets and romancers of all nations In the *Mahabharata* the magic bow of Arjuna is described under the name *Gandiva*, and Mukta Phalaketu in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (chap 115) is presented by Siva with a sword named *Invincible*

The names of some of the most celebrated of these enchanted weapons are given below —

Ali's	sword,	<i>Zulfkar</i>
Cæsar's	"	<i>Crocea Mors</i>
Charlemagne's	"	<i>La Joyeuse</i>
Lancelot's	"	<i>Aroundight.</i>
Orlando's	"	<i>Durindana</i>
Siegfried's	"	<i>Balmung</i>
The Cid's	"	<i>Colada</i>

A list of some thirty five such weapons is given in Brewer's *Dict of Phrase and Fable*, s v *Sword* Cf Longfellow's lines —

"It is the sword of a good knight,  
 Tho' homespun be his mail,  
 What matter if it be not hight  
*Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,*  
*Excalibar, or Aroundight "*

Spenser (*Faery Queen*, ii S 19) calls Arthur's sword *Morddun e*.

31 *Clothed in white samite* The recurrence of this line recalls the 'permanent epithets' noticed under l 6 Such repetitions are frequent in Homer and Theocritus, and are found in Spenser and Milton *Samite* is a rich silk stuff interwoven with gold or silver thread, derived from Gk *hex*, six, and *mitos*, thread of the warp, literally 'woven of six threads', cf *dimity* Tennyson has 'red samite' and 'blackest samite' in *Lancelot and Elaine*, and 'crimson samite' in *The Holy Grail*

34. *sung or told, celebrated in song or story*

37 *fling him*. Arthur regards the magic sword as a person endowed with life and power of its own mere, lake or pool, the word originally meant 'that which is dead,' hence a desert, waste, or stagnant pool, cf Lat *mare* and Skt *maru*, a desert, from *mri*, to die, also French *mare* and English *marsh*

38 *seest*, a dissyllable lightly, nimbly or quickly Malory's words are—"My lord, said Sir Bedevere, your commandment shall be dono, and lightly (I will) bring you word again" 'Lightly' in this sense is common in Spenser's *Faery Queen*

43 *hest*, from O E *hæts*, command,—commonly written with the prefix, *behest* The *t* is an added letter as in *whilst* Chaucer uses *hest*, "the second *hest* of God," *Pardoner's Tale*, 185, Spenser, *Faery Queen*, i 7 18, has "holy *heasts*," and the word is frequently used by Shakspeare, as in *The Tempest*, i 2 274, iii 1 37, etc, it also occurs in *Pelleas and Etarre*, "acted her *hest*" at full, to the utmost, thoroughly

47 *mighty bones* The bones of the Danish invaders heaped up in the church at Hythe are abnormally large sized, and seem to show that "there were giants in those days."

50 By zig zag rocks The short, sharp vowel sounds and the numerous dental letters in this line, making it broken in rhythm and difficult to pronounce, are in fine contrast with the broad vowels and liquid letters which make the next line run smoothly and easily off the tongue. The sound in each line exactly echoes the sense, the crooked and broken path leads to the smooth and level shore.

51 levels. The plural is probably suggested by the Latin plural, *aequora*. Or the poet may be hunting that what looks, when seen from the high ground, "a great water," becomes a series of flashing surfaces to the eyes of a man standing on the shore. In *The Lover's Tale* Tennyson has "the rippling levels of the lake."

55 keen with frost clear in the frosty air Cf "The yule clog sparkled keen with frost," *In Memoriam*, lxxviii. 5

57 topaz lights The topaz is a jewel of various colours, yellow, or green, or blue, or brown. Perhaps from Skt. *tapas*, fire. Jacinth, another form of *hyacinth*, a precious stone of the colour of the hyacinth flower, blue and purple.

58 subtlest, most skilfully wrought, or in a most intricate pattern. Cf *The Coming of Arthur*, 297-299

60 this way mind. This expression is an imitation of Vergil, *Æneid*, viii. 20, *Atque animum nunc huc celcrem, nunc dividit illic*, 'And he divides his swift mind now this way, now that'. Cf Homer, *Iliad* i. 188, *ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ διδιδίχα μερμήριζεν*, 'and his heart within hesitated between two (opinions)'.

61 In act to throw, an expression much used by Pope in his translation of the *Iliad*. Cf *Il* iii. 349, *ἄρπυρο χαλκῶ*, which Pope renders—

[“Atreides then] his massy lance prepares,  
In act to throw.”]

63 many knotted water flags, reeds, with numerous joints and with long leaves, that wave like flags in the wind.

65 So strode back slow These words are all accented, and the line thus becomes heavy and slow to pronounce, the rhythm thus echoes the heavy slow steps of Sir Bedivere.

70, 1 washing in the reeds—lapping on the crag It has been remarked that these two phrases mark exactly "the difference of sound produced by water swelling up against a permeable or impermeable barrier." The water would splash softly through the reeds, but would make a sharper sound when striking against the impenetrable rock. Mr Churton Collins (*Illustrations of Tennyson*) thinks that these two lines contain "two of the finest onomatopœic effects in our language." *Lap* means, generally, to 'lick up with the tongue, as a dog drinks', and hence, as here,

to 'make a sharp sound as a dog does when drinking' Malory's words are, "I saw nothing but the waters wap (i e beat) and the waves wan (i e. ebb)" [Bnt in *Le Morte Arthur*, Bedivere answers that he sees nothing

"But watres depe and wawes wanne"

May not the 'wap' in Malory be a printer's error for 'depe,' i e, 'deep'? If so, 'wan' is also an adjective, as in "wan wave," in *The Coming of Arthur*, 129, and "wan water" in *Gareth and Lynette*, 803]

73 betray'd thy nature, been false to thy instinctive sense of honour and to thy title of knight Malory says, "And thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword."

75 féalty, a doublet of *fidelity*

80 As thou art lief and dear Copied from Malory *Lief* is from the same root as *love*, and means *beloved* Shakspeare (2 *Henry VI* 1 2 28) has '*alder-lifest*,' dearest of all

84 Counting pebbles In times of grave moment when the mind is absorbed in deep contemplation of some event of surpassing importance the senses often mechanically employ themselves in noticing trifling objects Cf *Maud*, 11 2 8 15 —

"Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
With a passion so intense  
One would think that it well  
Might drown all life in the eye—  
That it should, by being overwrought,  
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
For a shell or a flower, little things  
Which else would have been past by!"

86 chased, engraved. *Chased* is a contraction of *enchased*, literally, *incased*, or 'enclosed in a case or cover', hence, 'covered with engraved ornament'

89 one worthy note, i e 'a thing worthy of note, a notable thing'

90 Should thus be lost, ought (according to natural expectation) to be lost

94 the bond of rule, the tie uniting the ruled to the ruler, the connecting link between a king and his subjects, which alone makes systematic government possible

99 empty breath, unsubstantial, impalpable report Bedivere is represented in *The Coming of Arthur* as a simple, honest knight who from the first accepts Arthur as an earthly king and does not trouble himself about the doubts and portents that heralded his coming So here, with but a dim recognition of the

spiritual nature of the King's mission, he deems it all important to preserve a material memorial of Arthur's life work.

100 rumours of a doubt, vague traditions of a mythical person

102. joust (also written *just*), a tournament or sham fight, literally, a 'coming close together, meeting,' from Lat. *juxta*, near, close

104 maiden of the Lake Malory thus describes Arthur's first meeting with this lady "With that they saw a damsel going on the lake What damsel is that?" said Arthur That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin, and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a palace as any on earth, and richly beset" The Lady of the Lake is in some of the romances identified with Vivien. Lancelot is called 'Lancelot of the Lake' from his having been educated at this lady's court, see the Idyll of *Lancelot and Elaine*, where the Lady is said to have stolen Lancelot from his mother's arms In the Idylls the Lady of the Lake is represented as typifying Religion. See *The Coming of Arthur*, 282 293, and *Gareth and Lynette*, 210 219

108. winning reverence, gaining respectful admiration from his hearers for this romantic story

109 now were lost, would be lost if I were to throw the sword away

110 clouded with his own conceit, his power of clearly distinguishing right from wrong being obscured by his own false notion Conceit, conception, notion.

112 And so strode etc. The frequent repetition of single lines should be noticed, it is Homeric

113 Spoke Varied from *spake*, above, to prevent monotony So also Tennyson uses both *sung* and *sang*, *brake* and *broke*

119 miserable, mean, base

121 Authority will When the commanding look that inspires awe and obedience passes from the eye of a king, he loses therewith his authority over his subjects. A critic has remarked that this personification (of authority) is "thoroughly Shakespearean, it assists the imagination without distressing the understanding, as when dwelt on and expanded in detail, deepening the impression of the sentiment by giving along with a true thought a grand picture" (Brimley's *Essays*) Cf Queen Elizabeth's words to Cecil "*Must*," she exclaimed, "is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word, but thou hast grown presumptuous, because thou knowest that I shall die" (Lingard, *Hist of England*, vi 316) Cf also *Queen Mary*, v 5 —

"The Queen is dying or you dare not say it"

122 *laid widow'd*, helplessly bereft Tennyson uses this bold metaphorical word again in his *In Memoriam*, xvii 20, "my widow'd race," and lxxxv 113, "My heart, though widow'd, may not rest," in *Aylmer's Field*, 720, "widow'd walls," and in *Queen Mary*, i 5, "widow'd channel"

125 offices, services, duty, cf *Lat officium*

128 giddy, frivolous, transient.

130 prosper, do his duty

132 *with my hands* Perhaps because he had now no sword, or, more probably, these words are introduced in imitation of Homer's habit of mentioning specific details cf *ποσσιν ἤε μακρὰ βῆδ'ας*, 'he went taking long steps with his feet' Cf *Bible*, *Psalms*, xlv 1 "We have heard with our ears", and *The Talking Oak*, 82 "Hear me with thine ears" Notice the touch of human personality in the king's sharp anger, otherwise Arthur is generally represented by Tennyson as a rather colourless being, and as almost "too good for human nature's daily food" Guinevere in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 121, 122, calls him

" the faultless king,  
That passionate perfection "

133 Then quickly rose etc. "Every word tells of rapid, agitated, determined action, refusing to dally with temptation" (Brimley)

136 wheel'd, swung it round over his head.

137 Made lightnings, made a succession of brilliant flashes

138 And flashing in an arch. "A splendid instance of sound answering to sense, which the older critics made so much of, the additional syllable (in the last foot, *in an arch*) which breaks the measure and necessitates an increased rapidity of utterance, seeming to express to the ear the rush of the sword up its parabolic curve" (Brimley)

139 streamer of the northern morn, tongue of light of the *Aurora Borealis*, or which 'northern morn' is a translation. Cf *The Talking Oak*, 275 276 —

"The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up in silver spikes"

and Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, iv 9 —

"Shifting like flashes darted forth  
By the red streamers of the north"

For similar instances of Tennyson's literal translations of classical expressions, see *Demeter*, 96, note.

140 moving isles of winter, floating icebergs Observe how the poet in three lines presents a complete picture of one of nature's grandest phenomena, thus introducing a most vivid



sunile without interrupting the flow of the narrative Notice the compression of style shock, collide.

143 dipt, went below To dip generally means 'to put under the surface', here 'to go under' Cf *Lancelot and Elaine*, 394

148 drawing thicker breath, breathing more heavily as being nearer death.

149 Now see I by thine eyes Arthur had no need now to ask of Bedivere if he had obeyed the command, the expression of the knight's eyes told enough The sudden exclamation is very dramatic

155 three lives of mortal men. Homer (*Odys* iii. 245) says of Nestor that he had been king during three generations of men In later times Nestor was called *τριγέρων*

166 my wound cold Malory's words are, "Alas, the wound in your head hath caught much cold"

167, 168 half rose, Slowly, with pain. The two long syllables at the end of one line, and the pauses after the first and second feet of the next line, admirably represent the slow and interrupted effort of the wounded king to rise

169 wistfully, with eager longing *Wistful* is probably a misspelling of *wishful*, from the mistaken idea that it was connected with O E *wis*, know

170 As in a picture, as the eyes of a painted portrait often have a fixed and expectant gaze Cf *Æschylus, Agamemnon*, 240, *ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς*, '[She (Iphigenia) cast at each of those who sacrificed a pitceous glance, standing out clear] as in a picture', and *The Day Dream*, l. 3 —

"Like a picture seemeth all."

177 nightmare A fiend or witch, supposed to cause evil dreams Skelton has "Medusa, that mare" (i.e. that hag)

182 Clothed with his breath, enveloped as by a cloak in a mist caused by his own damp breath clinging round him in the frosty air

183 Larger than human Cf. the Idyll of *Guinevere*, 595 597 —  
 "The moony vapour rolling round the king,  
 Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,  
 Enwound him fold by fold."

Cf also *A Dream of Fair Women*, 87, and note, *The Princess*, vii. 33, *Pelleas and Etarre*, 448, 449

185 like a goad. The remorse he felt for his disobedience, and the fear that the king might suddenly die, urged him on as a goad urges oxen

186 harness, originally, as here, body-armour from the same

root as iron. Cf Bible, *1 Kings*, xx 11 "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off"

188 bare black cliff clang'd. Observe the alliteration and the number of accented monosyllables succeeding each other, thus representing the successive reverberations of sound. Wordsworth (*Skating*, 39-42) has a passage equally full of sound —

"With the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron."

based, planted, the word is generally used in a metaphorical sense

190 dint of armed heels, the tread of iron shod heels. Pronounce *arméd*

193 hove, was lying. Malory (xvi 5) writes, "And when they were at the water-side even fast by the bank hoved a little barge." Cf i 28, "where hoved the two brethren abiding him," and xviii 10, "as he hoved in a little leaved wood." M E *houen*, *horen*, to abide, of which *hover* is a frequentative form. Spenser, *Faery Queen*, iii 10, 20, has "Which hoved close under a forest side."

195 ware, aware, cf Bible, *Acts*, vi 6 "They were ware of it"

196 dense, thickly crowded

197 Black stoled. The *stole* was a long loose robe reaching to the feet. Cf "In stoles of white" (*Sin Galahad*, 43). With this description contrast that of the ship in *The Coming of Arthur*, 374, 375 —

"And all from stem to stern  
Bright with a shining people on the decks."

like a dream. As unearthly and indistinct as images seen in a dream by these, near to them (were)

198 Three Queens. These three queens are mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*, 275-278 —

"Three fair Queens,  
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends  
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright  
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need."

Malory says, "One was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay, the other was the Queen of Northgales, the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands." The three queens are perhaps intended to typify the three great Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, who help the soul in its battle against evil.

199 shiver'd to the tingling stars, thrilled as it mounted through the air and reached the stars that trembled in response. Cf *The May Queen*, 136 —

"Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars,"  
and *Enone*, 215 —

"Between the loud stream and the trembling stars"

In reply to the objection that this line "has a touch of exaggeration which belongs to the 'spasmodic' school," Mr Brimley remarks, "But the cry comes from a company of spirits amid mountains whose natural power of echo is heightened by the silence of night, the clearness of the winter air, and the hardening effects of frost. Such a cry, at such a time, and in such a place, would thrill from rock to rock, from summit to summit, till it seemed to pierce the sky in a hurtling storm of multitudinous arrow sounds, and die away in infinitely distant pulsations among the stars"

202 where no one comes "The mournfulness of the feeling a man would experience in such a place, from the sense of utter isolation and sterility, is blended with the naturally sad wail of the wind over a wide waste, and the addition thus becomes no mere completion of a thought of which only part is wanted for illustration but gives a heightening of sentiment without which the illustration would be incomplete and less impressive" (Brimley) Compare Keats's—

"Undescribed sounds

That come a swooning over hollow grounds

And wither wearily on barren moors."—255 287

207, 208. rose the tallest fairest, rose above the others in height as she stood. Malory says, "Morgan le Fay . that was as fair a lady as any might be."

210 complaining, lamenting Cf *The Lady of Shalott*, 120

"The broad stream in his banks complaining"

213 like the wither'd moon, like the moon when its light is fading before the early beams of the rising sun Cf *Fatima*,—

"Taints like a dazzled morning moon."

Also Shelley, *Ode to the Skylark*, 13 16 —

"Keen as are the arrows Of that silver sphere

Whose intense lamp narrows In the white dawn clear"

215 greaves, armour for the lower part of the legs cuisses, armour for the thighs, Lat *coxa*, thigh dash'd with drops of onset, splashed with drops of blood from the encounter Cf *The Princess*, v 157, 158 —

"Though dashed with death,

He reddens what he kisses."

"Onset" is a very generic term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also and heroic arts, since onset belongs to mettle and

daring; the word, for vast and shadowy connotation, is akin to Milton's grand abstraction, 'Far off *his coming* shone,' or Shelley's 'Where the earthquake demon taught her young ruin'" (Roden Noel in *The Contemporary Review*) Cf. *Ænone*, 184, "I shut my sight," and *A Dream of Fair Women*, 115, "The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat," and *The Last Tournament*, 511 —

"Belted his body with her white embrace"

216 High and lustrous, fair in colour and shining Arthur is described in *The Coming of Arthur*, 329, 330, as "fair Beyond the race of Britons and of men"

217 like a rising sun The fair bright locks are compared to the rays surrounding the disc of the rising sun. Cf. Milton, *Par Lost*, iii 625 627 —

"Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders"

Arthur is thus described in *The Last Tournament* 660 663 —

"That victor of the Pagan throned in hall,  
His hair, a sun that rayed from off a brow  
Like hill snow high in heaven, the steel blue eyes,  
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light"

Cf. *Tithonus*, 54 —

"Thy dim curls kindle into sunny rings."

In *Maud* we have "her sunny hair" and "her head sunning over with curls," and see *Ænone*, 58, and note

218 High from the dais throne, as he sat on the throne elevated on the dais or platform *Dais* is from the same root as *disc*, and meant originally a quoit, then a round platter, then a "high table" or throne, and finally the raised platform on which a high table or a throne stands

224 Shot thro' the lists, as a brilliant meteor glances across the sky

228 my forehead and mine eyes This definite specification of separate items, instead of using the general term 'face,' is true to the Homeric pattern, see l. 132.

232, 233 the light myrrh Arthur is compared with the star in the East which appeared at Christ's birth to the Magi, or Wise Men, and led them to Bethlehem, where they presented to the new born Child offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh See Bible, *Matthew*, ii 11

235 image of the mighty world. "Also Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right For all the world,

Christian and heathen, repair unto the Round Table, and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table, they think them more blessed and more in worship than if they had gotten half the world" (Malory) The belief that the world was in form round and flat, like the top of a round table, prevailed even after the globe had been circumnavigated Cf *Columbus*, 58, 59 —

"for at last their Highnesses  
Were half assured this earth might be a sphere "

236 companionless Malory's words are, "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

237 the days darken, the future seems dark and dreary

238 other minds, unsympathetic minds, different from those I have known

240 The old to new, a line often quoted It occurs also in *The Coming of Arthur*, 508, when the king is described as refusing to give tribute to Rome, on the ground that "the slowly fading mistress of the world" had had her day, and must give place to a new and stronger power Cf *In Memoriam*, Prologue, 17, 18 —

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be "

241 God ways, God has many methods of accomplishing on earth His purposes, which are part of His nature, and often lays aside the methods He has been using to replace them by others

242 Lest one world, lest men's hearts, relying too much upon old established usage, should stagnate and grow slothful for want of change, and thus a lifeless formalism should take the place of active belief and vigorous endeavour

Cf R Browning, *James Lee's Wife* —

"Rejoice that man is hurled  
From change to change unceasingly,  
His soul's wings never furled "

243 Comfort thyself etc Malory's words are, "Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust to trust in For I will unto the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul "

244, 245 that which pure, my God accept my work and, absorbing it, as it were, into Himself, purify it of all its unworthy elements Cf *In Memoriam*, cxxx. 4, "Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure "

249 like a fountain. Cf *Enoch Arden*, 799 —

"Prayer  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea."

251 That nourish brain, whose brute nature is blind to  
anything outside or above what they can estimate by instinct or  
material sense Cf Shaks *Ant and Cleop* iv 8 21 —

"A brain that nourishes our nerves"

251 every way, on all sides

255 Bound by gold chains Cf *Harold*, iii 2 —

"prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world  
And touches him that made it"

The notion of the earth being attached to heaven by a golden chain perhaps originated in the passage in Homer's *Iliad*, viii. 19 30, cf Plato, *Theat* 153 Frequent allusions to this supposition are to be found scattered throughout English literature. Thus Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, I. 1 says, "According to the allegory of the poets the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair" cf *Adv of L* II vi Jeremy Taylor writes, "Faith is the golden chain to link the penitent sinner to God" Cf also "This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator" (Hare), and

"She held a great gold chaine ylncked well,  
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt"

—Spenser, *F Q* ii 7 46

"hanging in a golden chain

This pendent world."—Milton, *Par Lost*, ii 1051, 1052.

"For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
He drew his audience upward to the sky"

—Dryden, *Character of a Good Parson*, 19, 20

259 Island valley of Avilion. Avilion, or, as it is otherwise spelt Avehon, or Avalon ("dozing in the Vale of Avalon," *The Palace of Art*, 167), is supposed to have been the name of a valley in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, the town in Somersetshire where Joseph of Arimathea is said to have first landed from his boat with the Holy Grail [See the Idyll of *The Holy Grail*] Avilion is called an island as being nearly surrounded by the "river's embracement." Cf Drayton, *Polyolbion*, iii. —

"O three times famous isle ' where is the place that might  
Be with thy self compared for glory and delight  
Whilst Glastonbury stood?"

Some romances, however, make it an ocean island "not far on this side of the terrestrial Paradise," and represent it as the abode of Arthur and Morgan Le Fay Compare with these myths the accounts of the "Islands of the Blest," the "Fortunate Islands" of Greek and Roman legends, whither the

favourites of the Gods were conveyed without dying (see *Ulysses*, l. 63), also the tales of the "Flying Island of St Brandan" Many legends tell of various enchanted islands, and the names of a number of them may be found in the *Voyage of Maeldune*

260, 261 Where falls loudly Cf the description of the abode of the Gods in *Lucretius*, also the accounts of Elysium in Homer, *Odys* iv 566, and *Lucretius*, *De Rerum Nat* iii. 20, and Bion, iii. 16, and of Olympus in Homer, *Odys*. vi 42-45

262 Deep meadow'd, a translation of the Greek *βαθύλειμος*, 'with rich fertile meadows,' Homer, *Iliad*, ix. 151 happy Cf. Vergil, *Georg* i 1, *latus scegetes*, 'happy (i. e. plenteous) harvest' orchard lawns, grassy plots with fruit trees growing on them. ('Avalion' is said to mean 'Isle of Apples,' from the Breton *aval*, apple.)

263 crowned with summer sea, ringed round with stormless waves as with a coronet Cf Homer, *Odys* x 195, *περὶ νῆσόν πόντος εστεφανωται*, 'round the island the sea lies like a crown.' The surrounding sea is elsewhere (*Maud*, iv 6) called by Tennyson,

"The silent sapphire spangled marriage ring of the land."

Cf Sir J Davies, *Orchestra*, 337, 338 —

"The sea that fleets about the land,  
And like a girdle clips her solid waist"

With "summer sea" compare Wordsworth, *Skating* —

"And all was tranquil as a summer sea"

267 ere her death The tradition that the swan previously to her death sings a sweet song is one of long standing See *The Dying Swan*, also Shaks, *Othello*, v 2, 247, "I will play the swan and die in music," and many other passages. Mr Nicol says of the *Cygnus Musicus*, "Its note resembles the tones of a violin, though somewhat higher Each note occurs after a long interval The music presages a thaw in Iceland, and hence one of its greatest charms."

268 Ruffles her pure cold plume, unfolds her white clear wing-feathers. takes the flood, strikes the water

269 swarthy webs, alluding to the dark colour of the swan's webbed feet

270 Revolving many memories Cf the Latin *multa animo revolvens*, 'reveling many things in his mind'

271 one black dot dawn, a single speck of black on the bright horizon where the day was dawning The dawn of the first day of a new year typifies the rise of the new era which was to succeed that of Arthur from this point

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"

## SIR GALAHAD

## INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in 1842.

Along with *Sir Galahad* should be read *St Simeon Stylites* and *St Agnes' Eve*. The three poems belong to the "quasi dramatic" group of Tennyson's poems, which aim at presenting a type of character and not a narrative of action. The speaker in each case gives utterance to his or her own thoughts and aspirations, and thus a dramatic vividness is worked into the thoughts and style. Further, these three poems give from three different points of view, pictures of the monastic ideal of life, of the religious enthusiasm of mediæval Christianity. *St Simeon Stylites* paints this ideal from its harsh and repellant side, showing the spiritual pride that apes humility and the self-conscious superiority to the ordinary life of mankind which marked the religious mystic of the Middle Ages. *St Agnes' Eve* and *Sir Galahad* present the beautiful side of Christian mysticism. The former poem puts into the mouth of a woman the raptures and ecstasy of a pure spirit yearning for the Beatific Vision and for closer communion with God. *Sir Galahad* is the ideal saint-knight of Christian chivalry. He is no more contemplative mystic: he rides abroad "redressing human wrongs," but he is possessed by the spirit of "other-worldliness": a "maiden knight," he embraces the mediæval doctrine of the peculiar sanctity of virginity and in his solitary raptures, his musings over the vague "pure spaces clothed in living beams," in his self-conscious recognition of his own saintliness, we see the mysticism which Tennyson has in *The Holy Grail* so definitely blamed as one of the causes of the breaking up of the Round Table.

Sir Galahad, the son of Lancelot and Elaine, is the purest of all King Arthur's knights. He wandered forth with the rest in the quest of Sangreal, in which he alone was successful. He then prayed for death, and "a great multitude of angels beare his soule up to heaven." See Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*.

## NOTES

1 carves the casques, cuts through the helmets. *Casque* is from the Spanish *casco*, and is a doublet of *cash*.

3 ten in English (as in Greek and Latin) is often used of an indefinitely considerable number. Cf "Fierce as ten furies" (Milton, *Par Lost*, II. 671), "Obstinacy as of ten mules" (Carlyle, *Reminiscences*).



4 Because my heart is pure Cf the noble passage in Charles Kingsley's *The Roman and the Teuton*, Lect. III. *ad fin* "But it had given him more, that purity of his, it had given him, as it may give you, gentlemen, a calm and steady brain, and a free and loyal heart, the energy which springs from health, the self-respect which comes from self restraint, and the spirit which shrinks from neither God nor man, and feels it light to die for wife and child, for people, and for Queen."

5 shattering The epithet expresses the succession of blasts that rend the air with their din shrilleth, makes a shrill noise, cf *The Passing of Arthur*, 41, 42 —

"From cloud to cloud down the long wind the dream  
Shrill'd"

Also ib 34, and *Demeter*, 60, and note high, loudly

6 The hard steel, i.e. the swords break against the armour with which they come in contact brand (from Old Eng *byrnan*, to burn) is (1) a burning, (2) a fire brand, (3) a sword, from its brightness

7 fly, i.e. fly asunder, break up into fragments.

9 lists, ground enclosed for a tournament. The *l* has been appended, as in *ichils t amongs t* From old Fr *lisce, lice*, a tilt-yard, low Lat *liciae*, barriers, probably connected with Lat *licium*, a thread. clanging expresses the ringing, metallic noises of the fight. Malory (*Morte d'Arthur*, Book xiii.), narrates some of Sir Galahad's deeds of arms

11 Perfume, etc. Ladies sat in galleries overlooking the lists, and scattered flowers, etc., upon the successful combatants For a description of a tournament, see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chap. vii. viii. ix.

14 On whom, on those upon whom.

15 For them, etc., it was the office of the true knight to rescue distressed damsels. Thus Sir Galahad delivered the Castle of the Maidens and its inmates from the seven wicked knights (Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, chap. xliii.)

17 all my above, my desires are fixed upon heavenly objects, not upon woman's love

18 crypt, underground cell or chapel Gk *κρυπτεῖν*, to hide.

21 More beam. Grandeur and more satisfying visions than the sweet looks of ladies shine upon me See the next three stanzas.

22 mightier, i.e. than those of love

23 fair, clear of guilt, blameless.

24 virgin, pure, stainless in work and will, in action and in thought.

25 when goes, when the crescent moon sets amid storm-clouds.

28 noise, used here of *musical* sound, as in *A Dream of Faery Women*, 178, and Milton, *Nativity Ode*, 97, "the stringed noise"

31 stalls, seats in the chancel of a church or chapel, for the clergy

34 vessels, the Eucharistic vessels containing the bread and the wine

35 the shrill bell, the bell rung at the elevation of the Host during the celebration of the Mass At a certain point in the service the officiating priest lifts the consecrated wafer for the adoration of the people

38 a magic bark, such as that described in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, ii 6 5, which

" Away did slide,  
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide "

Similar enchanted boats are mentioned by Ariosto and Tasso

42 the holy Grail See Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*

43 With folded feet, with feet folded across each other, with crossed feet stoles, long robes

44. On sleeping. sail, they glide through the air on motionless wings.

46 My spirit bars, my spirit, eager to follow the heavenly vision, struggles against its corporeal prison, as a bird beats the bars of its cage with its wings in its efforts to escape Cf *Enoch Arden*, 268, 269 —

" Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away "

As down slides, as the glorious vision glides away into the darkness—

52 dumb The soft carpet of snow dulls the sound of his charger's hoofs

53 the leads, i.e. the roofs of the houses, which were covered with lead. Upon these the tempest of hail beats with a crackling noise

55 a glory, a divine radiance

59 blessed forms, angelic shapes

61 A maiden knight, Joseph of Arimathea (see note to l 79) told Sir Galahad that he was sent to him because "thou hast been a cleane maiden as I am"

63 to breathe, etc, to leave Earth and go to Heaven

65, 66 joy beams, the joys of Heaven, and its glorious regions

67 Pure lilies The lily in Christian art is an emblem of chastity, innocence, and purity It often figures in pictures of

the Annunciation (i.e. the announcement made by Gabriel to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the mother of the Messiah), in which the angel is represented as carrying a hly-branch

69 And, stricken, etc. Heavenly influences have such power with me that my whole being seems at times to become etherealised Compare Wordsworth's (*Tintern Abbey*, 41-46) description of Nature's influences —

“That serene and blessed mood  
In which we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul.”

73 The clouds are broken, etc. Cf *St Agnes' Eve*, 27 —

“All heaven bursts her starry floors.”

76 shakes, vibrates, pulsates.

77 Then move nod. So Milton (*Lycidas*, 42-44) represents the “willows” and the “hazel copses” as no more

“Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.”

Cf also Vergil, *Ecl* vi 28, where, when Silenus sings, you might see the tree tops move (*rigidas motare cacumina quercus*)

78 Wings, i.e. of angels

79 ‘O just near’ Cf Bible, *Matt* xxv 21, “Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy lord”, *Rev* ii 10, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life” The “prize” is the Holy Grail Just before his death Sir Galahad sees the holy vessel with Joseph of Arimathea, who calls to him, “Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired to see” (*Morte d'Arthur*, xvii. c. 22)

81 hostel, inn, grange, farmhouse, a common Lincolnshire word originally a barn, from Low Lat *granea*, which is from *granum*, corn.

## THE VOYAGE

### INTRODUCTION

THIS poem was first published in the *Enoch Arden* volume in 1864 It is included in Palgrave's *Lyrical Poems by Lord Tennyson*, the compiler prefixes to the poem the following brief explanation of its scope “Life as Energy, in the great ethical sense of the word—Life as the pursuit of the Ideal—is figured in this brilliantly descriptive allegory”

The failure of this finite world to satisfy the wants of the in-

finite spirit in man is often dwelt upon by Tennyson, as in *The Two Voices*

“ Tho type of Perfect in the mind  
In nature no where can he find ”

This sense of dissatisfaction arouses in man, as Bacon says in his *Advancement of Learning*, aspirations after “ a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things.” In the same place Bacon tells us that the use of Poetry is “ to give some satisfaction to the mind of man on those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world in proportion being inferior to the soul ”

And in many ages, from the time of Plato with his ideal Republic to that of More and his Utopia, attempts have been made to satisfy the desire of man for a more perfect life by imaginary pictures of a society free from the evils prevalent in the actual world. so men have imagined the existence of enchanted islands like Atalantis or mystic golden Eldorados, which Tennyson in one of his earliest poems (*Timbuctoo*) calls

“ Shadows to which despite all shocks of change,  
All onset of capricious incident,  
Man clung with yearning hope which would not die ”

In *The Voyage* Tennyson pictures life devoted to the pursuit of this ideal excellence as a never ending voyage, in which the ship is propelled by some mysterious impulse in quest of a fair, fleeting Vision which varies its shape from time to time, but does not cease to exercise a continuous attraction over its pursuers

It is only by the setting up some lofty, some apparently impracticable ideal, and energetically striving to attain it, that practical progress is relieved. The vows by which King Arthur bound his knighthood may seem to the gross mind, as to Tristram in *The Last Tournament*, “ to be the madness of an hour,” but

“ They served their use, their time, for every knight  
Believed himself a greater than himself,  
And every follower eyed him like a God  
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,  
Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he had done  
And so the realm was made ”

The desire of Ulysses

“ To follow knowledge like a sinking star  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought ”

is only another form of this craving for continual advance towards an ideal. And it is of this divine impulse that Tennyson speaks in his poem (*Timbuctoo*) quoted above —

"There is no mightier spirit than I to sway  
The heart of man and teach him to attain  
By shadowing forth the unattainable"—

and again, in one of the poet's latest songs (*Merlin and the Gleam*), this is the mystic light which the dying Merlin urges the young Mariner to follow, "ere it vanishes

Over the margin  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the gleam."

### NOTES

1 painted. Buoys are generally painted red or some other vivid colour, so as to be conspicuous objects

7 We knew etc Just as, since the earth is a globe, there is no physical limit to a voyage round and round it, so we knew that however vigorous may be human effort to attain the Ideal, and whatever progress towards it may be made, it will never actually be reached there will always be left something for the mind to strive after

10 Dry sang the tackle, the wind whistled with a shrill sound through the tense cordage of the masts

11 The Lady's-head etc., the carved figure head on the bows of the ship Cf *Enoch Arden*, 539 —

"her full busted figure head

Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows."

And Longfellow, *Building of the Ship*

"And at the bows an image stood

It was not shaped in classic mould  
Nor like a Nymph or Goddess of old  
Or Naiad, rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter "

12 Caught the shrill salt etc. The hissing, briny spray struck against the figure head as it cut through the opposing wind

13 broad sea swell'd, the huge waves seemed to rise towards the keel as we rode over them

14 the run, the ship's progress

16 to sail into the Sun. Our course was eastwards, and the sun, rising above the horizon, seemed like a new region into which we were sailing

18 threshold of the night, the western horizon the expression occurs also in *In Memoriam*, xxix 6 So in *The Dream of Fair Women*, 63, the eastern horizon is called "the threshold of the sun "

19 Ocean lane of fire, the flaming track or line of light made by the setting sun across the waves of *The Golden Year*, 50 "like a lane of beams athwart the sea," and *Enoch Arden*, 131 "the fiery highway of the sun"

20 pillar'd light, vertical rays of light thrown upward by the sun after his disappearance below the horizon of *Ode to Memory*, 53 "a pillar of white light upon the wall."

21 How oft, understand "we saw" purple skirted etc Cf *Locksley Hall*, 122 "Pilots of the purple twilight"

22 slowly downward drawn Cf Collins, *Ode to Evening*, 38-40 —

"O'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil"

23 the slumber of the globe, the night, when all Nature is sleeping

27 They climb'd as quickly, they seemed to rise to the zenith with the same suddenness with which they had burst upon our sight. rim, horizon of waters

29 naked, in clear outline, undimmed by cloud.

30 houseless, bare of covert of *In Memoriam*, xxv 9 —

"The moanings of the homeless sea"

31 the silver boss etc., shining bright through a surrounding halo, like a silver boss in the centre of a dark coloured shield. *Boss*, from the same root as *beat*, is, literally, a 'knob or protuberance', it is generally used of the large central protuberance of a shield, Lat *umbo*

32. halo, from Gk. *ελας*, a round threshing floor, in which the oxen trod out a circular path, is a luminous ring often seen around the moon.

33 peaky islet Cf *The Palace of Art*, 113, "hills with peaky tops engrailed" shifted shapes, seemed to continually change its shape as we looked at it from different points of view

37 deep, far

38 drove, sped *drive* is often thus intransitively used of the motion of a ship before the wind

40 nutmeg rocks etc The islands of the Eastern Archipelago, e.g. the Moluccas (or "Spice Islands"), the Philippines, etc. abound in spice-bearing trees The nutmeg and the clove are both indigenous in the Moluccas, where they are extensively cultivated

41 peaks that flamed etc., volcanoes that shot forth flame, or showers of ashes unbrightened by flame, which threw a dark shade over the flat shore etc.

42 Gloom'd, obscured, for *gloom* as a transitive verb, see *The Letters*, 2,

"A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,"

and *Merlin and Vivien*, 174, "which lately gloom'd Your fancy" quivering brine, the sea trembling, as it were, under the lashing of the showers of ashes

43 ashy rains, showers of ashes from volcanoes which spread out above into strange shapes resembling plumes of feathers or black pine trees This effect is sometimes produced by the smoke arising from Vesuvius, see Pliny's letter describing the destruction of Pompeii.

45 steaming flats, low lands, exhaling vapours floods Of mighty mouth, rivers with broad estuaries.

47 scarlet-mingled, with their dark foliage variegated with red blossoms.

51 At times etc., sometimes the whole surface of the sea burned with phosphorescent light, sometimes the luminous glow would be visible only in the track our ship had made on the dark waters This phosphorescence is common in tropical waters and is caused by numerous animalculæ, which, especially when disturbed by a passing ship, emit flashes of brilliant light.

52. wakes, *wake*, originally 'a passage cut for a ship in a frozen lake or sea,' is now used of the track of a ship as visible in the water behind it the word is from the root *wag*, wet.

53 At times etc In the neighbourhood of the South Sea Islands ships are often hailed by naked islanders in canoes ornamented with elaborate carving, who wish to barter fruits, etc

56 But we nor paused etc. The mind is not to be diverted from its pursuit after the Truth by any temptations of the material world.

57 one fair Vision, i.e. the Ideal they were striving to reach

65 And now etc. This stanza describes the different shapes which the Ideal takes in men's minds, at times men entirely lose any definite conception of what is the *summum bonum* which they would fain realise at times they see it as a beautiful but vague phantom indistinctly outlined by the imagination again, man's highest felicity will appear to some in the more definite and practical shape of steadfast Virtue or attractive Knowledge while others behold it in the guise of Hope of a Hereafter, beyond the reach of the storms of life, or, again, as the political and social freedom and equality of all mankind

69 idly, vainly, as powerless to harm the mystic figure

71 the bloodless point reversed, with its point unstained by blood and turned downwards, in token that it had not been and

was not to be used The freedom held out by the Vision is one to be gained not by sudden revolution or violent war, but by gradual and peaceful progress Cf *The Poet*, 41, of Freedom —

“There was no blood upon her maiden robes,”  
and *ib* 53 —

“No sword  
Of wrath her right arm whirl’d.”

73 And only one etc. There will always be some minds of a prosaic and material habit, who are content not to look beyond the world as they find it, and who sneer at any lofty thought or striving after perfection as unpractical folly

81 And never etc The life that is devoted to the pursuit of ideal truth does not allow its efforts to be checked by the ordinary obstacles that bar man’s efforts

83 We lov’d etc The idealist can appreciate all the beauty that there is to be found in the world around him, but refuses to be limited in his speculations by the laws which regulate actual progress in practical life

85 For blasts etc In the actual world advance is fitfully promoted or delayed by casual causes that make for or against it, but the progress of thought in the mind of the idealist is independent of his surroundings and is steadily urged by its own energy towards attainment, whatever be the opposition met with from without

87 whirlwind’s heart of peace At the centre of a cyclonic storm, round which the wind revolves, is a dead calm

88 the counter gale, the wind blowing from a direction opposite to its first course. The winds at two opposite points on the circumference of a cyclone blow from diametrically opposite quarters thus a ship, having passed through the centre, before emerging from such a storm meets with a gale ‘counter’ to that met with on entering the storm

91-4 Now mate before No failure of their fellows to realise, or of themselves to attain the ideal truth can discourage the aspirants

## DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

(IN ENNA.)

### INTRODUCTION

THIS splendid descriptive poem was published in 1889, in a volume entitled “Demeter and other Poems” It is preceded by three dedicatory stanzas to Professor Jebb

The old classical story is briefly this — While Demeter’s



daughter, Persephoné, was gathering flowers on the plain of Enna, in Sicily, suddenly the earth gaped, and Aïdoneus, or Pluto, in his golden chariot, rose and bore off the maiden to be queen of the lower world. The place where he opened for himself a passage through the earth was said to be marked by the fountain Cyane. Disconsolate at her disappearance, Demeter wandered over the earth, of all inquiring tidings of her lost daughter. Discovering at length what had happened and that it had taken place with Zeus's sanction, she abandoned in her wrath the society of the gods and came down among men. There, under the guise of an old woman she nursed the infant son of an Eleusinian princess, but meanwhile the earth yielded no produce, for Demeter would suffer no increase. Then Zeus, missing the gifts and sacrifices of men, yielded, and it was arranged that Persephoné should spend two thirds of each year with her mother, and the remaining third with her husband Aïdoneus. Hermes was sent to conduct Persephone back from Hades, and she and her mother passed the time in delightful converse, and the earth once more bore its wonted fruits.

Persephoné is described by Homer as the wife of Hades (i.e. Pluto), and the formidable, venerable, and majestic queen of the Shades. The story of her abduction by Pluto is not referred to by Homer, but is first mentioned by Hesiod (*Theog* 914). The Homeric hymn in honour of Persephoné contains perhaps the earliest narrative of this event, which became a favourite theme with succeeding poets. Ovid has related it (*Met* v 341, etc., *Fast* iv 417, etc.), and Claudian (*De Raptu Proserpinae*). Demeter was called Ceres, and Persephone Proserpina (or Proserpine) by the Romans.

The story is doubtless an allegory, Persephoné, carried away to the under world, representing the seed corn when it lies concealed in the ground, and Persephoné, restored to her mother, representing its reappearance above the soil. Or, more generally, she may be regarded as the symbol of vegetation, which shoots forth in the spring and summer, and the power of which withdraws into the earth at the other seasons of the year.

Tennyson, however, touches but lightly upon this phase of the story. It is incidentally alluded to in the lines (96, 97) where the great Earth Mother is described as

"the Power

That lifts her (the Earth's) buried life from gloom to bloom," and again in the closing words of Demeter, where, addressing Persephone, "Thou," she says,

"Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,  
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine  
From buried grain thro' springing blade."

Tennyson's view is rather to make the Resurrection of Persephoné, when gods and men beheld

"The Life that had descended re arise,"\*

symbolical, as it were, of the dawn of a new era for mankind. Hitherto—as Zeus, the god of the bright heaven, has not scrupled to league himself with the King of "the sunless halls of Hades," to bereave the Earth-Goddess of her fair daughter, so Religion has allied herself with Terror and Punishment to deprive men of happiness and to afflict them with "the fear of Death and Hell." But, as "younger kinder Gods,"

"Gods,  
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,  
Not spread the plague, the famine,"

are to succeed to the sovereignty of Heaven, and "all the Shadow" is to "die into the Light", so a new and happier Religion is to arise for mankind, divested of its old attributes of gloom and dread, and the "worship which is Fear" is to become the "worship which is Love."

With this poem may be compared Jean Ingelow's verses entitled *Light and Shade*. Aubrey de Vere has a poem on the same subject

# NOTES.

1 a climate-changing bird, a bird of passage The simile is a strikingly appropriate one, for Persephoné had changed the climate or "state" (see L. 7) of Hades for that of the earth, she had passed across the darkness of the lower to the light of the upper world, and she had come back to her native land Cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, 38, 39 —

"Like wild birds that change

• Their season in the night"

And *In Memoriam*, ex. 15, 16 —

"The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood"

3 threshold, margin, border The word in Middle English is *threshwold* = *thresh wood*, the piece of wood that is thrashed or beaten by the feet of incomers.

4 can no more, can do no more, is quite exhausted thou camest etc. Demeter throughout is addressing her daughter Persephoné

5 Led upward etc. Led from Hades to the upper world by Hermes (or Mereury) Hermes is called the "God of ghosts and dreams," because he marshals the ghosts to Hades (see ll. 25-27),

\* Note the stately rhythm of this line

and because, since dreams are sent by Zeus, he, as the ἡγήτωρ δρυέων (leader of dreams), conducts them to man. The regular epithet of Hermes was πομπαῖος, 'escorting the souls of the dead', he was also called ψυχοπομπός, 'conductor of souls'. Cf. Wordsworth, *Laodamia*, 18 "A god leads him (the phantom Protesilaus), winged Mercury"

6 Eleusis, a town of Attica, in Greece, famous for the great festival, called the Eleusinia, held there in honour of Demeter and Persephone

8 hither, i.e. to Enna, a town of Sicily, surrounded by a beautiful plain. Cf. Milton, *Par Lost*, iv 268-274 —

"Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers  
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis  
Was gathered which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world  
                    might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive"

10 clouded memories, memories clouded or dulled by her later sad experiences

11 thy lost self Her old consciousness was to be revived by the old surroundings. A sudden nightingale saw thee = on a sudden a nightingale saw thee. Cf. *Gareth and Lynette*, 380, "the sudden sun"

12. Saw thee, and flash'd etc. Note how admirably the strong accent on *flash'd* and the trochaic run of the rest of this line express both the suddenness and the joyousness of the bird's song. See General Introduction, p. xix, (β) Scan

"Saw thee, | and flash'd | into | a frolic | of song"

13 a gleam, a gleam of the new, dawning consciousness.

16 That shadow of a likeness Cf. Jean Ingelow, *Light and Shade*, 103-105 —

"The greater soul that draweth thee  
Hath left his shadow plain to see  
On thy fair face, Persephone!"

16, 17 the king Of shadows, Pluto, the king of the ghosts or spirits of the dead. Homer calls him ἀναξ ένεργων, king of those below

19 human godlike The emphatic word is *human*. Her divine eyes had once more the light of the cheerful human world in them, which before had been shadowed by the gloom of Hades. For this compound, cf. *Lucretius*, 90, 'human amorous'

20 Burst from etc., broke out from a floating cloud of intense colour Cf. *The Gardener's Daughter*, 256, 257 —

"The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale  
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars "

Vergil (*Georg.* 1 397) calls clouds *tenua lanæ vellera*, 'thin fleeces of wool.' Cf Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv 124 *vellera*, 'fleecy clouds.'

21 his day, his full radiance.

22. 'Mother!', the cry of Persephoné, as the old consciousness returns.

23 disimpassion'd, that have lost the passion they once possessed. The word implies more than 'unimpassioned' Cf 'disproved' and 'unproved,' 'disarmed' and 'unarmed' *Dispassionate* occurs in *A Character*, 28 Tennyson often prefers the prefix *dis* to *un*, thus he has *dislinked*, *disrooted*, *dishorsed*, *disyole*. This is one of many references in Tennyson to the notion of *passionless* deity Thus in *Lucretius*, 79, the gods are spoken of as "center'd in eternal calm "

25 the serpent-wandèd power The god Hermes, whose attribute was the *caduceus*, a rod entwined with two serpents *With it he conducted the souls of the dead to Hades*

26 Draw, move slowly Cf l 112, "drew down," and *Crossing the Bar*, 7, 8 —

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home "

Cf 'to draw near,' 'to withdraw' drift, is here 'thing driven', cf 'snow-drift' The spectres were driven along by a wind Cf *The Passing of Arthur*, 31, where Gawain's ghost is "blown along a wandering wind" Dante (*Cary's, Purg. V*) represents the spirits as arriving "before the ruinous sweep" of "the stormy blast of hell."

27 flickering, unsteadily gleaming through the darkness

28 race running waters, swift tide Cf *mill race*, the current of water that drives a mill-wheel. Phlegethon, one of the four rivers of hell. The name means in Greek 'burning', cf Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 580, 581 —

"Fierce Phlegeton,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage

30 Life, living being, living principle Cf *Enoch Arden*, 75, "Like a wounded life."

32 childless cry, cry caused by her childlessness. Note the transferred epithet

35 ablaze, on blaze, in a blaze Cf 'abed,' 'ashore,' etc.

36 that brighten etc Cf *Maud*, I xii 6, "Her feet have

touched the meadows And left the daisies rosy", and *Ibid* I. VII. 7 —

"From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March wind sighs  
He sets the jewel print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes."

See l. 48, etc., below, and cf *Ænone*, 94 "at their feet the crocus brake like fire," and note

37 black blur, patch of dark earth on which no grass would grow *Blur*, a stain, is another form of *blear*, to dim, as seen in *blear eyed*.

38 that closing chasm. See Introduction. According to one story, Pluto opened a passage for himself through the earth by striking it with his trident.

39 *Aïdonens*, Pluto It is a lengthened form of *Aïdōns*, Hades, which in Homer is invariably the name of the god, but in later times was transferred to his abode or kingdom, so that it became a name for the lower world itself

43 yawn into the gulf, open and disclose the chasm that it revealed before

44 shrilly, poetic for *shrill* So *stilly* for *still* ('the stilly night'—Moore), *vasty* for *vast* ('the vasty deep'—Shakspeare), *steepy* for *steep* ('the steepy cliffs'—Dryden) Tennyson has *dully* (adjective) in *The Palace of Art*, 275

46 midnight-maned, with manes black as midnight

47 Jet, dart, spring, Old Fr *jetter*, Lat *jactare*, to fling

50 the crocus-purple hour, the time purple with crocuses; the spring tide of bloom See l. 36

53 cubb'd, having cubs Cf *bearded*, *slipperd* (Shaks), *landed*, *moated*, *moneyed*—all adjectives formed from nouns by the suffix *ed*

54, 55 gave Thy breast to, : e gave suck to, suckled. thy, the breast that had suckled thee

56 set the mother waking, cased the mother to wake

57 whole, hale, recovered. The *wo* is a late (A D 1500) prefix to this word.

60 shrill'd, sounded shrilly Cf *Sir Galahad*, 5 "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high" Also *The Passing of Arthur*, 34, 42, *The Talking Oal*, 68, *Enoch Arden*, 175

61-4 We know not : e we know not where your loved one is. Nature, with her wind and wave voices, seems to sympathise with the bereaved mother, but it is with an unreasoning, unconscious sympathy, which only adds to her feeling of desolation.

64. Where? : e. where is my loved one?

- 67 I stared from every eagle peak Cf Keats, *Sonnet xvi*  
 "Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific

Silent upon a peak in Darien "

*eagle peak*, peak haunted by the eagle, and so, lofty

- 68 I thriddled, I passed through *Thrid* is a doublet of *thread*  
 Cf *A Dream of Fair Women*, 243 —

"Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood."

heart, interior

- 73 forlorn of man, deserted by mankind Cf *Ænone*, 15,  
 "forlorn of Paris " Milton (*Par Lost*, v 921) has "forlorn of  
 thee "

- 74 grieved for man etc , in the midst of my grief at your loss,  
 I pitied man's miserable condition

- 75 The jungle etc. With this picture of desolation compare  
 that portrayed by Pope in his *Windsor Forest* —

"The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er,  
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar,  
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twined,  
 O'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind,  
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires "

- 76 shaft, column, pillar, lit something *shaven*, a smooth  
 stick or pole

- 80 following out, traversing to the end

- 82 a gleaming rift, a bright rift or break in the darkness  
 From *rive*, to tear asunder

- 84 we spin etc The three Fates, or Parcae, were the  
 arbiters of the life and death of mankind They were generally  
 represented as three old women (see l 82), one of whom,  
 Clotho, held a distaff, another, Lachesis, held a spindle, to "spin  
 the lives of men", and the third, Atropos, held a pair of scissors  
 to cut the thread of human life

- 86 There is a Fate beyond us See below, ll. 127-130 The  
 Parcae were the exponents of the decrees (*fata*) of Jove, and are  
 represented by Horace (*Carm. Sec* 25, 26) as singing "what has  
 once for all been decreed." Cf Vergil, *Ecl* iv 47 *Concordes*  
*stabili Fatorum numine Parcae*, 'the Parcae who are in harmony  
 with the settled will of Heaven's decrees'

- 87 as the likeness etc Alluding to the stories of the spirit  
 form of a person appearing at the hour of his death to a distant  
 friend, as a warning of the dying man's approaching end.

89 friendship, friend, abstract for concrete.

90 the God of dreams See note to l 5

93 The Bright one, Zeus or Jupiter Zeus, says Max Müller, is the same word as the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, derived from the root *dyu* or *div*, to beam, while *dyu*, as a noun, means principally sky and day (*Lectures on the Science of Language*, Vol. II. Lecture x.)

94 the Dark one, Pluto Zeus and Pluto were brothers, being sons of Kronos and Rhea the lowest, the lowest region or Hades, just as the highest is the highest region or Heaven

95 Earth-Mother. The name Demeter means 'Earth Mother' (*δη* or *γη μήτηρ*), though Max Müller would connect *De* with *Dyâuâ*, the Dawn For the literal translation of a classical expression, of "tortoise" for *testudo* in *A Dream of Fair Women*, 27, "northern morn" for *aurora borealis* in *Morte d'Arthur*, 139, and *Talking Oak*, 275, "mother city" for *metropolis* in *The Princess*, l 111, "triple forks" for *trisulcum* (*fulmen*) in *Of old sat Freedom*, 15

97 That lifts etc. Demeter was regarded as the protectress of the growing corn and of agriculture in general.

102. Their nectar etc. Nectar (= deathless) was the drink, and ambrosia (= immortal) the food of the gods. smack'd of, tasted of, probably connected with *smack*, a sounding blow, or "a sound made by the sudden separation of the tongue and palate in tasting" (*Wedgwood*) Hemlock and aconite are poisons.

103 tasted aconite, had the taste of aconite, a Latinism; cf *sapere mare* (Seneca), to taste of the sea Cf. Homeric Hymn, 49 50

105 their hard Eternities, these unfeeling Immortals 'Their Eternities' is used as we say 'their Excellencies' of an Ambassador or a Viceroy Cf 'this Darkness' (l. 114) for 'this Dark one' or Pluto

106. quick, fast-flowing

110 Rain rotten died, etc. Notice the alliterated compound, see General Introduction, p xx With this picture compare Shakspeare's in *Mid Night's Dream*, ll 93, etc. —

"The green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard,

Hoary headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose "

112 Pale at my grief. Cf Shaks *Henry V* III. 5 17 8 —

"On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns "

113 *Ætna*, a mountain in Sicily, apparently not an active volcano in Homeric times For sickening, of the sun, cf Campbell, *The Last Man*, 11 "The Sun's eye had a sickly glare" and "a sickly sun" in *Aylmer's Field*, 30

115 still, ever

116 fallow, ploughed land left untilled, so called from its colour of pale yellow The *fat* in *fallow* is the same as the *pal* in *pale*.

117 steam, the Homeric κλύση, cf Homer, *Iliad*, i 317 κλύση δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκεν ἐλισσομένη περὶ λαπνῶ, 'the steam (of the sacrifice) went up to heaven in a rolling cloud of smoke' In the *Birds* of Aristophanes men are represented as paying honours to the birds and leaving off sacrificing to the gods, who are half-starved from the loss of the "wonted steam of sacrifice" Cf Keats, *Hyperion*, I —

"Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire  
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up  
From man to the sun's God."

119 nine white moons, i.e. nine bright happy months See Introduction. Later writers represent the agreement as being that Persephoné should spend half of every year in Hades with Pluto and half in the upper world with Demeter For *white* in the sense of 'happy,' cf *Maud*, xlv 8 "Twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white"

122 by the landmark, i.e. on the border of his land

125 grange, farmhouse See *Sir Galahad*, 81, note

129 to bear us down Cf the prophecy of Prometheus in *Æschylus*, *Prom Vinct*, 928, etc. ἡ μὲν ἐτι Ζεὺς ἔσται ταπεινός, etc., 'Verily Zeus shall yet be brought low' etc

130 As we bore down etc Kronos and his brothers, the Titans, held the sovereignty of heaven, till they were dispossessed by his son, Zeus, and a new generation of deities Cf Keats, *Hyperion*, *passim*

131, 132 the thunderbolt the plague Among the Greeks, Zeus was the hurler of the thunderbolt, and Apollo was the inflietor of plagues

133 To send the noon etc Cf Vergil, *Aeneid*, viii. 243 246 —

"Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens  
Infernas reseret sedes, et regna recludat  
Pallida, dis invisā, superque immane barathrum  
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes"

"As if the earth, gaping through some force within, were to unlock the infernal abodes and throw open the pale realms, hateful



to the gods, while the vast abyss should be visible above, and the shades tremble at the entrance of the light "

136 the Shadow, the shadowy realm, the darkness

138 grew beyond their race, reached a higher development than that of their fellow men, rose superior to ordinary human instincts

139 against, in encountering, in their opposition to ✓

141 Queen of Death See Introduction

148 The Stone, the Wheel. The punishment of Sisyphus in Hades was to roll continually to the top of a hill a large stone, which fell back as soon as it reached the top. The punishment of Ixion was to be tied to a perpetually whirling wheel. Cf *Lucretius, ad fin* —

"A truth

That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,  
And numbs the Fury's ringlet snake, and plucks  
The mortal soul from out immortal hell "

149 that Elysium, a region of green meadows and purling streams in the infernal world, where the souls of the virtuous were placed after death. The poet calls its lawns "dimly-glimmering," as being lighted by no bright earthly sun. The word *that* here means 'the well known,' and implies dislike and repudiation, it implies 'which you shall have escaped from for ever'

151 field of Asphodel. The *ασφοδελὸς λειμῶν*, or asphodel meadow, was the haunt of the shades of heroes in Hades. See Homer, *Odyssey*, τ' 538, 539, —

ψυχή δὲ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
φοῖτα μακρὰ βιβῶσα κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα,

'The spirit of the swift-footed Achilles roamed with great strides over the asphodel meadow' The asphodel is our King's spear, a plant of the lily kind. Cf *Ænone*, 95, and *The Lotos eaters*, 170 —

"Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

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